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# BIZARRE

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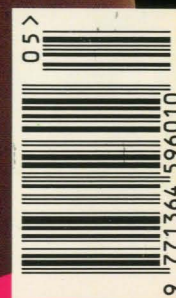
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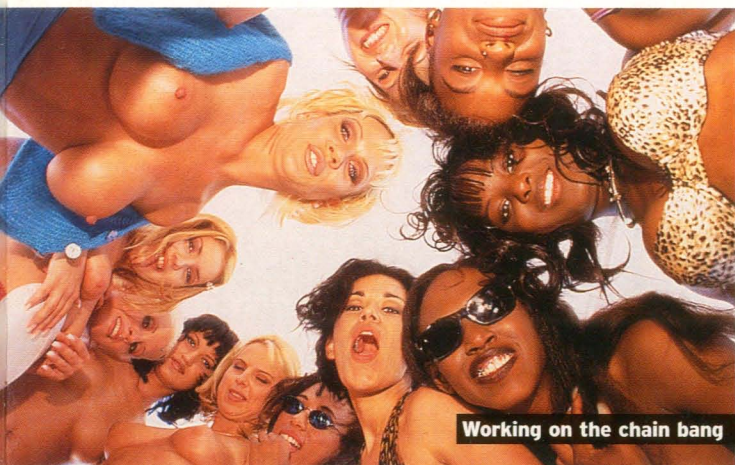
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Working on the chain bang **page 50**

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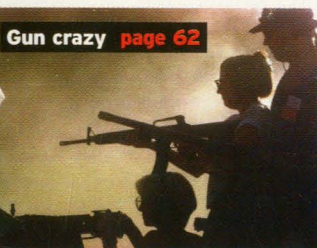
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## Vati-can City

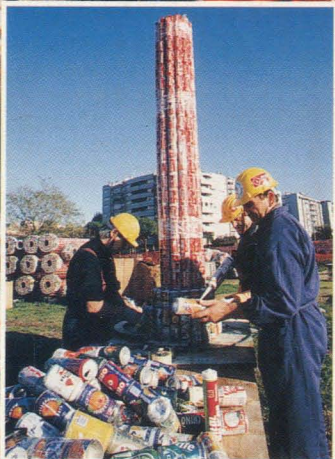
THIS IS THE most imaginative use for litter we've seen recently: a papal palace made out of empty drinks cans. It's the work of volunteers, mainly retired construction workers from Rome, and is an exact replica of the famous Basilica and Square of Saint Peter, part of the Vatican, at one-fifth of its size. The idea was dreamt up by the Italian association for organ donation, AIDO, to draw attention to their cause – though we can't see the connection between organs and cans. It stood in the Eur district of Rome for two months as a trash-tastic tourist attraction, before being destroyed and the recycled metal sold to raise money for the organisation. While this replica shrine made from vessels for not-so-holy spirits was on display, it was entered into the *Guinness Book of Records*. In our opinion, it's even better than the real thing.



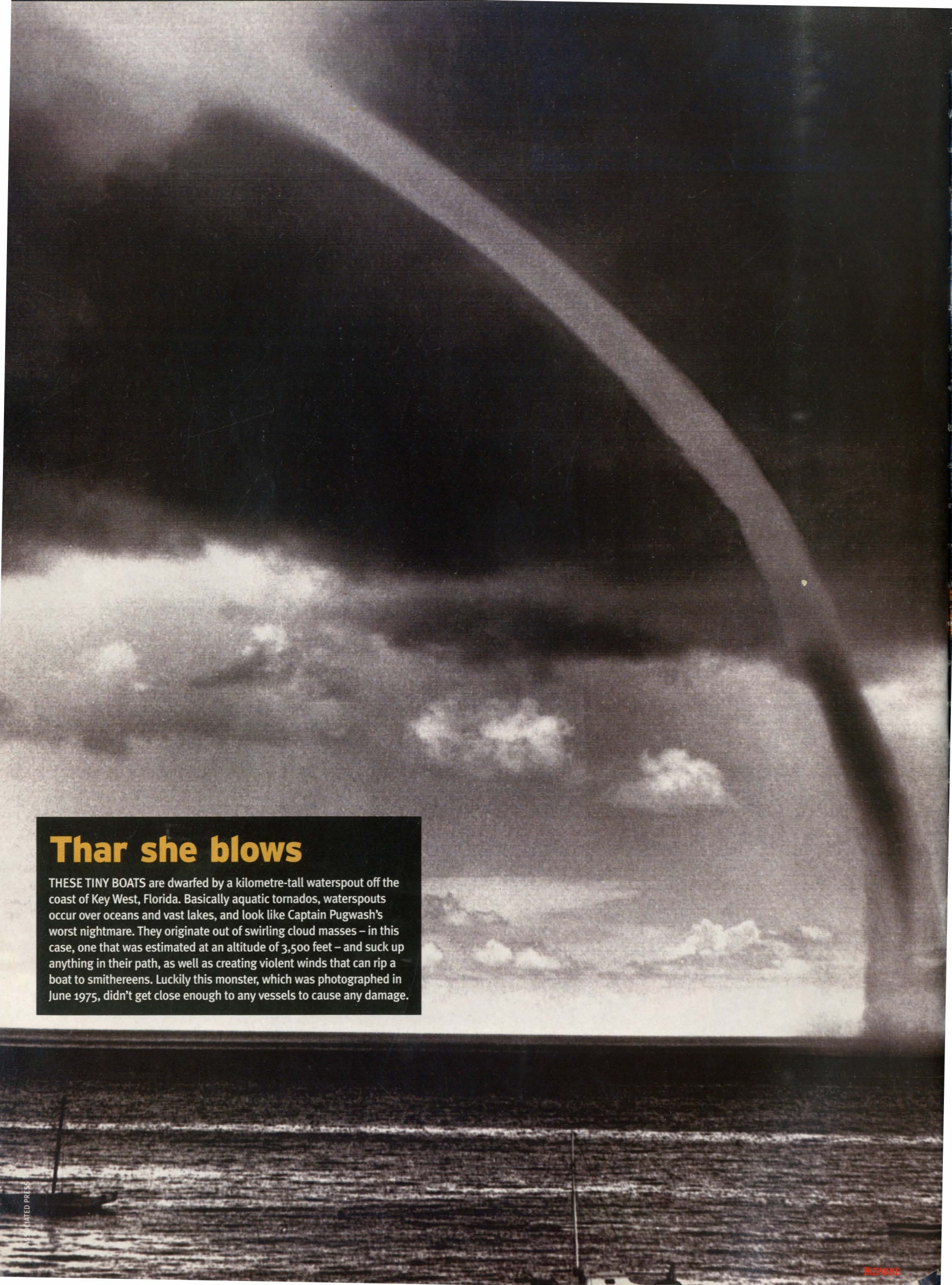


# BIZARRE IMAGES

EIGHT PAGES OF THE WORLD'S MOST INCREDIBLE PICTURES





A dramatic black and white photograph of a massive waterspout, a vertical column of water and air swirling from a dark, stormy cloud mass down to the ocean's surface. The spout is enormous, filling much of the frame. In the lower foreground, the dark, choppy surface of the ocean is visible, with a small boat's mast and rigging appearing on the left, providing a sense of scale. The sky is filled with dark, swirling clouds, and a bright light source creates a strong lens flare or glow around the base of the spout.

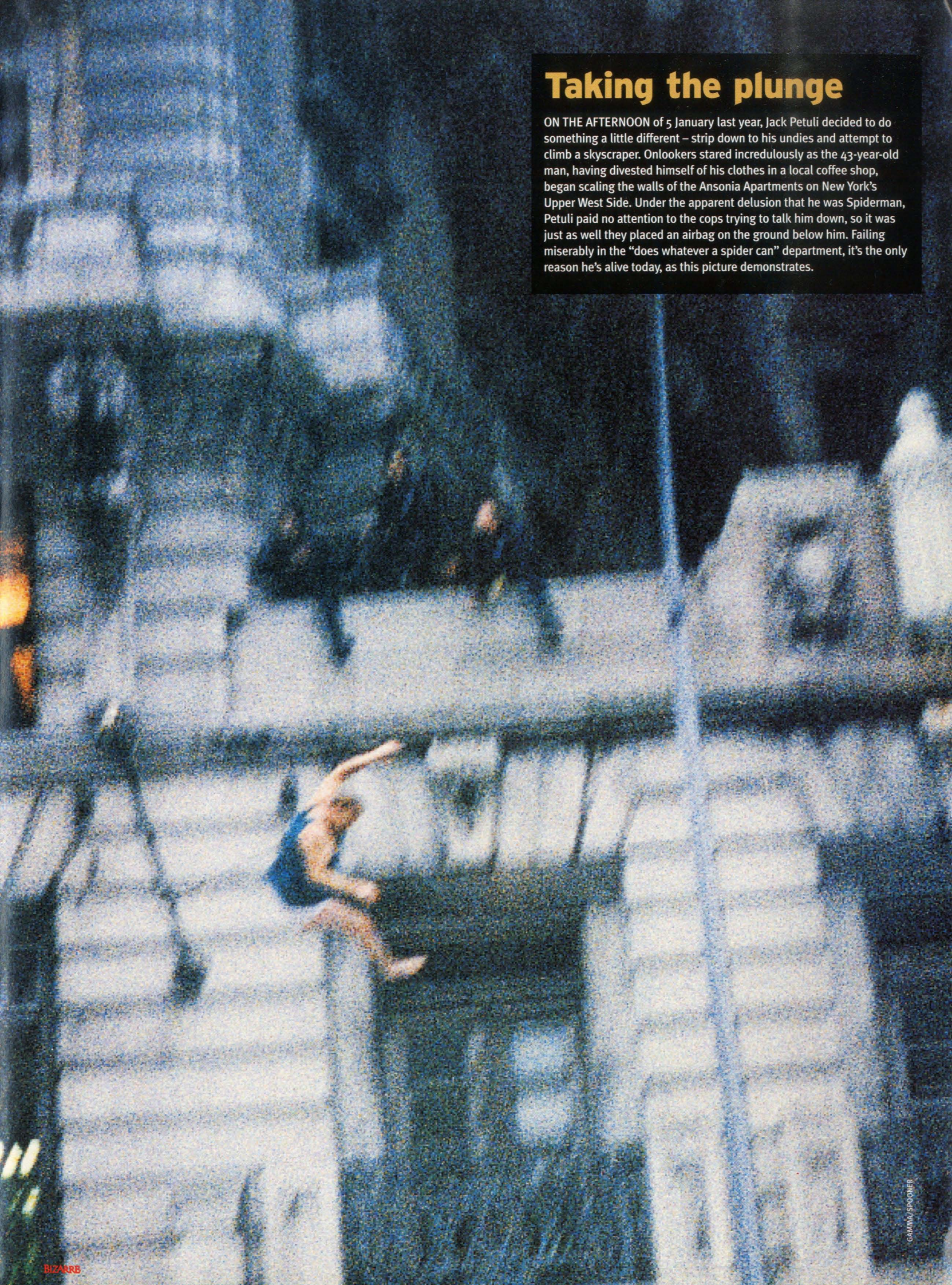
## Thar she blows

THESE TINY BOATS are dwarfed by a kilometre-tall waterspout off the coast of Key West, Florida. Basically aquatic tornados, waterspouts occur over oceans and vast lakes, and look like Captain Pugwash's worst nightmare. They originate out of swirling cloud masses – in this case, one that was estimated at an altitude of 3,500 feet – and suck up anything in their path, as well as creating violent winds that can rip a boat to smithereens. Luckily this monster, which was photographed in June 1975, didn't get close enough to any vessels to cause any damage.



## Taking the plunge

ON THE AFTERNOON of 5 January last year, Jack Petuli decided to do something a little different – strip down to his undies and attempt to climb a skyscraper. Onlookers stared incredulously as the 43-year-old man, having divested himself of his clothes in a local coffee shop, began scaling the walls of the Ansonia Apartments on New York's Upper West Side. Under the apparent delusion that he was Spiderman, Petuli paid no attention to the cops trying to talk him down, so it was just as well they placed an airbag on the ground below him. Failing miserably in the "does whatever a spider can" department, it's the only reason he's alive today, as this picture demonstrates.





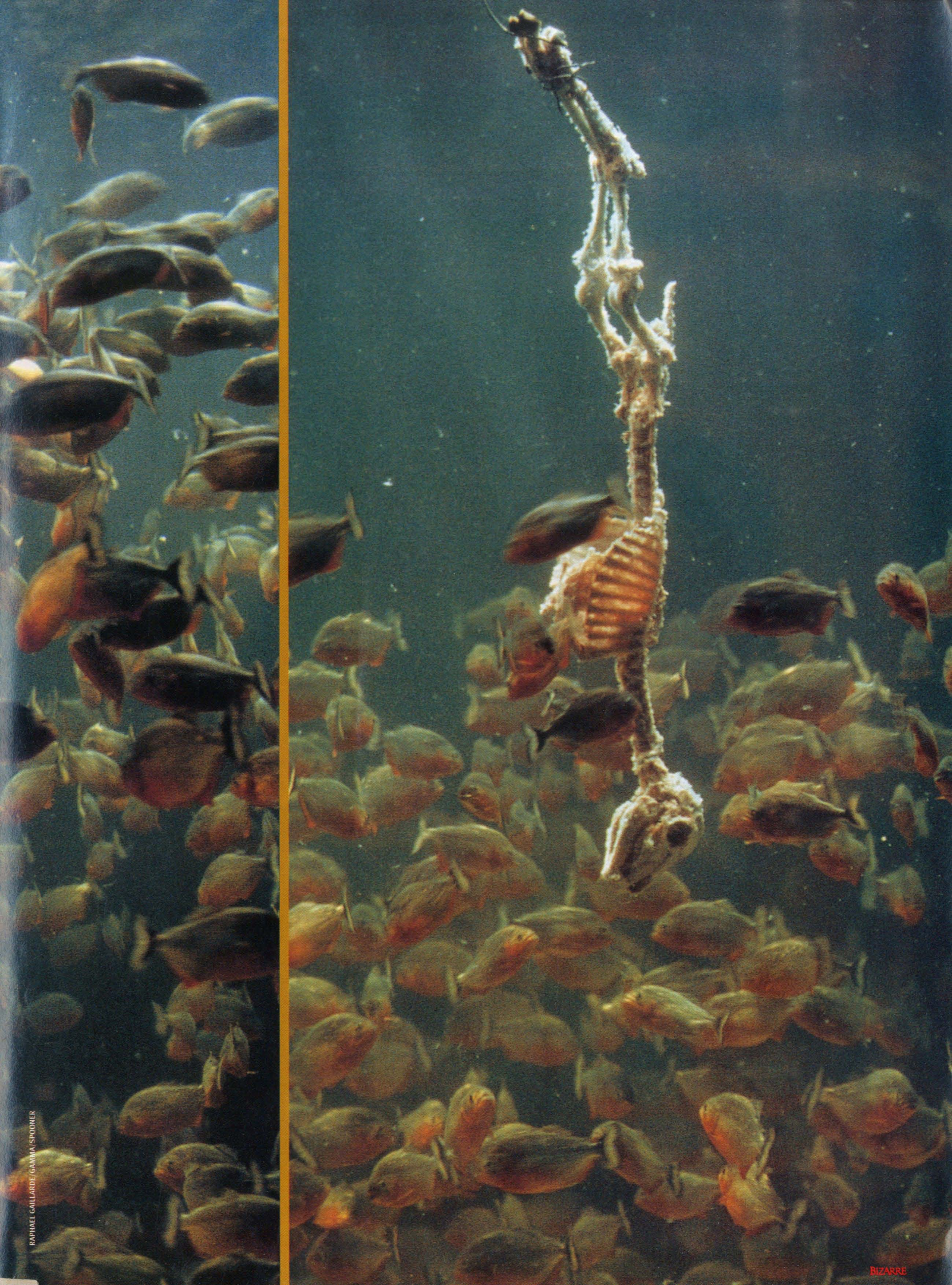


## Red snappers

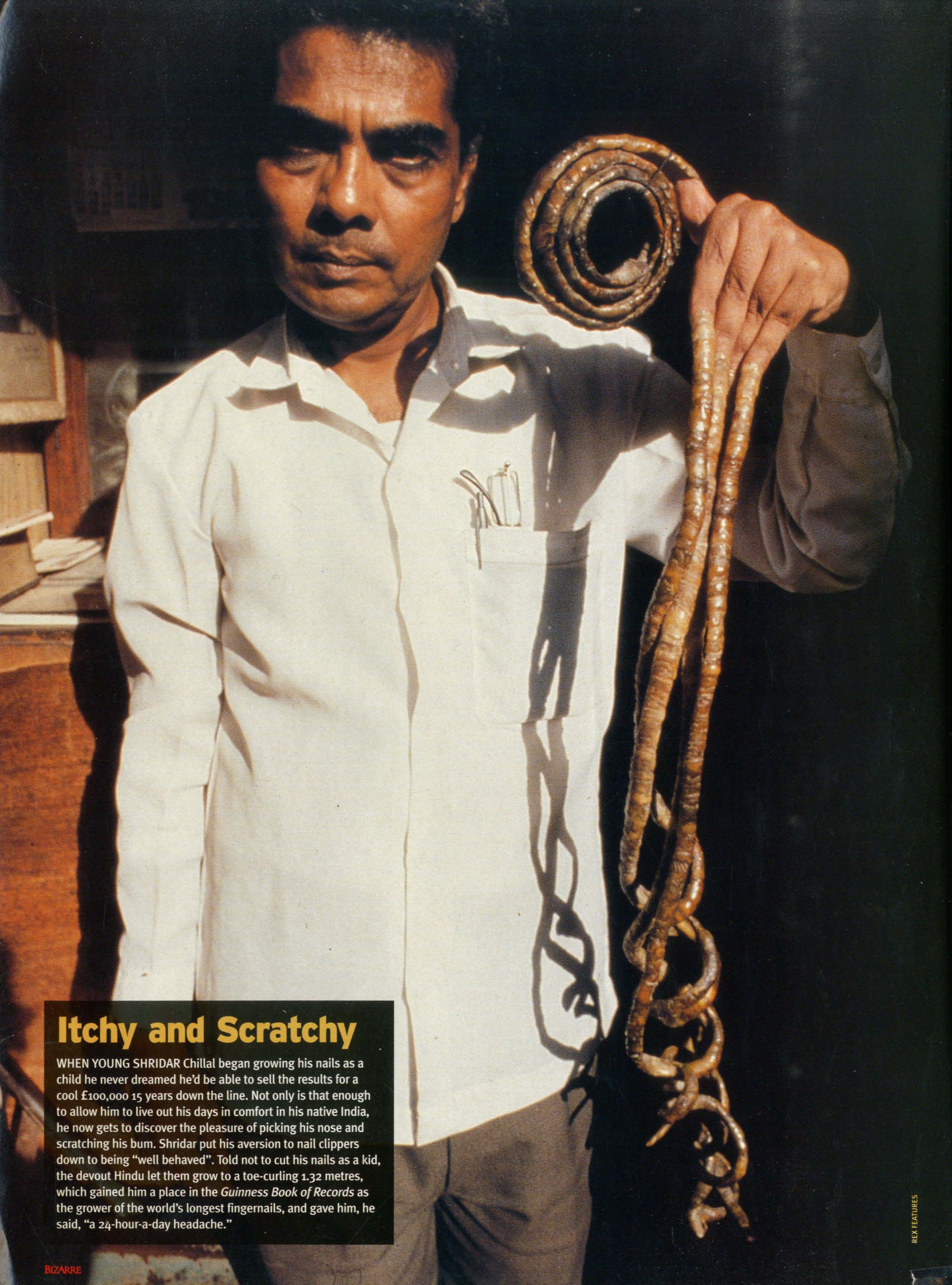
THEY LOOK INNOCENT enough, but they can strip a lamb's carcass in under 30 minutes and they like their food as alive as possible. At the Aliotis Aquarium in Sologne, France, feeding time for the red-bellied piranhas isn't a sight for the squeamish. Although they only weigh between 2 and 50 grammes each, the tiny fish leave no scrap of flesh on the carcass. Aquarium director Dominique Roumet explains: "Most fish eat between 2 and 5 per cent of their body weight each day... with piranhas it's more like 40 or 50 per cent."

Red piranhas (*Serrasalmus nattereri*) will often bite each other in the frenzy of feeding, leaving many of them with circular bites on their fins. Piranhas stay in groups of similar-sized fish, existing together with the understanding that each could kill any of the others at any time. The weirdest piranha legend is that their meat is an aphrodisiac. In Pantanal, people used to prepare a piranha soup that, according to the natives, activated organical functions and the libido. We're in no rush to test its validity.







A full-page photograph of a man, Shridar Chillal, standing in a workshop. He is wearing a white button-down shirt and dark trousers. He is holding a large, coiled snake skin in his left hand, which is raised towards his head. The snake skin is a light brown color with a distinct pattern. The background is dark and appears to be a workshop with various tools and materials visible. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

## Itchy and Scratchy

WHEN YOUNG SHRIDAR Chillal began growing his nails as a child he never dreamed he'd be able to sell the results for a cool £100,000 15 years down the line. Not only is that enough to allow him to live out his days in comfort in his native India, he now gets to discover the pleasure of picking his nose and scratching his bum. Shridar put his aversion to nail clippers down to being "well behaved". Told not to cut his nails as a kid, the devout Hindu let them grow to a toe-curling 1.32 metres, which gained him a place in the *Guinness Book of Records* as the grower of the world's longest fingernails, and gave him, he said, "a 24-hour-a-day headache."



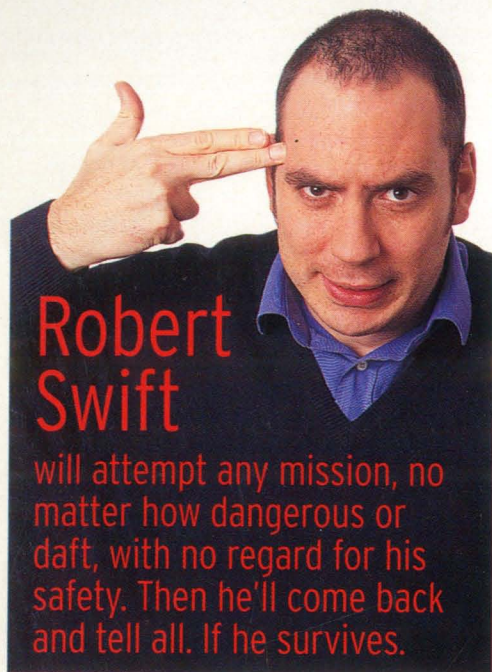


## A nose for trouble

AN AUSTRALIAN WOMAN has been sentenced to three years in jail for biting off her best friend's nose in a drunken brawl. Sylvana Badek, 38, grappled Annette Graham in a New South Wales hostelry last September, chomping off the end of Graham's nose and washing it down with a glass of sparkling wine, saying, "This is a souvenir." Sylvana pleaded not guilty, stating, "I'm not a cannibal." But Judge Phelan of Port Kembla was unimpressed, pointing out she was 10 times over the legal drinking limit when the attack took place. The court was told Badek had been sober since the incident. Just as well, as there isn't much sparkling wine in Cell Block H.







## Robert Swift

will attempt any mission, no matter how dangerous or daft, with no regard for his safety. Then he'll come back and tell all. If he survives.

Clunk click: Rob prepares to burn rubber on the freeway to oblivion



From 0-100 in a second, these cars run on rocket fuel, are louder than the Big Bang and can't handle corners. This is a Sticky Situation on the Santa Pod speedway

**B**Y THE TIME you've finished reading this sentence you could have done 300 miles per hour behind the wheel of a Top Fuel dragster. You'd have to be a complete nutter, of course, but that didn't stop me from going to Santa Pod Raceway in Northamptonshire to have a go at one of the crudest and smelliest pastimes ever invented. Because, even for all its Formula 1-style fine tuning, slick speed and split-second timing, dragster racing is one big dirty fart of a sport.

Thought up in the USA (where else?) in the 1940s, dragster racing is the great grandfather of modern-day-joy riding. Instead of nicking their neighbours' cars, bored teenagers would take their daddies' T-Birds and race each other down the main 'drag' of their boring Californian towns. Soon they found that the flat, straight conditions of their local airfields were much better suited to their speed addiction and a sport was born. Today there are twenty-odd classes of drag-racing cars and bikes, broadly categorised by what they stick in the petrol

tank. But unless you plan to take the sport more seriously than you should, the only ones you'll ever need to know are Top Fuel, Top Alcohol and Pro-Modified.

Top Fuel cars look like massive stretch-prams and run on nitro methane, better known as rocket fuel. They are the royalty of the racing car world, bristling with unfeasibly large bhp and statistics that would leave Pamela

Anderson green and Patrick Moore

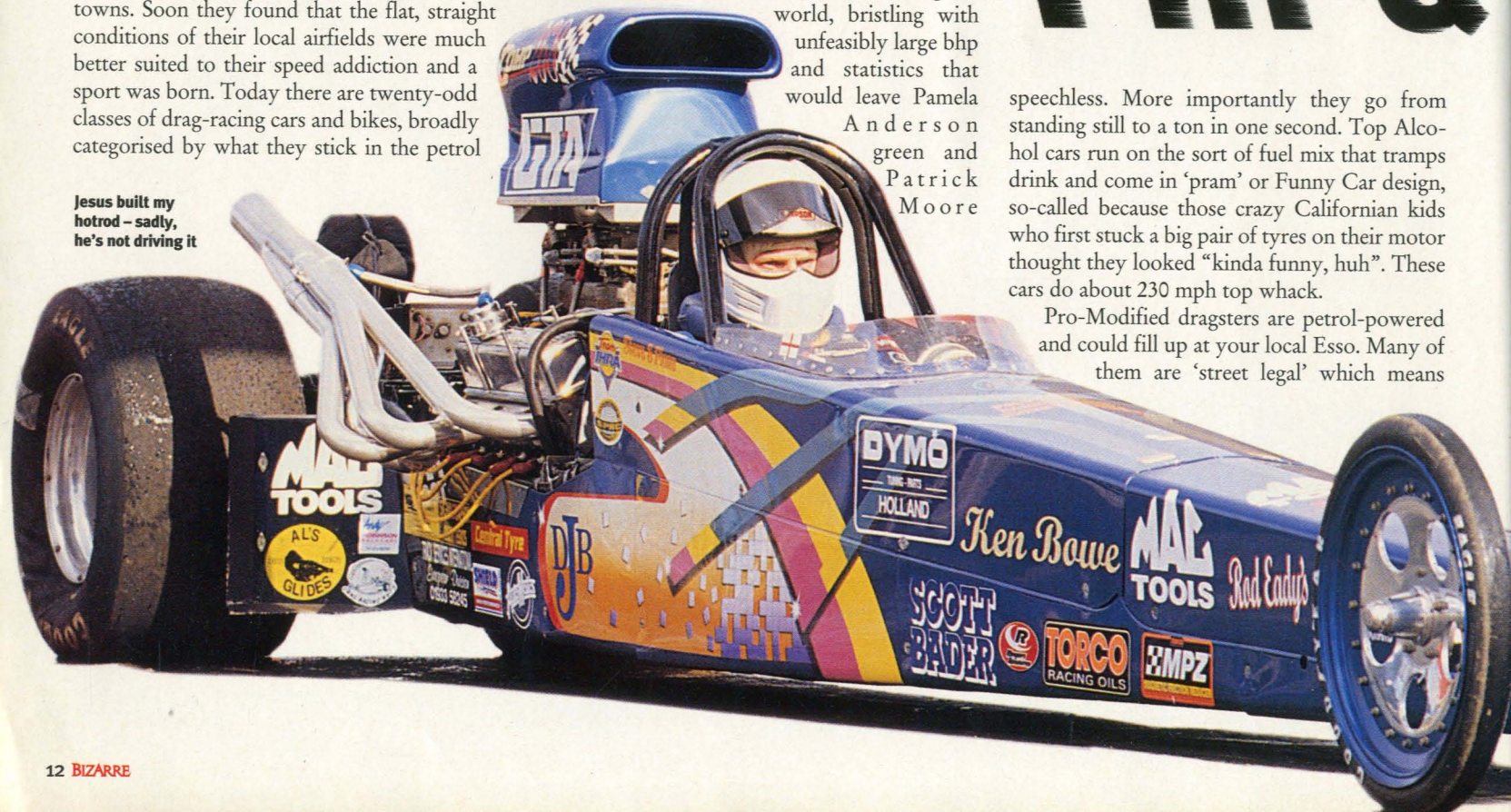
# HELP!

## I'm a

speechless. More importantly they go from standing still to a ton in one second. Top Alcohol cars run on the sort of fuel mix that tramps drink and come in 'pram' or Funny Car design, so-called because those crazy Californian kids who first stuck a big pair of tyres on their motor thought they looked "kinda funny, huh". These cars do about 230 mph top whack.

Pro-Modified dragsters are petrol-powered and could fill up at your local Esso. Many of them are 'street legal' which means

Jesus built my hotrod - sadly, he's not driving it





Hot to trot: Sticky Situation can move at speeds that would put Jacques Villeneuve to shame



Photographs by Frank Noon

# dragster racer

they've got a tax disc and everything. So, in theory, you could burn one down the M1 at 150mph without the slightest fear of the plods catching you... until you met a corner. Dragsters don't like corners. They tend to flip over.

Thankfully for me, there's only room for one nutter in a 300mph Top Fuel car and no one would let me loose in one of those pricey bits of machinery. But a few of the street-legal 200mph Pro-Mods like Sticky Situation, the monster American Chevrolet Chevelle driven and owned by Nigel Payne, have a shotgun seat designed especially to scare poor little passengers

like me. So there I sat, feeling quite queasy while I was strapped into the stripped-out dragster for my first experience of a high octane enema. Someone died here doing this just three years ago. The wheels, I thought to myself, wouldn't be the only thing that left skid marks on Santa Pod's hallowed quarter mile.

The way they've built Santa Pod Raceway, between two long earth banks, you can't hear the cars till you're practically in front of them. But when you do there's no mistaking it. The sound of a Pro-Mod taking off down the runway is loud enough to make your hair bleed; but a Top Fuel is something else. The brain-shredding head-melt of noise that rips from the engine is so loud it makes you laugh. You have heard nothing like it. It's preposterous. Nothing is that noisy; not even The Big Bang, and you can ask Stephen Hawking if you don't believe me. The blare sets off car alarms

and the acrid nitro fumes make you cry like a baby.

Drag racing is all about acceleration and while I wasn't going to be subjected to 0-100 mph in one second, I would be going quite fast enough, thank you. To put the starting speed of Sticky Situation into perspective just think for a moment: even your mate in his shit-hot Sierra Cosworth takes over 13 seconds to cover the quarter mile, while Jacques Villeneuve and his flashy F1 mates take 9.4 seconds. I was about to cover the distance in 8.9 seconds, something even *Top Gear's* Tiff

Needell bottled out of. Yep, the reasons for being a dragster racer may be as confusing as the British Rail time table, but there is no doubting the explosive speed of these muthas.

Getting your dragster to go so quick is not just a case of slapping on a few go-faster stripes. The cost of running a winning dragster is like ►

**The brain-shredding head-melt of noise that rips from the engine is so loud it makes you laugh**





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# The cost of running a winning dragster works out the same as throwing £50 notes into a noisy shredder

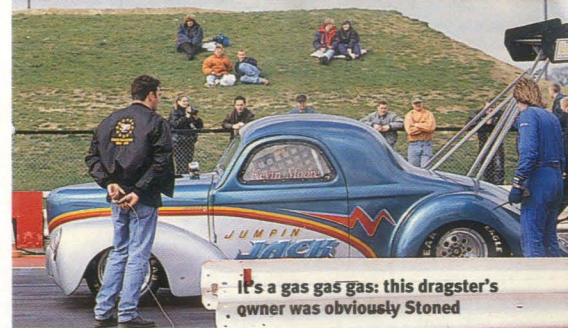
throwing £50 notes into a very noisy shredder. "At this level," says Nigel Payne, "it costs about £1,000 to shave a thousandth of a second off your time. I've spent about £45,000 on Sticky Situation but there's still much more I can do. Every penny I earn goes into the car but the prize money does nothing to cover it. There's an old saying in the sport: the only way you come out of drag racing with a small fortune is if you went in with a big fortune. Says it all, really."

But what it doesn't say is why he bothers. It's difficult to understand people who spend hours with their head stuck under the bonnet of their car even though there's nothing wrong with the engine. It's even harder to comprehend why anyone would spend all their cash and time on something that is all over in less than ten seconds. It makes crack addiction sound like a good investment. For Fay Fischer, at 32 Britain's fastest woman in motorsport (210mph), it's the shocking speed and the thrill

of the fear. "On a good run my car takes less than seven seconds to run the track and you get three runs a session. That means about 21 seconds of racing a day, five minutes or so a year," says Fay, pilot of a Goodyear-sponsored Top Alcohol car. "But there is so much more to it than that. There's the way it makes you scared for a start! If you don't feel at least a little terrified during a race, then you shouldn't be there. Fear clears the mind."

Strapped into Sticky Situation as we did the 'burn-out', fear was clearing my mind too – and we hadn't gone anywhere yet! The purpose of the burn-out is to get the tyres hot and tacky to give good traction for a quick getaway. Nigel drove the car slowly up to the start of the track and marshalls guided his huge, low-pressure, extra-wide rear tyres into a small dip in the tarmac. Nigel applied the transmission brake which locks the car in first gear and reverse gear with the front brakes on simultaneously. Then he rammed his foot on the accelerator. The effect was terrifying. The car exploded in a roar of engine stress that sounded like a million old men clearing their throats of phlegm. The creaking chassis crushed itself to the ground as the rear wheels tried to bust through the front brakes that held them back. And to cap it all the car filled up with smoke and we both sat there choking. It smelled worryingly like the toilet seat in a rubber-fetish club.

Nigel came off the hot pedal a fraction and released the trans brake. We jumped



It's a gas gas gas: this dragster's owner was obviously Stoned

Vintage stuff: Buggy Malone versus The Cannonball Run

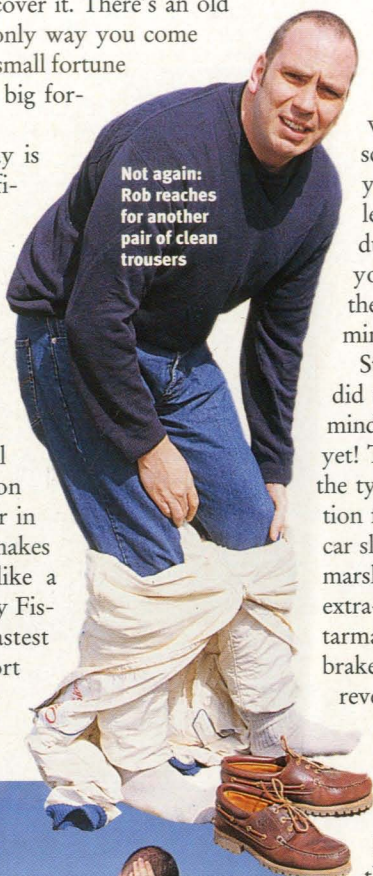


about ten feet towards the starting line and stopped with a jolt. At this stage the Top Fuel cars would scream off up the track for fifty feet to lay down two fresh rubber skid marks that help them reach their frightening starting speeds. Marshalls then wipe the track to clear off any slippery substances. When I raced, they wiped my bum.

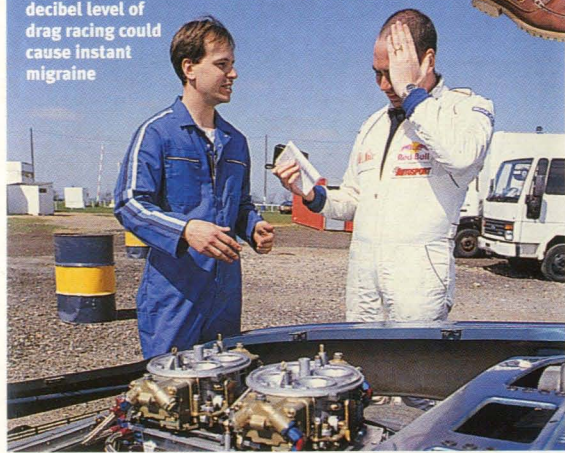
Sticky Situation was driven carefully, still under guidance from a team of stone-deaf marshalls, up to the Blue Line about eight inches before the Start Line. Nigel double-checked that all the dials and knobs in the car were functioning properly. I checked my safety harness and thought about what Fay Fischer had said about the injuries involved in drag racing. Although she assured me that serious accidents are rare, being slammed around in a metal monster doing 170mph has led to countless bruises and a dislocated shoulder for her. Why is it that everyone involved in obviously dangerous sports always goes on about how safe they are? If they were really safe no one would bother paying to watch, hoping for a few fatalities.

Gradually we inched forward some more. When the front tyres of Sticky Situation were finally just where the marshalls wanted them the

Not again: Rob reaches for another pair of clean trousers



Tense, nervous headache? The decibel level of drag racing could cause instant migraine



Mob



We have lift off: Sticky Situation literally leaves the Santa Pod runway faster than a speeding bullet



# So You Want To Have A Go, Huh?

If you would like to give drag racing a go, simply get along to Santa Pod's 'Run What You Brung'. For about ten quid a go you can race your Mini Metro or whatever against all-comers. All you have to have is a drivers' licence (preferably your own), a crash helmet, a tank of gas and the desire to win.

## WHAT TO DO

### The Burn-Out

You could put the brake on and give it a good rev, but to be honest the only cars than look good doing this are proper dragsters. Your heap will look and sound a bit embarrassing. Besides, every burn-out will cost you a new set of tyres which is even more humiliating. Note: 2CV owners need not apply.

### Check-Up and Pre-Stage

Inch your car up to the Start Line. The marshalls will tell you what to do and check over your car to see if your coat is hanging out of the door. Your front wheels will break a light beam across the track. You are now in Pre-Stage

and a series of amber lights will show on the Christmas Tree.

### Staged

Inch forward again until a second series of bulbs lights up. You are now what is known as Staged, and probably more than a tad nervy.

### Easy Does It

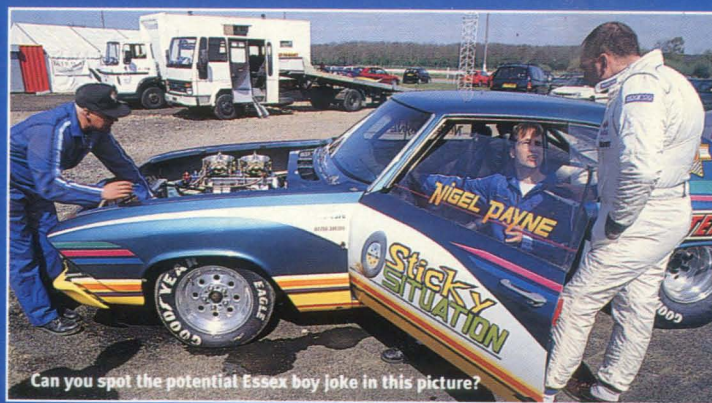
Move too far too soon now and a red light will show and your race is over. One very quick way to blow a tenner.

### Wait For It

You can, however, move a little bit, causing the Pre-Stage lights to go out. But stop there and wait. Okay, you'll be shaking a bit and your heart will be beating like thunder but don't blow it now. The more experienced boy racers hate a jump starter.

### Stall

The starting marshall will check that both cars are Staged before he begins the final sequence of lights on the tree. Amber lights are followed closely by green, then red bulbs. All three orange lights will come on then green and GO!



Can you spot the potential Essex boy joke in this picture?

Stall the engine and you will never have any friends ever again.

### Caution!

But beware. This could be the start of a very expensive, very anoraky life. This is what Nigel Payne, driver/owner of Sticky Situation, says: "The addiction is fatal. The first run I did in a RWYB was something like an 18.6. Then I realised that if I took my tools and the spare wheel out of the boot I could run an 18.3. Then I put smaller tyres on the back to change the gear ratio... then it was a slippery slope." You have been warned.

### Deaths and Injuries

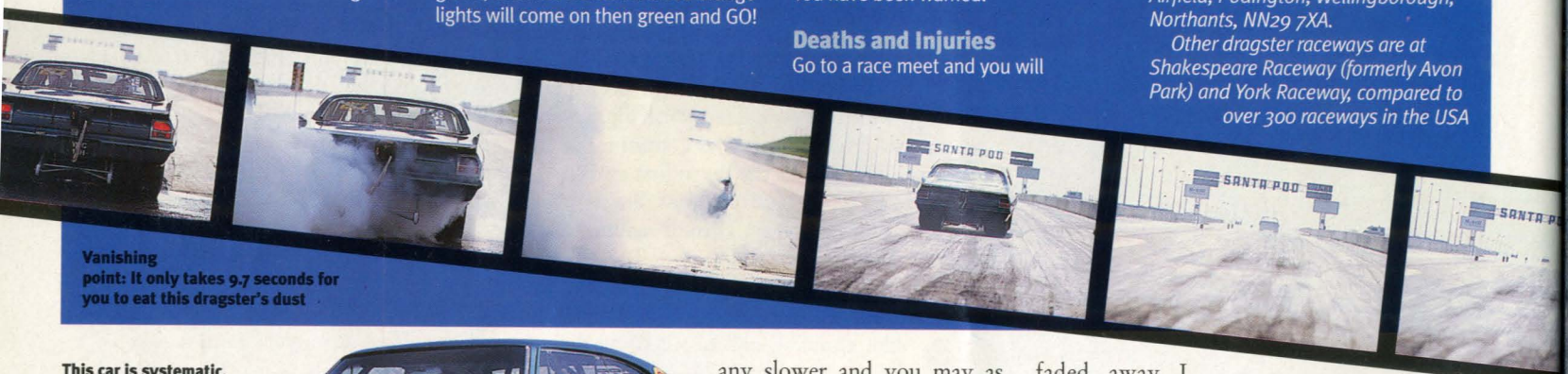
Go to a race meet and you will

probably see a crash or accident. Some of the cars pull wheelies and even these drivers find a car very hard to control on two wheels. If you're really lucky you might see a real pile-up. There have been four regular dragster fatalities in the last 25 years. One was from a heart attack. There have been two more deaths in the 300mph jet cars, but that's hardly surprising is it?

For information about the next 'Run What You Brung' contact Santa Pod on 01234 782828.

Santa Pod Raceway is at The Airfield, Podington, Wellingborough, Northants, NN29 7XA.

Other dragster raceways are at Shakespeare Raceway (formerly Avon Park) and York Raceway, compared to over 300 raceways in the USA



Vanishing point: It only takes 9.7 seconds for you to eat this dragster's dust

This car is systematic, it's automatic, and it's broken



trans brake was applied again, the revs hit screaming pitch and a series of lights began to count down on the 'Christmas Tree' that divided the two lanes of the track. In the other lane there was a red Funny Car racing against us. I stared at him and he stared back; a scene familiar to anyone who's been held at traffic lights next to an 18-year-old in his mum's Ford Fiesta.

That was the last I saw of our opposition because in less than an instant the lights turned green and, for the tiniest fraction of a second, the mindnumbing torque caused the car to leap off the ground, and launch like a Tomahawk missile.

If you go when the light has turned green you've lost the race. "The perfect reaction time is 0.50 of a second," Nigel told me. "Any quicker and you're disqualified as it just isn't possible,

any slower and you may as well go home."

We must have been pulling about three Gs as Nigel twitched the steering wheel left and right to keep the car straight. The slightest over-steer and you'd be into the concrete barriers on one side or into your opponent on the other. As I fixed on the narrow horizon, praying that Sticky Situation would stay on course, I thought for a moment I was blacking out, but it was just the heat from the huge engine causing a haze over the bonnet.

The car hit 138mph in under 9.7 seconds. If anything goes wrong at this speed it's hell to sort out. "I don't consider myself a brave lunatic driver," Nigel had claimed. "Some people put their foot down if something goes wrong, to try and straighten the car out, but I find the car becomes so unstable you could crash. Besides, once you've taken your foot off, even for a fraction of a second, your race is lost anyway." Losing has never bothered me.

Suddenly we shot past the finishing post. The brakes were on (we didn't need a parachute to stop us like some dragsters do) and 80mph was scrubbed off our speed in a flash. As the revs

faded away I made a few of those stupid whooping noises you feel compelled to do at times like that. Most activities worth doing, especially dangerous ones, take longer to prepare for than to actually do, and obviously, by its very nature, drag racing is going to be one of the most short-lived. But Christ, I've done sneezes that lasted longer. **B**



Robert Swift is available for weddings, bar mitzvahs and any strange or dangerous occupations you'd like to see tested. Send your ideas to: Help!, Bizarre, John Brown Publishing, The New Boathouse, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR



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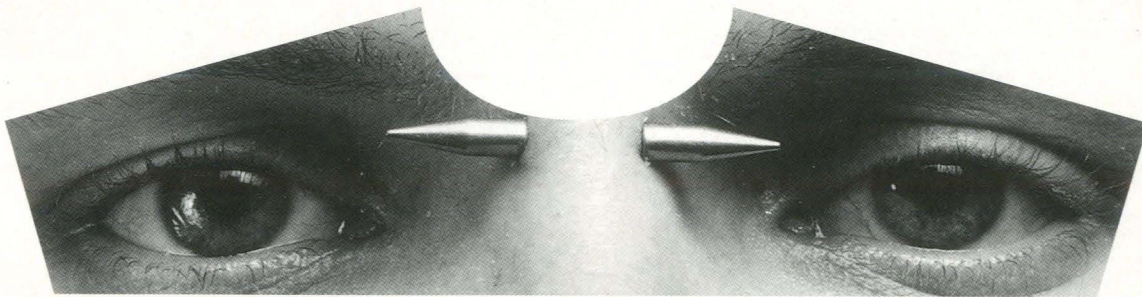
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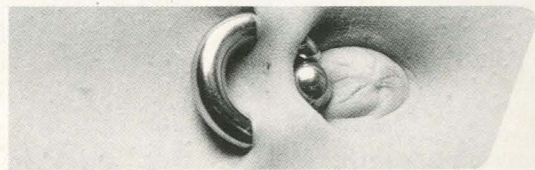
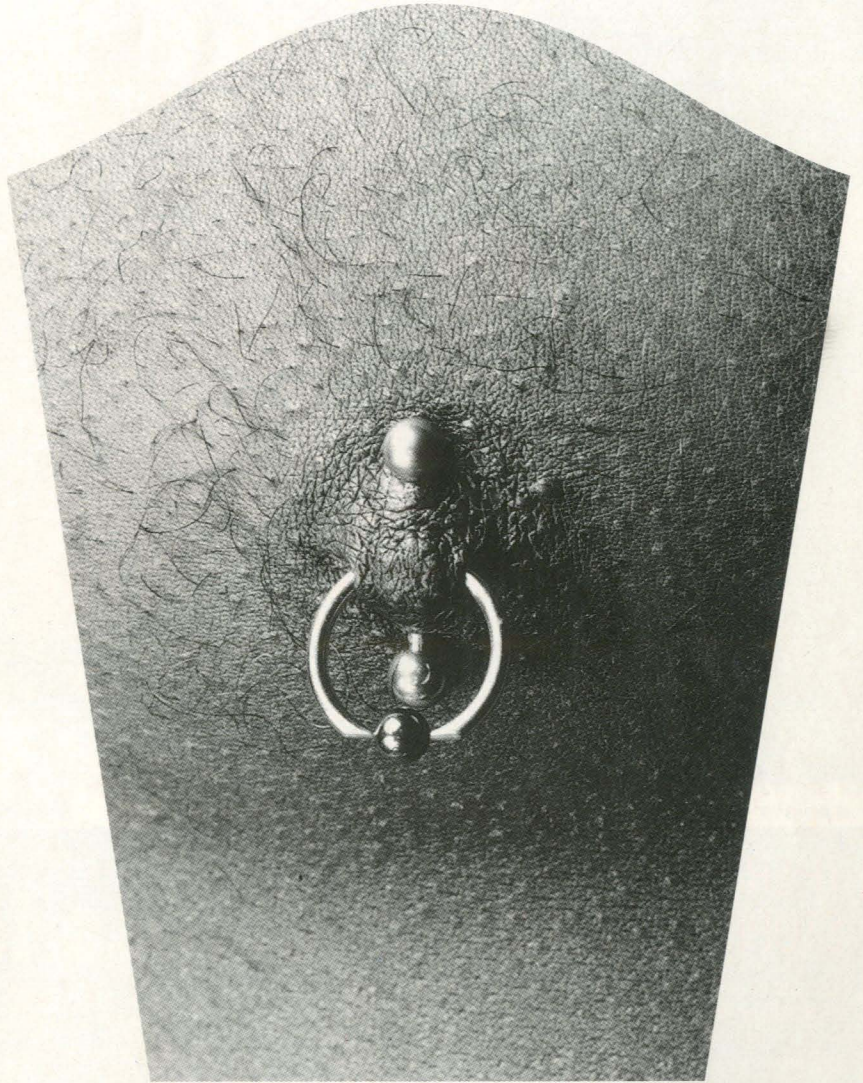
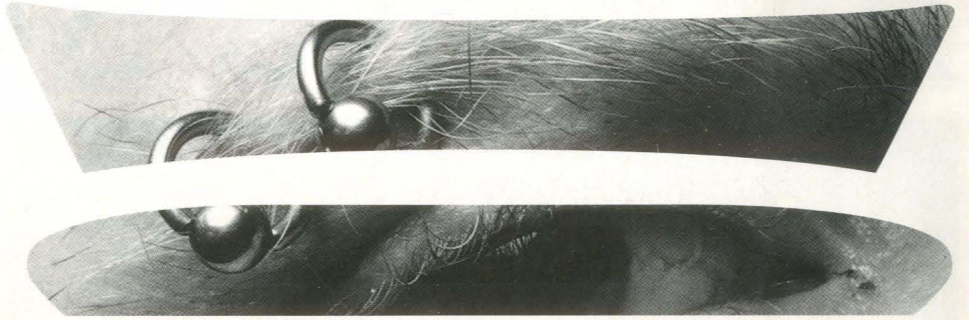
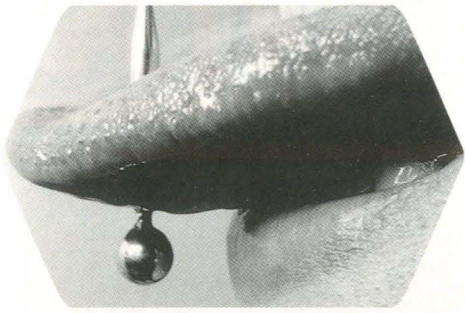




**Cut from a**  
**different**  
**cloth**









# BIZARRE STORIES

Barmy butchers

## Stitched up



PEOPLE IN COLOMBIA TAKE their jobs extremely seriously. In February this year, upon hearing that their butchers shop was to be closed, Fernando Lopez and Miguel Amilkar went to see the Governor of Bogota to protest against the decision. Not wanting to discuss the matter in a civilised manner over tea and biscuits (or indeed a line of the country's finest export), they stitched each others' mouths up and chained themselves to their chairs, while one also wore a thorn crown. It is not known yet whether their attempt to save the shop was successful.



## THERE AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW!

So many interesting pics have been piling up around the BIZARRE office lately that we decided to celebrate the fact that this is the first monthly issue of BIZARRE by putting in another one of our special sealed section. It's 16 pages packed full of stronger-than-normal stories and pics that we couldn't bring you any other way. Even so, you might want to think twice before tearing open the perforations. And just remember, we didn't make you read it right after you had your dinner so don't come moaning to us.

Then in just four weeks when issue 9 of BIZARRE goes on sale we're going to be bringing you to another special extra: a video this time, packed to bursting point with sneak previews of the strangest film releases for the year ahead, and a few classic titles too – everything from mad manga magicians to modern-day vampires, with some very adult animation thrown in for good measure. So get ready to stampede into your newsagent on 14 May and demand your copy, or you might miss out.

*Fiona Jerome*

EDITOR

For serious medical research only

## Corpse love



WHY BE LONESOME tonight when you could be entertaining a dead body? The Corpses For Sale website offers a range of 'completely hand-crafted and extremely durable' synthetic stiffs for a mere \$550 each. The head turns, mouth opens, limbs move and fingers can be bent. The male corpses wear suits while the females 'are in a dress with nylons and high heels', which suggests they aren't aimed at medical students.

As an exciting extra, you can have red, green or blue lights installed in the eyes, with 'wads of mangled, rotting flesh' thoughtfully included to stuff into the sockets when the bulbs are not in use. Choose from two degrees of decay (light or heavy), three different skin colours and five shades of hair colour. You are advised that 'your corpse's hair colour should compliment the skin tone.'

You can contact corpse maker Jaime Di Stefano on <http://www.distefano.com>. And get an afterlife.





# stitches, stiffies, snifters and sprayers

## Odd job

### Roach Exterminator

Imogen Levinson from Dyno-Kil tells BIZARRE how to get rid of the little blighters

*What does roach extermination involve?*

First we have to make a thorough inspection of the premises with a good-quality torch, then make a correct identification of the infesting species – whether they're German or Oriental – and find out where they live. Then we get rid of all food and water sources because cockroaches are rabid scavengers... they'll even eat the glue used to hang wallpaper! Our next job is to restrict all the pests' potential routes on to the premises. Finally, we use professional insecticides to exterminate the population. *It's not the obvious choice for a job. How did you get into it?*

By accident, not design. I did a BSc in Zoology, and MSc in Rural Resources and Environmental Policy, and a friend working at Rentokil suggested I join them as a biologist. I moved to Dyno-kil couple of years ago.

*How do people react when you tell them what you do for a living?*

It is met with a mixture of disbelief and laughter – everybody has a pest control

**"Cockroaches are rabid scavengers – they'll even eat glue"**

problem of their own to sort out.

*Where do you get the most cockroaches?*

It depends on the species, but normally in hot, damp areas such as kitchens, where food is readily available.

*How do they breed?*

Cockroaches display incomplete metamorphosis, which means the juveniles look like adults except smaller. German cockroaches carry their egg case until hatching. Nymphs emerge and go through a series of moults until they reach adult size.

*What's the most hideous infestation you've ever had to encounter?*

I can't name the location, but it was an area that was hot, damp and dark with peeling walls and ceiling where an explosion of cockroaches had occurred. Imagine *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom* – overhead, underfoot, and totally surrounded!

*What's the funniest job you've dealt with?*

The funniest are the ones where you get called in to deal with an enormous ferocious rat and arrive to find a pathetic, terrified mouse – which normally just runs outside when you open the door.

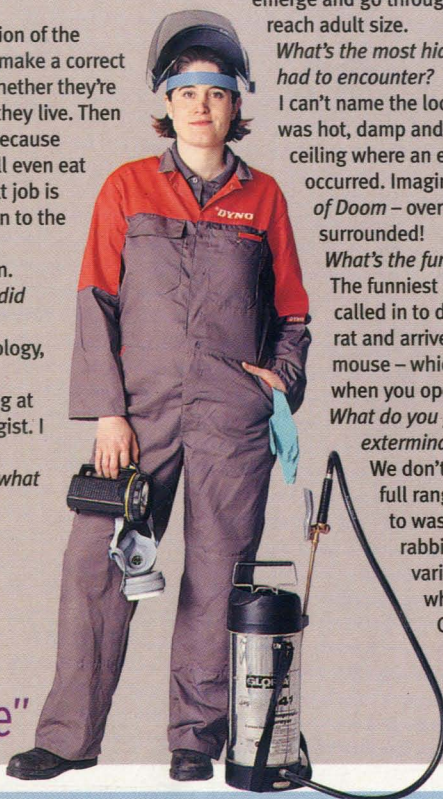
*What do you get out of being a roach exterminator?*

We don't just kill roaches, but cover the full range of pests from mice and rats to wasps, bees, ants, flies, fleas, rabbits, moles and pigeons. It's varied work and you're never sure what to expect each day.

Customers are always pleased to see you, and very hospitable.

*Do you get danger money?*

What, like Danger Mouse? In cartoons, maybe!



## Black and white booze

### You feeling lucky, drunk?

PAUL NEWMAN sells salad dressing, Elizabeth Taylor has her perfume. Now Clint Eastwood's launched a beer. Called 'Pale Rider Ale' after his 1985 Western – well, Magnum's an ice-cream – the beer is a pale ale made from five different hops, brewed for Clint by the Celis Brewery in Texas. All the proceeds go to charity.

But you may have difficulty finding bottles: it's only available in Texas, Colorado and California.

And as if garlic, chilli and

blackcurrant flavours weren't enough for us, The Original Black Vodka Company has created Blavod, the world's first black vodka. The ingredients which make it black are top secret but we are told they're '100% natural'. That may be so,

but you should see the effect it has on your shit. So if you're a goth, very depressed or fascinated by the human digestive system, you'll be pleased to hear Blavod will soon be on shelves almost everywhere they sell booze.



Clint: hop it



## Jinxes

### Triangle of fortune

IS IT ART, or is it novelty? BIZARRE's favourite fine artist has been at it again. Antonio Riello has been putting out these 'bad luck' stickers on things and following their effects. "Many car and bike accidents and crashes are recorded," he says gleefully. And he advises: "It is very important to stick the triangle with the number 666 in correct position: 999

does not work at all." You too can nix 13 annoying cabbies for £30.

From Torch Gallery, Lauriergracht 94, Amsterdam; Il Ponte Gallery, Via di Montoro 10, Roma I; Artra Gallery, Via Settala 6, Milano 1



## WORLD WIDE



## WEIRD

### Sell-by date of the beast



The Vatican is spoiling for a head-to-head fight with the EEC over sell-by dates on packets of

communion wafers. "It's Brussels-inspired harmonisation gone mad," said an irate Vatican official. "Communion wafers represent the body of our Lord. They are not like milk or frozen food."

### A game of two calves

A Romanian football team has arranged to sell Ion Radu, one of its star players, for two tons of beef and pork. Jiul Petrosani, at the bottom of Romania's first division with just six points, had previously exchanged one of its defenders for ten footballs and a new set of kit.

### Banged up



Using nuclear weapons is illegal, the International Court of Justice has

ruled. But they don't make it clear what the penalty for breaking this particular law might be.

### Love in a cold climate

When Reis Morgan and his girlfriend ran away from the families who wouldn't let them marry, they ran the wrong way – into the mountains of their native Turkey. Temperatures dropped to -22°F. The lovers had to have their hands and feet amputated for frostbite, and aman who had helped them died of exposure.

### War of words



On 20 February, CBS News in the US accidentally broadcast twenty minutes of newsmen Dan Rather and

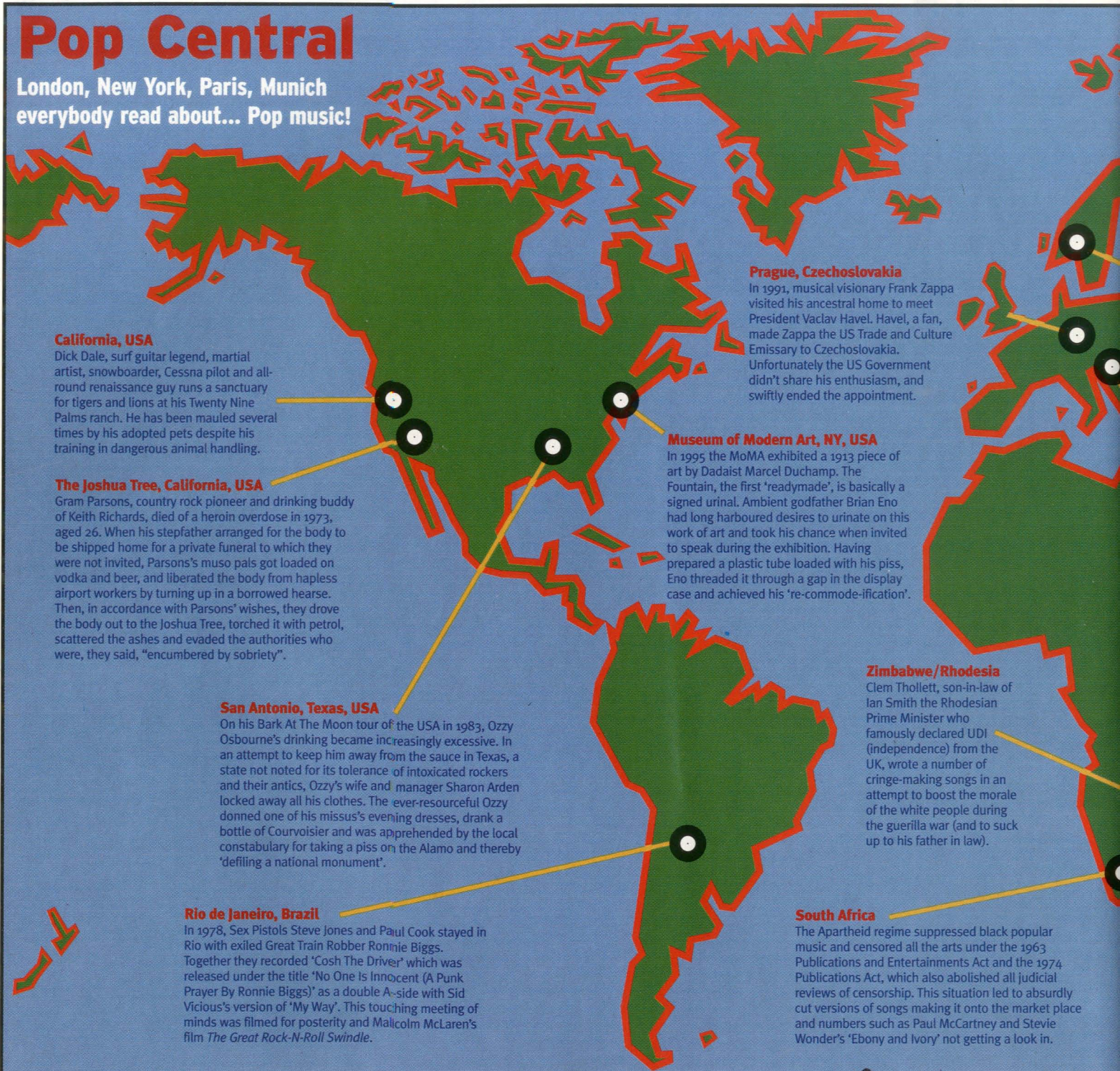
Pentagon correspondent David Martin rehearsing a report on a supposed US bombing run on Iraq. "It looked like a real broadcast of what was going on," said Bill McClure, master control operator at WTAP-TV in Parkersburg, Virginia.



# BIZARRE STORIES

## Pop Central

London, New York, Paris, Munich  
everybody read about... Pop music!



### California, USA

Dick Dale, surf guitar legend, martial artist, snowboarder, Cessna pilot and all-round renaissance guy runs a sanctuary for tigers and lions at his Twenty Nine Palms ranch. He has been mauled several times by his adopted pets despite his training in dangerous animal handling.

### The Joshua Tree, California, USA

Gram Parsons, country rock pioneer and drinking buddy of Keith Richards, died of a heroin overdose in 1973, aged 26. When his stepfather arranged for the body to be shipped home for a private funeral to which they were not invited, Parsons' muso pals got loaded on vodka and beer, and liberated the body from hapless airport workers by turning up in a borrowed hearse. Then, in accordance with Parsons' wishes, they drove the body out to the Joshua Tree, torched it with petrol, scattered the ashes and evaded the authorities who were, they said, "encumbered by sobriety".

### San Antonio, Texas, USA

On his Bark At The Moon tour of the USA in 1983, Ozzy Osbourne's drinking became increasingly excessive. In an attempt to keep him away from the sauce in Texas, a state not noted for its tolerance of intoxicated rockers and their antics, Ozzy's wife and manager Sharon Arden locked away all his clothes. The ever-resourceful Ozzy donned one of his missus's evening dresses, drank a bottle of Courvoisier and was apprehended by the local constabulary for taking a piss on the Alamo and thereby 'defiling a national monument'.

### Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

In 1978, Sex Pistols Steve Jones and Paul Cook stayed in Rio with exiled Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs. Together they recorded 'Cosh The Driver' which was released under the title 'No One Is Innocent (A Punk Prayer By Ronnie Biggs)' as a double A-side with Sid Vicious's version of 'My Way'. This touching meeting of minds was filmed for posterity and Malcolm McLaren's film *The Great Rock-N-Roll Swindle*.

### Prague, Czechoslovakia

In 1991, musical visionary Frank Zappa visited his ancestral home to meet President Vaclav Havel. Havel, a fan, made Zappa the US Trade and Culture Emissary to Czechoslovakia. Unfortunately the US Government didn't share his enthusiasm, and swiftly ended the appointment.

### Museum of Modern Art, NY, USA

In 1995 the MoMA exhibited a 1913 piece of art by Dadaist Marcel Duchamp. The Fountain, the first 'readymade', is basically a signed urinal. Ambient godfather Brian Eno had long harboured desires to urinate on this work of art and took his chance when invited to speak during the exhibition. Having prepared a plastic tube loaded with his piss, Eno threaded it through a gap in the display case and achieved his 're-commode-ification'.

### Zimbabwe/Rhodesia

Clem Thollett, son-in-law of Ian Smith the Rhodesian Prime Minister who famously declared UDI (independence) from the UK, wrote a number of cringe-making songs in an attempt to boost the morale of the white people during the guerilla war (and to suck up to his father in law).

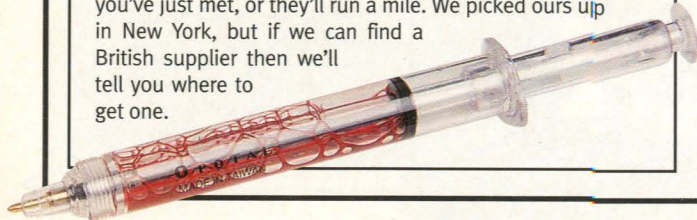
### South Africa

The Apartheid regime suppressed black popular music and censored all the arts under the 1963 Publications and Entertainments Act and the 1974 Publications Act, which also abolished all judicial reviews of censorship. This situation led to absurdly cut versions of songs making it onto the market place and numbers such as Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder's 'Ebony and Ivory' not getting a look in.

### Scary biro

## A write fix

IT LOOKS LIKE the sort of thing AIDS-infected muggers are supposed to brandish, but the little spring inside gives it away: it's a pen – and one that writes with black ink. Don't whip it out to write down the phone number of the lovely you've just met, or they'll run a mile. We picked ours up in New York, but if we can find a British supplier then we'll tell you where to get one.



### Aromatic underwear

## Fart knickers

YOUR OWN DON'T bother you, but other people's get up your nose. So we can recommend the Ass Mask® collection of fart filter pads as ideal gifts for your malodorous mates and pongy partners: Answers Innovations' products are just the thing to convey a message that's a little too sensitive to put into words.

Insert the 'buttfilter' between two pairs of snug pants and Bob's yer sweet-smelling uncle. The charcoal filter pads are effective for 60 days and can be washed and tumble dried, if you can bear the thought. Ass Mask®, \$6.95 – \$7.95, Answers Innovations Corp., PO Box 514, Concord, MA 01742, USA







#### Moscow, USSR

Professor Lev Sergeivitch Terman (aka Leon Theremin) showcased his Theremin, the first electronic instrument, in Moscow in 1920. Lenin requested a demonstration, learnt how to play it and commissioned 600 to be built. Decades later, trip-hop was born to the Theremin's spooky sounds.

#### Oslo, Norway

On 16 May 1994, an Oslo court sentenced Varg Vikernes, aka Count Grishnackh, lead singer of Black Metal band Burzum, to 21 years in prison for burning down three churches, attempted arson on a fourth and the murder of Oystein Aarseth, leader of rival group Mayhem. Black Metal, a satanic derivative of speed/death metal, had saturated Scandinavian youth culture and initiated a crime wave in its wake, with stabbings and church burnings becoming regular sports. Since the Count's conviction, Black Metal's popularity in Norway has declined, but it has recently begun to thrive in Belgium.

#### Peking, China

In 1997 corporate club Ministry of Sound took its easy-to-swallow dance sound to communist China. What the Chinese, who've seen almost no Western pop stars before, made of it all isn't recorded.

#### Japan

DK-96, aka Kyoko Date, became the world's first virtual pop star, releasing a single called 'Love Communication' and gaining chart success in Japan. Creator Horipro created a full set of human characteristics for DK-96, including a first love affair with a boy on her school football team and a blood type.

#### Goa, India

Ritchey Edwards, the missing songwriter and guitarist of the Manic Street Preachers, was reportedly seen in Goa by college lecturer Vyvyan Morris in November 1996. The Metropolitan Police decided not to pursue the lead any further after interviewing Morris.

#### Australia

In 1984 Peter Garrett, lead singer of Australian rockers Midnight Oil, narrowly missed election to the Australian Senate on a radical leftist card. He received 200,000 votes as a representative of the Nuclear Disarmament Party, and was only defeated by a coalition of opposition parties.

#### Slovenia, 1994

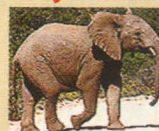
NSK, an arts collective centred around the provocative industrial group Laibach, have formed a virtual state to protest about the "exclusive economic, political and defence zones" of Eastern European nations and ex-Soviet states. Run from a PO box in Ljubljana, Slovenia, they issue passports to anyone who "pledges to participate on a best-effort basis to support the integrity of the NSK State", and claim that these have been used as legitimate passports by Bosnian war refugees.

## WORLD WIDE



## WEIRD

### They don't like it up 'em



How do you treat an elephant that refuses to take its medicine? Suppositories.

They're ten inches long, weigh two pounds and require four people to insert. Calle, a 30-year-old elephant in San Francisco Zoo, has been receiving one a day for ten months. "It's not a pretty sight," understated associate curator Michele Rudovsky.

### Can I sniff your arse?

A school health fair in Phenix, Arizona, was visited by anti-crime character McGruff the Crime Dog. The man inside the suit turned out to be 27-year-old Alfred Thurman, who was serving a two year sentence for child molestation, and who had been let out of jail to play McGruff when the usual actor was unavailable.

### Mummy fly



Jeremy Bentham, British-born inventor of utilitarianism, recently attended a symposium at the University of Texas in Austin, despite having

died in 1832. His preserved corpse usually sits in a glass box in University College London.

### Read and wipe

A French company has launched a bog-roll printed with articles on news, culture and geography. In its first week 'Petit Lutin' sold three times better than regular lav paper. New news items will be released each month.

### Eat the rich

Despite its reputation for food fascism, the Government has stated in the House of Commons that it has no intention of making cannibalism illegal in the UK.

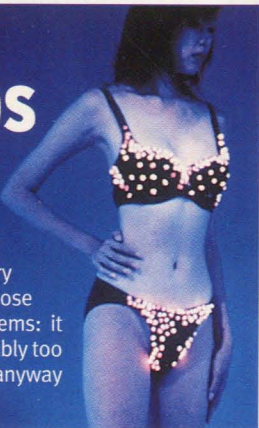
### On that bombshell

On a recent practice bombing mission off the coast of Scotland, a RAF Jaguar jet managed to drop two 1000lb bombs, one of them live, on the wrong island. Luckily Am Balg, the island that got hit by accident, is made entirely of granite.

### Wired underwear

## Nice bulbs

Yet another triumph for bra-makers Triumph: underwear with optic fibres woven into the fabric so that it lights up. We assume it's for the benefit of very drunk or dim boyfriends who'd lose their way otherwise. Two problems: it was created in Japan so it's probably too small for your girlfriend, and anyway Triumph have no plans to sell it.



## WAY TO GO

### 8. Death by tumble dryer

RAY WASHBROOK JUST wanted to get a bit of fluff out of his tumble dryer at the Warrender Aircraft Services in Stevenage. But the 26-year-old let the machine's door shut behind him, automatically starting the drying cycle. It wasn't the 95°C temperature that did for him, it was the multiple head injuries from being spun round and round in the giant drum.





# BIZARRE STORIES

## Bizarre history

### 8. The Imelda Marcos Film Festival

What do you do when Imelda wants something? You start to worry about it

IN JUNE 1980 Imelda Marcos, wife of the Philippines president Ferdinand Marcos, had a vision: Manila would have a world-class film festival. A vast theatre would have to be constructed by January 1982. In February 1981 architect Froilan Hong was given 24 hours to come up with a sketch for the Film Center. It took three months for Marcos to agree the design, leaving just eight months to build it.

Thousands of tons of cement were diverted from building sites across Manila, and the police and military made sure the builders kept working. The site was chaos. Around 4,000 men were working and sleeping amid the construction, while dangerous modifications were being made to the plans in an

effort to try to save time. Disaster was inevitable as tired builders worked round the clock to meet the deadline.

At 2.35am on 17 November 1981, a huge section of the auditorium's ceiling collapsed. A flood of freshly poured concrete and the men who had been working above fell 40 feet into a pit of broken scaffolding, slabs of concrete and wet cement. As cement hardens it gets hot, and the men trapped in its flow were literally roasted alive.

Witnesses claim the rescue services

failed to appear for nine vital hours. On November 18 the Marcos-run press claimed that four people had died, a number that rose to seven the next day, when the story was dropped. However, a report by journalist Jerry Esplanada, published in 1992 after he had tracked down survivors, told a quite different tale. Building workers said they struggled for hours after the disaster, trying to free their work mates. The attempts continued for several days, amid the stench of putrefying flesh.

After a few days any further rescue work was forbidden. Bulldozers were

Trapped men were roasted alive



Trapped in concrete, this man took 24 hours to die

sent to clear the site. Witnesses claim people were still alive in the masonry that was hauled out to Manila Bay, and that men went around chainsawing off limbs and torsos that protruded from the floor, burning stacks of body parts with diesel. As jackhammers pounded into walls, blood spurted out.

Today the Film Center is derelict. There were only two film festivals held there; neither were successful. Locals say it is haunted by the ghosts of the men entombed in its walls and floors. Although it's impossible to work out an exact bodycount, Esplanada's study estimates up to 400 men died there.



Imelda: on a whim and a prayer



Bored in the USA

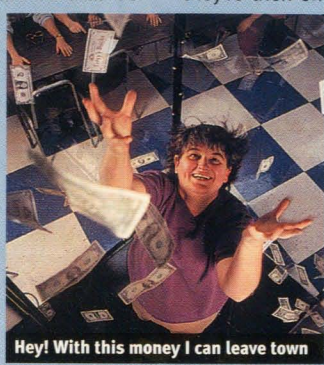
## Nowheresville, Nebraska

"I WAS HEADED for Nebraska. Now there's a sentence you don't want to have to say too often if you can possibly help it. Nebraska must be the most unexciting of all the states." Bill Bryson didn't waste much time in breaking it gently to the world that Nebraska sucks big time. One reason for its apparent dullness could be that Germans were the most dominant of its early settlers. Another clue is the weather – blizzards, thunderstorms, hail and tornadoes are all on the agenda. Add in a mix of freezing winters and hot summers (the lowest temperature recorded there is a nut-cracking -44°C, the highest a

brain-boiling 48°C) and you can see why people don't stay long.

Now we have proof that things are getting *really* bad. Oriental Trading Inc., a toy distributor in Omaha, has taken to offering its current employees a \$1000 bonus if they can find someone who's willing to work in Nebraska. In addition they're then offered a chance to enter

the 'money machine' booth, in which they attempt to grab as many dollar bills as possible in 15 whole seconds, while fans twirl them all about. And believe us, 15 seconds of watching money blow around is about as much excitement as your average Nebraskan can stand.



Hey! With this money I can leave town

Top ten

Superstar short-arses

## Tinseltown titches



**1. Danny DeVito – 5'0"**  
The definitive, diminutive daahling. Unless you count the cast of *Time Bandits*

**2. Dudley Moore – 5'2.5"**  
Santa's little helper and the short to Peter Cook's long drink of water

**3. Mickey Rooney – 5'3"**  
Hollywood's little giant. Did his first film aged six and didn't grow much from then on

**4. Humphrey Bogart – 5'4"**  
Bogey had to wear stacks to stand up to his leading ladies, but made up for it in other departments. Allegedly



## Swedish art scandal

# The pants on death row

IS IT SOME shocking kind of protest against the state of Texas' nasty habit of offing murderers by lethal injection? Of course not. It's art. Taking part in a series of shopfront exhibitions organised by Stockholm City Council, the notorious Swedish artists Bigert and Bergstrom erected this show of serial killer knickers.

Scandinavia's own Gilbert and George wrote the names of 92 people executed in the Lone Star

State between 1983 and 1996 on the waistbands of soiled mens underpants and hung them on clothesline. They also added the details of the victim's last meals. Bigert and Bergstrom timed their 'Death Watch' to coincide with the death of Karla Faye Tucker, the first woman to be executed in Texas since the Civil War. Said a spokesperson for the duo: "Most people say, 'How disgusting,' but then they start talking about it."



## Longnecks

# Free from a long stretch

THESE LONG-NECKED WOMEN of the Padaung tribe of Burma have been kept in a 'slave labour camp' in Thailand and forced to perform for tourists. The women, who use brass rings to stretch their necks by up to 25 centimetres, were lured from Burma by men who told them that their relatives were waiting for them in Thai centres for Burmese refugees. They were then taken to the camps and kept there by armed guards, who made them dance and perform traditional crafts for tourists. Thai officials have only recently liberated them.

## WORLD WIDE



# WEIRD

## All in the family

Two Mafia overlords became fathers last year, despite having being in prison since 1994. Police in Sicily believe that someone smuggled Giuseppe and Filippo Graviano's sperm out of the jail so their wives could have in-vitro fertilisation.

## Makes a change from pigs

Carlos the Jackal, the internationally feared hit-man who was convicted in Paris in December of killing two intelligence agents, was also given ten days in solitary confinement for calling a prison guard a 'gnu'.

## Spot the problem

The acne treatment Accutane has had a warning label added to it after the manufacturer said it had received several reports of teenagers becoming depressed or even committing suicide after using it.

## Now that's a banger

Chinese fireworksellers showing off their products managed to kill 47 people and injure many more in an explosion at an outdoor market in Hebei Province.

## Politics is a dirty business

Annoyed that locals had blocked his plans for a detergent factory in the town of Neuville-Le-Bois, right-wing French Senator Kelbert Malecot, aged 82, made anonymous phone calls threatening to torch their houses or kill them. Caught by police, he was let off with a three-month suspended sentence.

## Some like it hot

Tests on cans of pepper spray, sold and used as a bear repellent in Alaska, have shown that many of the bears are actually rather attracted to it. "It's

like a 500-pound cat with a ball of catnip," said US Geological Survey researcher Tom Smith. We wonder what Alaskan cats are into?



**5. Alan Ladd - 5'4"**  
Walked the mean streets in *The Blue Dahlia* and other gangster classics, proving the Napoleonic adage that small ones are the meanest

**6. Dustin Hoffman - 5'5"**  
The teenage prey of Mrs Robinson in *The Graduate*, now the grown-up person who'd rather not grow any more

**7. Michael J Fox - 5'5"**  
Short, babyfaced and likely to be bullied in his films. All together now - good

**8. Al Pacino - 5'6"**  
"Say hello to my little friend," says Al. "You think you're big-time?" we reply

**9. Mel Gibson - 5'9"**  
Apparently Mel's the same height as Rob De Niro and Tom Cruise. But since he's neither done any great films nor is a Scientologist, he's the one who gets stitched up here

**10. Clint Eastwood - 6'4"**  
None of our motley crew would feel particularly lucky in the presence of the ex-Mayor of Carmel



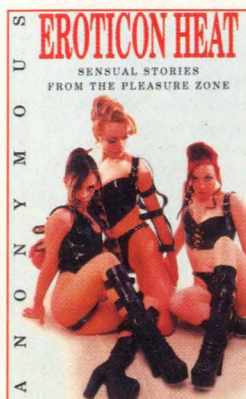
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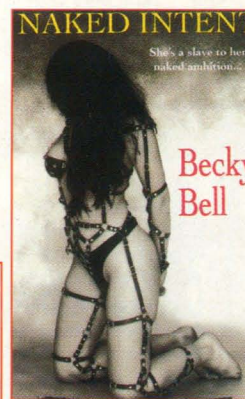
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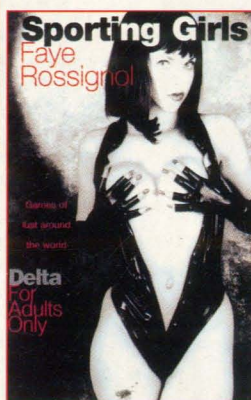
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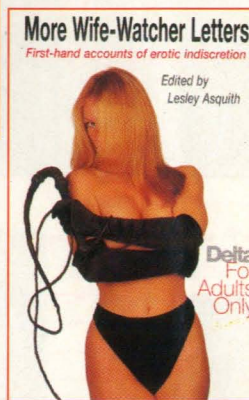


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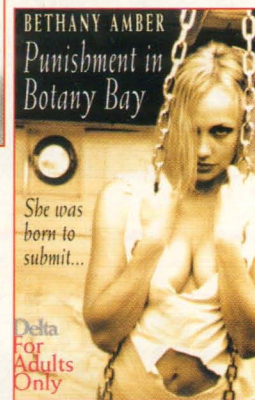


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# BIZARRE STORIES

## HOW TO FAKE... Insurance claims



If this is how you think of insurance, then you're wrong. Because this is a humorous still from the film *The Rebel*, and that's Tony Hancock

**Insurance is one of life's boring things that people try to forget about. Shame. With a bad attitude and some creativity, it can turn into a nice little earner**

INSURANCE IS GAMBLING. Every time you renew your policy, you're making a bet with the insurance company over whether or not something is going to get damaged. And since in some cases you legally have to make this bet – car insurance, for example – and since insurers will wriggle hard to avoid paying up, you can't be blamed for trying to adjust the odds in your favour. Can you?

Over a quarter of people believe it's okay to fake an insurance claim for a bit more cash, and more than 38% of all claims are inflated this way. In the UK, it's estimated that fraudulent claims cost companies £595 million in 1997. If you're thinking that's a lot of money and some of it must rightfully be yours... read on.

Any fool can pad an insurance claim. Friendly mechanics or builders

will cheerfully give you a receipt for more than the damage, which you can use to claim cash back from your insurers. Of course you have Louis Vuitton luggage, and that wallet you dropped was Gucci. Wasn't it?

If you're ambitious and prepared to commit the sort of fraud that can land you in jail, you can set up policies deliberately to claim on them. You can do this three ways: insure something that doesn't exist and then report it 'stolen'; insure something for far more than its true value and then trash it; or insure something valuable and then have someone steal it for you.

Medical insurance can be a good bet: find a bent doctor and fake a few medical reports and bills – although you'll probably have to split the take with the doctor. Only don't overdo it. Checking up on a man who said he'd

had his appendix removed while on holiday, one insurance company found he'd made 17 previous claims for removals of the same appendix.

You can try to take out multiple policies with different insurers on the same item, but this is risky. Insurers have been working out ways to spot frauds for a few hundred years. The Claims and Underwriting Exchange register is used to stop people from claiming more than once for the same accident. The Association of British Insurers works closely with the police – even funding anti-fraud operations.

But claiming on your own policies is small-time. The smart con claims against other people's. An easy target is your employer, who legally has to insure you against injuries at work. Payouts can be big, particularly if the injury's one that will stop you working for life. The problem is that to keep the money, you have to continue

## Fender benders

### How to create a crash

- Target luxury cars (good insurance) with no passengers (no witnesses). Plant fake 'witnesses'.
- Get a friend to pull out in front of you. Brake hard. An innocent car goes into the back of you. Bingo.
- Have a friend in the car with you. Spot a car coming out of a side-road. Wave them on, then drive into them. Claim you didn't wave, and you have a 'witness'.
- Claim for existing damage. Say you're were in a hit-and-run, and didn't get the other car's number.

### Make cash from a used car

#### DESTROY IT

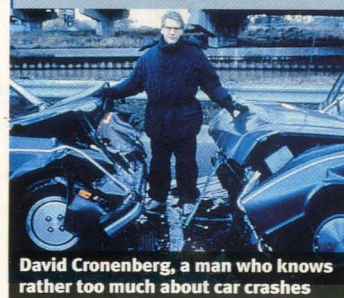
Drive it into a river. Bury it. Leave it in a cheap part of town with the keys in it, or torch it yourself.

#### EXPORT IT

Report it stolen, claim the insurance, and sell the car abroad. Make sure you send it to a country whose police don't get on with your local force.

#### REBADGE IT.

And report it stolen. Can be as simple as swapping the plates and log-book for a similar but written-off car, but a respray never hurts.



David Cronenberg, a man who knows rather too much about car crashes

pretending. A man who faked a back-injury was nabbed when an insurance inspector video-taped him playing football while wearing a false beard.

Or you could try the car-crash scam. You'll need doctors, lawyers, drivers and mechanics. Aim a vehicle, driven by your stooge, at an innocent car. Get the passengers to report serious injuries and get treatment from the crooked medics, who then send inflated bills to the victim's insurance company. The mechanics over-estimate the actual damage, and over-bill the victim's insurance company. The lawyers negotiate a vast settlement with the victim's insurers. Everybody's quids-in – except the insurance company.

It's not true that insurance fraud is a victimless crime. In the US, if you pay a \$100 insurance premium, about \$20 of that pays for someone else's fraud. But if you really have to try it, don't go to China. Since 1995, if you're caught, they'll shoot you for it.

**Answer one from section A and two from section B. Use one side of the paper only. And lie like a big old bastard**

**Section 4 Particulars of Claim** (Please complete in all circumstances)

It is necessary for you to prove the loss. Please enclose documentation such as photographs and receipts to support the existence of the items.

| Full description of property (including make, model and serial number) | Date and place of purchase | Original purchase price (£) | Original purchase price (£) at time of loss | Estimated cost of replacement | Amount claimed |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------|
| BMW SERIES 3 MOTORISED VEHICLE                                         | 17/3/59                    | ONE                         | GROAT                                       |                               |                |
| BLACK MAMBO STRAPON DILDO                                              | 3/6/95                     | E69                         |                                             |                               |                |
| 2 WORLD CUP '98 FINAL TICKETS                                          | 4/8/98                     | E600                        |                                             |                               |                |

Have you instructed repairs?  
Do you require one of our specialists to contact you with regard to repair or replacement?  
Are all the items detailed above owned by you, or members of your family living with you?  
If 'NO', to whom does the property belong?

**Section 2 Incident Details** (Please complete in all circumstances)

Date and time of incident: **06/06/66 13.13**

Where exactly did the incident occur?  
**THE DOG & DUCK, ACACIA AVENUE, SURBITON**

State exactly how the incident occurred:  
**BECOMING ENRAGED AT SO-CALLED 'COMEDIAN' LEE HURST'S HUMOUR, I THREW MY T.V. OUT OF THE WINDOW - RIGTH THRU MY BMW'S WINDSCREEN.**

Was your home unoccupied at the time of the incident?  
Insert YES or NO **NO**

Was your home unfurnished at the time of the incident?  
Insert YES or NO **NO**

Was your home or any part of your home lost, let or sub-let at the time of the incident?  
Insert YES or NO **NO**

**Section 3 Loss/Theft/Malicious Damage** (Only complete if your property has been lost, stolen or maliciously damaged)

Date and time incident reported to Police: **04/06/1966 6.04 am**

Address of Police station where the incident was reported:  
**999 LETSBE AVENUE, SW6**

Crime reference number (obtained from Police):  
**999 LETSBE AVENUE, SW6**

Were there any visible signs of forced entry to the building?  
Insert YES or NO **NO**

Is a burglar alarm fitted to your buildings?  
Insert YES or NO **NO**

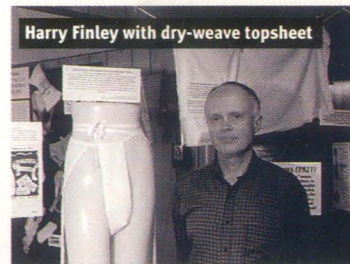


# BIZARRE STORIES

## Mad Museums



Puts Elton John to shame: the flamboyant Liberoachi



Harry Finley with dry-weave topsheet

the tampon and generally bring female hygiene out of the closet and into the showcases at "the only museum in the world to devote itself exclusively to the neglected culture of menstruation". Well, we're not entirely surprised by the museum's exclusivity. As well as packets of Tampax, the collection houses such amazing items as washable tartan sanitary pads and comfort-free menstrual cups which women fastened over their messy bits to collect the blood. It's enough to make the prospect of Claire Rayner's wings seem welcome. Harry expected controversy from the start: "Before I started the Museum of Menstruation I had to decide if I wanted to suffer the criticism it would inevitably bring; the enterprise had to be worthwhile. It has proved to be so."

PO Box 2398, Landover Hills Branch Hyattsville, Maryland 20784-2398. Tel 001 301 459-4450. The museum is only open at weekends

## Atrocious exhibitions

**Fed up with art galleries and collections of dinosaur bones? Looking for something different to broaden your mind on your next holiday? If so, you may want to check out these collections of objects close to any Bizarre reader's heart...**

### QUACK CURES

OVER 400 YEARS of completely bogus science is commemorated in Robert McCoy's Museum of Questionable Medical Devices, full of machines that look like washer/dryers wired up to colanders which their mad inventors claimed would counteract the harmful effects of the Earth's magnetic field or stop your brain throbbing or some such rot. Particularly fearsome is the G-H-R Electric Thermitis Dilator, a tear-

shaped metal rod. You plug one end into a light socket, stick the other end up your arse, and it stimulates your prostate gland. Apparently. 201 South East Main Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414. Tel 001 612 379 4046

### BOG ROLL

The Madison Museum of Bathroom Tissue isn't exactly palatial, but it does contain 3000 rolls of toilet tissue, each one annotated with its origin. Parties for over 150 people are held in the museum where guests can mingle amid celebrity toilet rolls taken from places like the Statue of Liberty and Graceland.

Do the curators find it difficult to obtain such sought-after prizes for their displays? "When we're going off on an expedition, we don't always ask the owner of the establishment if we can remove their toilet paper," says Carol Kolb, the curator and procurer for the museum. "We just feel that anyone would be

honoured to have their toilet paper included in our collection."

305 North Hamilton Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703-1565. Tel 001 608 251 8098

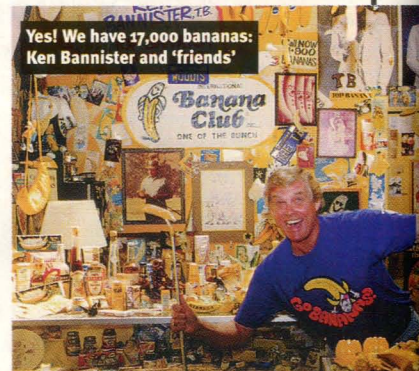
### COCKROACHES

"They define the word 'survival'," says the Cockroach Hall of Fame's curator Michael Bohdan. "They're going to be around a lot longer than we will." On that cheery note, go forth and check out Mike's hissing cockroach racing circuit, or his intricate roach dioramas (Liberoachi is particularly 'amusing'). The roach-a-ramas haven't attracted any complaints from animal rights activists who get flustered when other animals are used for human amusement. "I've not come across a society for the prevention of cruelty to cockroaches," Bohdan jokes. His scary annual 'My roach is bigger than your roach' competition unites a different variety of bug lover from around the world with chitinous monsters up to three inches long.

2231-b West 15th St, Plan, Texas 75075. Tel 001 972 519 0355

### MENSTRUATION

Harry Finley is a man with a strange mission: to preserve the history of the press-on towel, celebrate the lure of

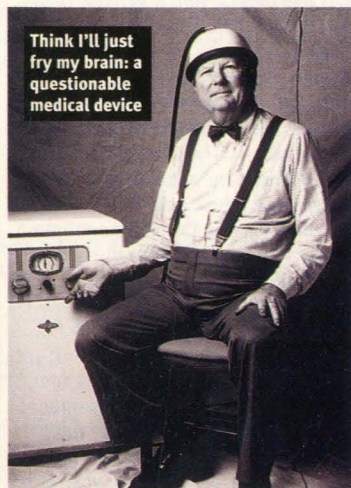


### BANANAS

Ken Bannister's world is full of over 17,000 suggestively shaped yellow things. As head of the International Banana Club and Museum of America, he eats and sleeps the world's most popular fruit. Here you can learn all about banana consumption (28kg per adult per annum in America) and hear a selection of banana-related tunes, from 'Yes, We Have No Bananas' to the more obscure 'I Like Bananas Because They Have No Bones'. "I've used the museum as a vehicle to keep people's spirits up for many years," slippery Bannister claims.

International Banana Museum, 2524 El Molino Avenue, Altadena, California 91001. Tel 001 818 798 2272

You can order Saul Rubin's book *Off-beat Museums* by calling 001 310 395 4658 (fax at 001 310 395 6394), or on-line via [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com) or [Santa Monica Press](http://Santa Monica Press) at [www.santamonicaexpress.com](http://www.santamonicaexpress.com)



Think I'll just fry my brain: a questionable medical device





# Virus protection needn't be a handful

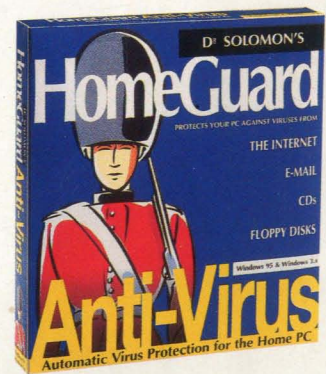


Closing your eyes, grabbing your assets and praying, may protect you from a fiercely hit free kick, but when protecting your Home PC you daren't leave anything to chance. Dr Solomon's HomeGuard forms the ultimate defensive wall against computer viruses.

Virus authors are making full use of the Internet to peddle their destructive wares. These sad geeks know where you like to visit! In fact many of the most destructive viruses are attached to files inadvertently downloaded from popular porn sites and newsgroups.

Dr Solomon's HomeGuard - complete automatic virus protection for your home PC.

**Get a grip and stay safe.**



**D<sup>R</sup> SOLOMON'S**

[www.drsolomon.com/hgb.html](http://www.drsolomon.com/hgb.html)

**0800 374420**



# BIZARRE STORIES

Ready, aim, self-destruct



A Russian bomb-dog, confused by advancing German tanks, looks for a Russian general's leg to shag. (Artist's impression)

This net-in-a-bullet, used to capture crooks and troublemakers, could also be useful if you're ever mugged by a school of dolphins



## The world's most stupid weapons

**War - what is it good for? Huh! If you're an arms manufacturer, it'll make you a fortune. But in the rush to create new weapons, sometimes the powers-that-be produce gear that'll only make you die laughing**

ALTHOUGH THE world rejoiced when the USA backed off from starting Iraq War 2, those of us who enjoy watching the latest weapons making fools of their manufacturers were less happy. Admittedly the best that Iraq War 1 offered was the sight of laser-guided bombs steered uneeringly to the wrong targets and Patriot missiles shooting down just 9% of the SCUDs they were aimed at. But history contains much better examples than that.

Take the Pavlov Mine Programme of WW2. The Russians trained dogs to associate the underside of tanks with food, then fixed mines to their backs and released them on battlefields, where they would run under enemy tanks and blow up. However, the dogs had been trained with Russian diesel-powered tanks, so they ignored the German petrol-driven tanks which looked, sounded and smelled utterly different, and instead forced Russian tank battalions into a speedy retreat.

The Americans did no better with their Operation X-Ray, a plan to strap firebombs to bats and release them over Japanese cities. The bats would roost on the wooden houses, and the bombs would set fire to them. The bats were given a trial in a fake Japanese village in California, but turned out to be choosy about where they slept. As a result several nearby buildings and a general's car were torched.

But they didn't learn their lesson. In 1962 the US Air Force was using bears to test ejector seats. In one reported incident from 1963 a dolphin was sent to attach a device to a Russian ship in Havana harbour. It couldn't find the ship, swam back to its own transport, and blew it up. Pigs were used to test the flash-effects of atomic explosions. And in 1991, the US Army finally ended its cat-shooting experiments, having got through 700 felines in eight years.

Even the British had a go. Looking for ways to disarm German U-Boats in

World War 1, one inventor trained seagulls to spot periscopes emerging from the waves, and shit on them. The British Navy, realising this was daft, created its own anti-U-Boat weapon: a canvas bag and a hammer. If you saw a periscope, you were supposed to row up to it, put the canvas bag over it and smash it with the hammer.

It wasn't until WW2 that British science devised the 'sticky bomb', a flask of nitro-glycerine wrapped in cloth soaked in bird-lime. It was meant to stick to tanks. In fact it stuck to the British soldiers who tried to use it.

Meanwhile, our scientists were considering building *HMS Habbakuk*, an aircraft carrier made from Pykrete, a slow-melting mix of wood pulp and ice. The *Habbakuk* was to be 2000 feet long and weigh 2 million ton, with 150 planes, 26 engines and walls 50 feet thick, making it almost unsinkable.

Meanwhile the Germans were getting really weird. Apart from a whirlwind cannon, supposed to create a vortex that would rip an aircraft to shreds, they also tried to build sonic cannons that used infrasound (sound so low you can't hear it) to shake people to pieces. Infrasound is an

idea that won't go away. Low-level vibrations can cause physical damage or, if broadcast at seven hertz, invoke nausea, disorientation and 'long-term ailments'. Now developed, it's being considered as a 'non-lethal weapon' for crowd control.

### The US Air Force used bears to test ejector seats

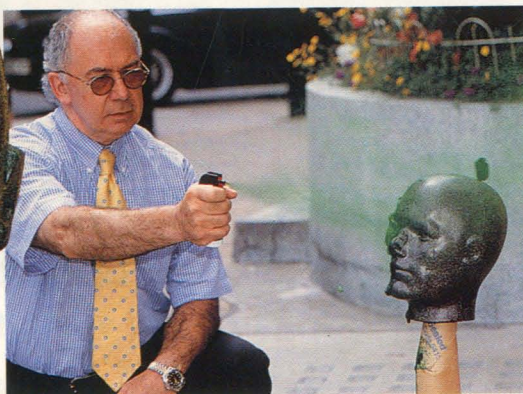
Non-fatal weapons are in vogue at the moment. There are anti-traction lubricants so slippery that vehicles can't even

move, let alone steer; sticky goop sprays; foam that sets hard (shades of *Judge Dredd*); phasers and tasers; liquid metal emulsion which literally eats through metalwork; and high-powered microwaves and electromagnetic pulses which fry computer circuits - and any humans in the way. We're not sure why that's 'non-lethal'.

More frightening are the low-power lasers designed to blind people, either temporarily or permanently. Apart from the fact that being blinded while you're driving a car or flying a plane isn't very non-lethal, what happens to the blind soldiers or protesters once the war or protest is over?

Ultimately it doesn't matter how brilliant or stupid a weapon is if the people in charge don't appreciate it. In 1868 the Prussians offered the French army their brilliant new Krupp artillery pieces but the French Minister of War didn't even bother to answer their letters. When France invaded Prussia two years later, the Prussians took just six weeks to counter-attack and force Napoleon III to surrender. Sometimes a pennyworth of foresight is worth a defence budget of stupid technology.

This spray-on sticky foam is 1998's essential fashion-look for all trendy rioters





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With over eight million single men and women in the UK\* between the ages of 18 and 64 you might have thought it would be easy to meet someone special. However, people usually meet at work or within the confines of their social circle and even though you may have an interesting job and a busy social life a compatible partner could still be difficult to find.

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\* Government Survey

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- ▶ The name and brief description of someone who could be your perfect partner.
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- ▶ A copy of our popular paperback book "All You Need Is Love".

## For your **free** test

send this questionnaire to:  
Dateline 25 Abingdon Road,  
London W8 6AL

for information call us on

**01869 324 100**

Fax: 01869 324 529

or visit our website

[www.dateline.uk.com](http://www.dateline.uk.com)

### 1. Personal Information

Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐

Surname: \_\_\_\_\_

First Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Post Code \_\_\_\_\_

*I am seriously interested in meeting someone  
through Dateline.*

Marital Status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Age: \_\_\_\_\_ Height: \_\_\_\_\_

Occupation: \_\_\_\_\_

Religion: \_\_\_\_\_

Build: slight ☐

medium ☐

large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐

### 2. Education

Private / Public ☐ Grammar ☐

Comprehensive ☐ Sec. Modern ☐

O Levels / GCSE's ☐ A levels ☐

Further Education ☐

University / Professional Equivalent ☐

Technical Qualification ☐

### 3. Your Personality

*(tick which traits closely describe you)*

- |                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Affectionate | <input type="checkbox"/> Fashionable  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Serious      | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Considerate  | <input type="checkbox"/> Conventional |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Shy          | <input type="checkbox"/> Reliable     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Romantic     | <input type="checkbox"/> Adventurous  |

### 4. Your Attitudes

*(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank)*

- ☐ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
- ☐ Are you looking for one special relationship?
- ☐ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
- ☐ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
- ☐ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

### 5. Your interests

*(sections 5. and 6. Please tick for a like, cross for dislike or leave blank for no preference.)*

- |                                           |                                          |
|-------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Wining/Dining    | <input type="checkbox"/> Jazz/Folk music |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pubs             | <input type="checkbox"/> Classical music |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sports/Keep fit  | <input type="checkbox"/> Theatre/Arts    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Politics/History | <input type="checkbox"/> Watching TV     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reading          | <input type="checkbox"/> Smoking         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Travelling       | <input type="checkbox"/> Astrology       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Science/Tech     | <input type="checkbox"/> Children        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cinema           | <input type="checkbox"/> Homemaking      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pets/Animals     | <input type="checkbox"/> Gardening       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Pop music        | <input type="checkbox"/> Countryside     |

### 6. Details of your ideal partner

Minimum age: \_\_\_\_\_ Maximum age: \_\_\_\_\_

Height: min. \_\_\_\_\_ max. \_\_\_\_\_ Don't mind ☐

Marital status:

Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Don't mind ☐

Build: slight ☐

medium ☐

large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐



Dept. BIZ 08



# Dateline



# BIZARRE STORIES

Approved



## Howard Hughes

**The pioneer spirit, playboy and Mormon loon who invented aeroplanes, casinos and push-up bras**

HOWARD HUGHES WAS America's ultimate high roller. His is a story that virtually singlehandedly defines the US contribution to the 20th century, involving as it does huge amounts of cash, Hollywood's most beautiful women, Las Vegas, the FBI, the CIA, Richard 'Tricky Dick' Nixon, daring aeronautical feats, germs, drugs, Mormons and conical bras.

Howard Robard Hughes, Jr was born into weirdness on 24 December 1905 in Houston, Texas. His father, an obsessive philanderer, invented the rockbit for oil drilling and founded the Hughes fortune. His mother, unable to conceive again after his birth, had a total phobia of germs which instilled in Howard a lifetime of biological deviation. Both parents died young, leaving their tall, partially deaf and psychopathically ambitious son to take sole control of the Hughes Tool empire at the age of 19.

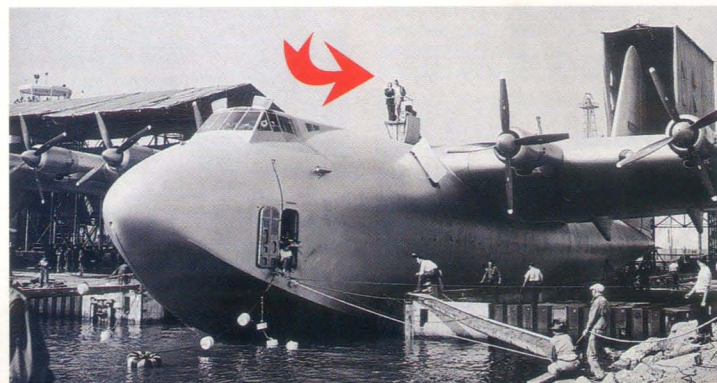
Prodigious HH immediately set about combining his three main hobbies: aeroplanes, movies and sex. Moving to Los Angeles, he began his career as an auteur by launching blonde bombshell Jean Harlow, along with his self-owned fleet of aircraft

(said to be the world's fourth largest) in the 1930 movie *Hell's Angels*.

Founding the pioneering Hughes Aircraft Industries, HH escaped from the unclean Earth to take to the skies. He won the air speed record (1935), the trans-America record (1937) and the round-the-world record (1938), and designed and flew the legendary Spruce Goose, the world's largest aeroplane. His empire spread into Hughes Electronics, which became the biggest supplier of weapons systems to the US forces during WW2. Then he took on a small domestic airline and turned it into TWA, which he eventually sold for \$547 million.

**Hughes was obsessed with bosoms**

And if all this was still not enough, Ladies Man Howard was seducing his way through Hollywood; bedding his sexy protégée Harlow, along with Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Rita Hayworth, Ginger Rogers, Ava Gardner and Lana Turner. For his only other film of merit, *The Outlaw* (1943), he designed (on aeronautical principles) the first



Magnificent man and his flying machine: HH atop his hugest monument, the Spruce Goose

push-up bra for Jane Russell. Hughes was obsessed with bosoms. The many starlets he had secreted around Tinseltown not only had to sign contracts stating they would never talk to the press, but it's said they had to guarantee never to travel at over two miles per hour, lest their delicate breast tissue be damaged in transit. Hughes's harem of hopefuls were constantly spied upon by his aides.

Meanwhile, he communicated with his long-suffering first wife Jean Peters by telephone only. She was installed in a bungalow in his Beverly Hills garden while he lived in another. A further six were supplied for spies, bagmen and body-servants, most of them Mormons, whose influence over the mentally unbalanced Hughes would grow more and more sinister.

Howard insisted that everything that came near him had to be carried in wads of Kleenex; he had to have his lettuce shredded diagonally and he kept a slide-rule with him at all times to measure how big his peas were (too big was too bad). Loony Hughes was under surveillance by the FBI and other hush-hush agencies.

By the dawning of the 1960s, he moved to Las Vegas and began buying casinos. He eventually had stakes in seven gaming dens, a shopping centre and an airport. Yet Howard was never seen out on the Strip. Instead, he stayed in his penthouse suite, surrounded by his Mormons who kept him high on massive doses of codeine and valium. Despite his fear of bacteria, Hughes didn't wash and let his hair and nails go uncut. Yet he was still able to do steady business with the CIA and shovel money into a slush fund for President Richard Nixon. Rumour has it that the entire Watergate scandal was prompted by fears that these secret loans would be discovered.

Hughes died in 1976 at the age of 70, weighing barely 93lbs. He left no will and as a result his \$500 million fortune took 10 years to settle. His name lives on through the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, but we prefer to remember Howie for his life's ideals – flying, fucking and filming – a testament to the American Dream.

## Bombe surprise

In 1997 it was revealed by the US Department of Energy that Howard Hughes almost received atomic bomb blueprints from the Nevada Test Site during the height of the Cold War.

In the 1960s, when Hughes owned most of Las Vegas, he approached the Atomic Energy Commission expressing concern at the effects of contamination from the nuclear test site in the surrounding desert. While Hughes was building his gaming empire, the AEC were igniting nuclear weapons as powerful as a million tons of TNT.

AEC Vice-President Hubert Humphrey wanted to release the bomb designs to Hughes, whose firms had designed and supplied much of America's WW2 military hardware. Hughes at the time was pretty deranged; living on drugs and chocolate, holed up in his Vegas penthouse. Perhaps luckily then, Humphrey's memo was never authorised.



Cooze connoisseur: HH with Ava Gardner







# Cock

Suave or grave? Whatever you think of them, cocktails let you get pissed fast whilst gazing at pretty colours. Shake it up, baby: let's roll with the punches



## OCEAN

Gin, tonic and blue curaçao for a strong and striking variant on a G&T "Yuk! Mouthwash"; "Smells better than it tastes"; "Like a gin and tonic with an extra bit of badda-bing! I like this."

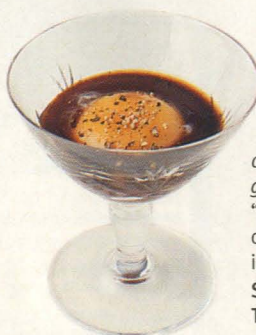
Strength: Taste:

## GRASSHOPPER

Classic girl's drink. A sweet mixture of crème de cacao, crème de menthe and... er... crème "It looks like a poof's drink"; "Mmmm, mint Aero. I could drink it till I puke"; "Toothpaste and Bounty in a liquidiser."

Strength: Taste:

Photography by Frank Noon



## PRAIRIE OYSTER

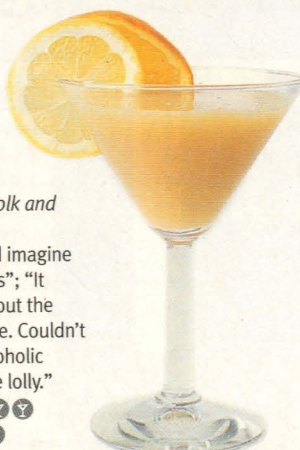
Some say the mix of tabasco, vinegar, ketchup, Worcester sauce and raw egg yolk will settle your stomach after a long night of it, others claim that it makes you hurl and gets all the shit out of your system. "Completely top. Brilliant hangover cure"; "Looks like a Martian hiding out in a swamp. I'm not drinking that."

Strength: Taste:

## BOSOM CARESSER

Gin-based cocktail that gets its smooth richness from the addition of an egg yolk and creamed coconut. "This is what I would imagine they drink in brothels"; "It looks like puke without the bits in it"; "Quite nice. Couldn't drink much of it. Alcoholic version of a milky ice lolly."

Strength: Taste:



## DRY MARTINI

Whether you make it half and half, or simply swill your glass out with Martini before filling it with ice cold gin, this is the sophisticates drink bar none. "You can't beat a Martini for class"; "Quite sour-tasting but I'll eat the olive though - lovely"; "Ahhhh! I can see sand dunes."

Strength: Taste:

## FLAMING HOMER

An intoxicating mix of any spirits you can lay your hands on, topped up with a dollop of crème de menthe, Baileys and cough syrup, as memorably created by Homer Simpson. Since we can't get Krusty's Non-Narcotic Koff Syrup here, we substituted Benlyn. WARNING: drink quickly. The Baileys forms a crust on top, beneath which noxious fumes develop, and it really stinks if you leave it too long.

NB: Only one person would taste this drink. "Mmmm! It's not too bad!" he said.

Strength: Taste:





# tails



## BIZARRE says: Know your cocktails

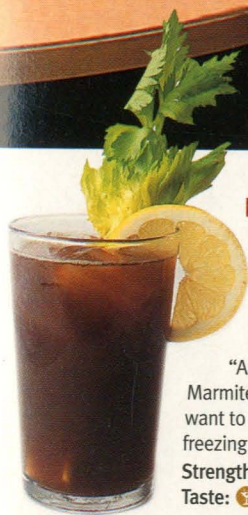
**COCKTAIL** no one agrees where the word came from, so don't even bother to ask. People will tell you that a cocktail has to have more than two ingredients. That is bollocks. What a cocktail does is make the most of the flavours of spirits. Real cocktails do not have half a greengrocer sticking out the top, nor do they come in a pint glass. They're the Prince Naseem of the drinking world: compact, neat and packing a mean punch. Prime example: Dry Martini.

**GIRL DRINKS** anything designed to taste like candy, where the taste of alcohol is disguised. Usually has a stupid name,

involves maraschino cherries and cream, and gives you a terrible hangover. Prime example: Long Slow Comfortable Screw (up against the wall or otherwise).

**FERN BAR DRINK** those long drinks sold in 'fancy' cocktail outlets, like TGI Fridays and Old Orleans, which are made with several spirits. Prime example: Boston Iced Tea.

**MIXED DRINKS** spirits combined with fruit juices, where the fruit plays down the flavour of the spirit. Prime example: Screwdriver (better known around these parts as a vodka and orange).



### BULLSHOT

Bloody Mary made with Campbells' condensed beef consommé instead of tomato juice, thick and salty.

"Ah fuck, that's horrible. Marmite and sewage, makes me want to blow chunks"; "It's like freezing cold gravy."

Strength:

Taste:



### PINK GIN

Toss some bitters in a (small) cocktail glass, then fill it up with iced gin. Handlebar moustache optional. Nice!

"Smooth. I can see a lady in a bikini and she's a fox!"; "It's a fuckin' Grandma's drink. It's really bitter then it evaporates. Nice glass, though"; "I can imagine getting seriously pissed on that."

Strength:

Taste: who cares?



### ZOMBIE

Three types of rum and a splash of fruit juice to hide their potency. Deceptively bland and ideal for frying your brains. "Tastes like all the slops left in the bar, all in one glass. Smells scary"; "Looks like horses' piss. I should imagine that it tastes much the same". Tries it: "Yuk! It makes Special Brew taste sophisticated."

Strength:

Taste:

### ROB ROY & SANTIAGO SCOTCH PLAID

Scotch and sweet vermouth may not sound like a good idea, but it's rich and warming. As an alternative use dry vermouth and a squeeze of lemon juice to make a Santiago Scotch Plaid.

**Rob Roy**: "It's a winter cocktail, isn't it?"; "It's got a kick like a concrete hippopotamus."

**Santiago**: "Ooooh! Delightfully citrusy"; "Oh God, how can something smell so nice and taste so filthy?" "Wonderfully sharp."

Strength:

Taste:



### BLOODY MARY

The secret of a good Bloody Mary is a dollop of Heinz tomato ketchup for that tiny sweet edge among all the pepper and hot sauce, according to Kingsley Amis. He's not wrong. This mix of vodka, tomato juice, Tabasco and Worcester sauce is a nutritious meal in itself, especially if stirred with a couple of sticks of celery.

"It's the dog's bollocks"; "She's a bitch but I love her!"; "It could be hotter for my tastes but it's still a damn fine tippie. The best breakfast I know of."

Strength:

Taste:









# From shags to riches

**Starring in skin flicks is no longer a short-term, dead-end career option. The top shelf babes are crossing into the mainstream and bagging big-time cash rewards. BEN MARKS charts the rise of the bold and the beautiful**

**T**HERE YOU ARE, eating your dinner with your folks, watching some cheesy US comedy programme on Channel 4. Suddenly a girl with big breasts and bright blonde hair comes on the screen. She's trying to act, and she nearly pulls it off. But something's wrong: you swear you know her from somewhere. That hair, those lips, those jugs... like a thunderbolt it comes to you: "Hey! It's that bird out of *Lezzie Butt Fuckers 3!*"

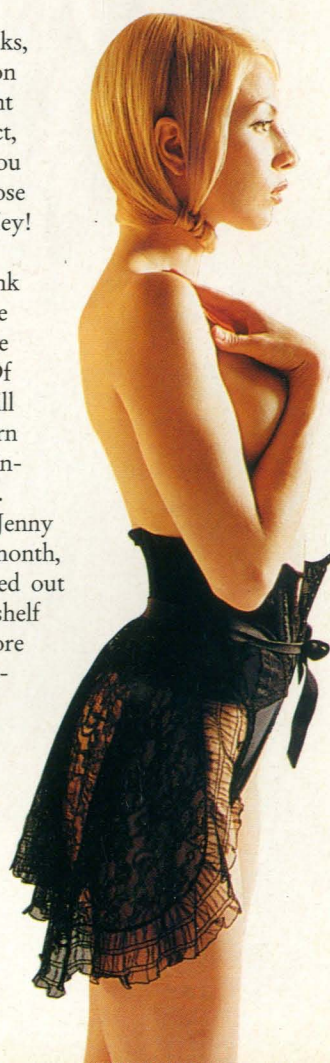
Okay, so you've let it slip to your parents that you wank off to porno movies, but you were right. These days the girl who's just got a part in *Frasier* could well be the same one you saw sucking cock in that hardcore video. Of course, because of British porn laws, most people here will never notice the invasion of the snatch snatchers, porn super-babes who become so cool they get to star in mainstream movies. But they're coming...

Take former *Playboy* Playmate Jenny McCarthy. MTV's flavour of the month, and star of *Singled Out*, who started out baring her superb body for the top-shelf brigade and writhing around in softcore sex videos. Jenny wanted to be a fashion model but her boobs were too big to be wasted on the catwalk and she's never looked back, earning millions of dollars, a stack of credibility and the adulation of millions of fans. "Jenny is a sexy young woman, a 1990s woman with a fresh, no-nonsense take on sexuality," claims US TV pundit Julie Brown. ►

**Traci Lords:**  
From wild child  
to actress,  
singer and  
style icon



FIROOZ ZAHEDI/KATZ, KATE GARNER/VISAGES/COLORHIFI





From politician (La Cicciolina, right) to multi-millionaire (Jenna Jameson, above and far right) to dating Charlie Sheen (Ginger Lynn, below) - the career options for today's porn stars are almost limitless



"She's the perfect sex symbol for MTV and 'Generation X'. I think the sky's the limit for her." She's not wrong.

Fellow Playmate Anna Nicole Smith followed a similar path to fame. Her career appeared to go slightly off the rails when she took to topless parachuting and marrying old oil tycoons, but she's going to be even bigger than her breasts this year, mark my words.

Another familiar name is Traci Lords, if only because you've heard Barry Norman talk about her. Traci did her best to put her underage porn career behind her when she landed a role in *Cry Baby* with Johnny Depp and recorded songs with the Manic Street Preachers. She'd rather live down her porn past but it's a constant PR talking point that does her as much good as harm. There are three reasons why a 16-year-old girl like Lords goes into porn: money, attention and, er, more money. The videos



hard to escape the stigma. Now Jenna can continue her porn career and still land a role in Howard Stern's *Private Parts*, not to mention the lead in a new Paramount project. This is because a new generation of producers and directors are the kings of Tinseltown, children of the 1960s and 1970s who don't share the hang-ups of their predecessors. Five years ago a film like *Boogie Nights* would never have been made, let alone got big studio backing. But these days the high-profile movie makers are happy to be seen hanging with the likes of sex screen legend Ron Jeremy, who often crops up in small roles in legit films.

## Girls go into porno for three reasons: money, attention and money

sell millions around the globe but the industry itself remains small, and much easier to get into than the so-called legitimate movie world. So with the right face, open holes and a willingness to do almost anything in front of a camera crew, a girl can go from secretary to sex star in months. For the first time since *Deep Throat* in the early 1970s, hard-core is cool and even girls who take it up the Ronson for a living can land clothes-on roles in ads and movies.

**P**ORN'S CURRENT SUPERSTAR, Jenna Jameson, is as big in the USA as Sharon Stone. She makes between four and eight big-budget porno films a year, netting her millions of dollars. Her hard-core epic *Flashpoint*, a burning tale of firemen, hoses and gash, will be premiered at Planet Hollywood in LA.

"We put a lot of time into the movies I do for Wicked Pictures," Jenna says, explaining the difference between her expensive projects and the video quickies sold in shops. "We hire real actors, shoot on film, use cameras and have better scripts. We try to make them as close to Hollywood movies as possible."

Once the worlds of porn and 'straight' cinema were a million miles apart, and anyone who got caught up in blue movies found it

It's a mark of how quickly the attitude to porn has changed that three years ago Traci Lords couldn't get work. "It was like I had this black 'X' branded on my head," she says. "I wanted to do something other than being a blonde bimbo." In fact she came to Britain and made a techno album. But once back in the States, the job offers started to roll in. She's even been criticised for trying to hide her past by trying to revert to her real name, Nora Kuzma. "No one would let me forget, so why fight it?" she asks.

In LA it's now cool to be seen with a porn star on your arm. *Wall Street* star Charlie Sheen dated porno goddess Ginger Lynn for two years and no one batted an eyelid. US comedy actor Richard Mulligan married porn's Penny Morgan, once considered the first lady of anal sex flicks, and everyone thought it was just fine. Julie Ashton, the new queen of anal, got herself a part in ultra-hip flick *Orgasmo*, from the makers of the animated series *South Park*, and *Friends* star Matt LeBlanc was, for a while, very close with none other than Jenna Jameson. Sports heroes, writers, film stars and fashion designers are all at it with the girls who can suck a brick through a straw. And who can blame them?

Jenna Jameson thinks there are a lot of similarities between her sex films and regular flicks. "We have the same goals, but we finish our movies in four days. Usually we





SMUT STARS BREAK OUT





# Porn to be wild

The stars who've gone from big-end pop-shot to big-time hotshot – and a few who haven't



## 1. Joanna Lumley

Played an upper class nympho in the softcore British film *The Games That Lovers Play* (1970).

## 2. Madonna

The Material Girl has never been shy about showing her tits. She started her career in *A Certain Sacrifice* (1981), a grainy low-budget flick which featured rape, nudity, bad dialogue and, yes, sacrifice.

## 3. Barbra Streisand

Although the star of the film in question was undoubtedly a look-alike, there is a 1960s porn movie still in circulation which features someone who looks just like Barbra Streisand. Despite the fact that Babs was already a star when this film came out, it hasn't stopped the hush-hush rumours from circulating.



## 4. Sylvester Stallone

Strips off, gets laid a lot and utters even worse dialogue than usual in his 1970 porn debut *Party At Kitty And Stud's* (he's Stud), a film later re-released as *Italian Stallion*.

## 5. David Hasselhoff

Which is more embarrassing – *Baywatch*, *Knight Rider* or his earliest (full-frontal showering, dancing) role in *Revenge Of The Cheerleaders* (1976)?

## 6. Joan Crawford

Joan Crawford supposedly made a number of black and white 'adult entertainment' loops for silent cinema. Exhibitionist Joan later shocked photographer Eve Arnold by insisting upon being photographed nude when in her fifties. Tasteful Eve later destroyed the negatives.



## 7. Kevin Costner

Before reinventing himself as *The Postman* – the only fertile man in post-apocalypse America – modest KC was an extra in the sex comedy *Sizzle Beach USA* (1974), a Troma flick so bad it wasn't released until 1986. Relax girls: he kept his kit on.

## 8. Marilyn Monroe

Marilyn Monroe is believed to

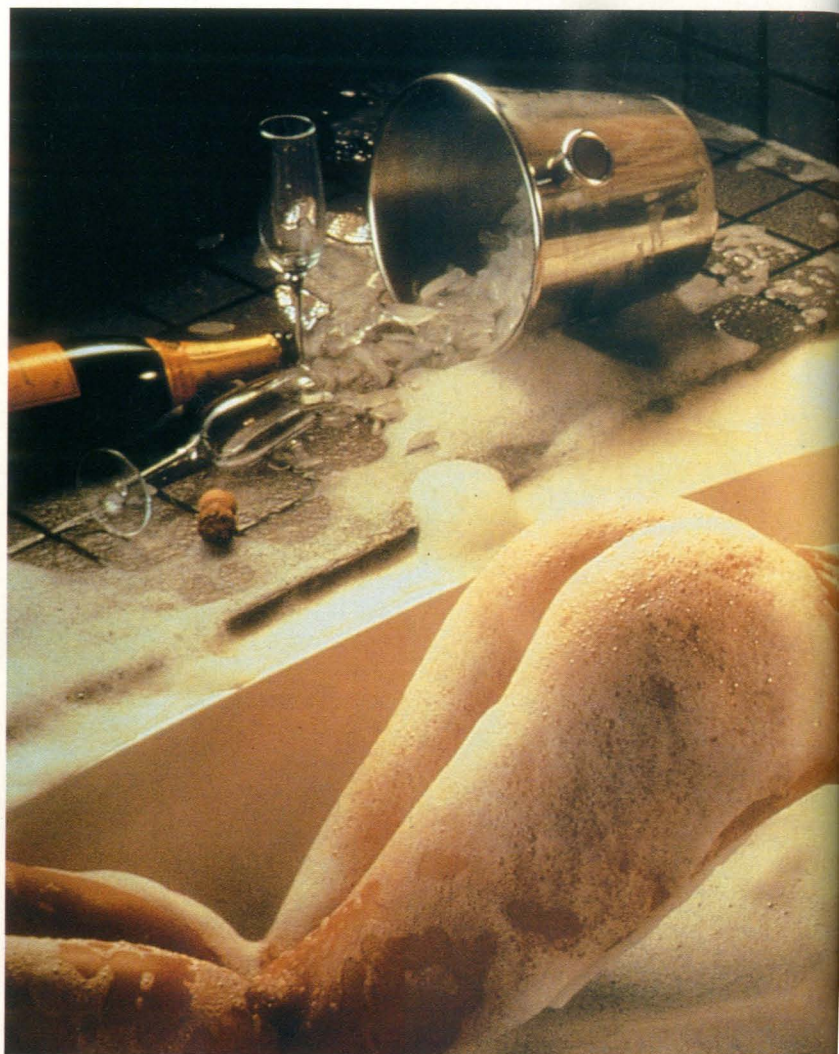
have made a skin flick but the poor quality of the film makes it impossible to confirm. She certainly did all-nude photo-shoots.

## 9. Francis Ford Coppola

To pay the rent while at film school the man who brought us *The Godfather* made two 'nudie' films, *Tonight For Sure* and *The Playgirls And The Bellboy* (in 3D!), in 1961.

## 10. Wes Craven/Marilyn Chambers

Fourteen years before *A Nightmare on Elm Street*, Wes Craven made the skin flick *Together* starring future porn star Marilyn Chambers. Chambers (born Marilyn Briggs in 1952) became famous as the Ivory Snow girl on the outside of soap boxes prior to starring in her first fuck flick *The Green Door* (1972). She became the most famous porn actress of her generation. Chambers later crossed over with appearances in *The Owl and the Pussycat* with Barbra Streisand, David Cronenberg's *Rabid* (1977), *My Therapist* (1983) and *Angel of Heat*.



## Not even

get two or three takes while mainstream movies will do one take 150 times. It's so monotonous. I don't know how these big stars do it."

A lot of today's young gun movie makers started out hiring porn stars to appear in rock videos. And what could be cooler than being in the latest Mötley Crüe promo? If you're an American teenager, that is. Besides, girls who star in films with a dick up every orifice are as good-looking, if not better, than the sexiest stars of straight cinema, and good looks are always in fashion.

Porn could be your path to fame but it's still kind of embarrassing. What would it take for you to get your kit off and blow someone's bone flute on film? A sports car, perhaps? Jenna Jameson has just bought a \$70,000 Dodge Viper – for cash. Top stars make hundreds of thousands of dollars a





## Disney's grinning mouse makes as much cash as the split beaver

year from their movies, and on top of that Jenna can make over \$75,000 a week dancing in strip clubs. In the USA, home of big-budget porno like Jenna's million-selling *Conquest*, sex films can earn more than Disney cartoons, relative to the amount they cost to film. Not even the grinning mouse makes as much as the split beaver.

Sooner or later even legitimate movie producers wake up and smell the pussy. They simply can't ignore the audience a top porn girl can pull in: stick a big-name skin-flick girl in a no-name B-movie and suddenly millions of wankers want to watch it.

**H**OWEVER IT'S NOT always pulling power that lands these ladies their jobs. Former porn star Ginger Lynn got her role in art film *Bound and Gagged* on merit. Occasionally actresses do it the other way round, using their acting ability to get porno roles. Lisa Loring, for instance: the same little girl who played Wednesday in the original *Addams Family* went on to star in 1992's *Laying Down the Law 1*, a top-drawer hardcore sex film.

Some porno girls have capitalised on their new-found credibility by signing with

fashion agencies. A few years ago the big designers made a meal out of Madonna parading their wares for the clothes-buying public; now companies specialising in cool clothes, sunglasses and skateboards have put the pussy posse into their advertising. Porn girls are hip because of, says porno pundit Jef Hickey, "the small, adventurous companies are run by twenty-something perverts who are willing to spill the sperm and mix fuck flicks with sneakers." Hyper-trendy labels Blunt and Kik-Wear persuaded porno stars to wear their clothes in smut movie *Zane*. Fresh Jive clothing produced a series of sexy ads featuring Vivid Pictures porn stars Janine, Chasey Lain, Lexus, Kobe Tai and Heather Hunter – who has a recording deal with Tommy Boy Records, home of Grandmaster Flash. And it doesn't come much cooler than that.

The chance of a straight career comes just in time for some girls. Porno superstardom doesn't last long. Unlike the legitimate film world, there's no room at the top for old hands. Like a speeded-up version of the Hollywood machine, porno sucks girls in and spits them out before they can say "Mmmmmpph". A typical actress will start

out as a table dancer in a small-town sex club, earning a few bucks. If she gets spotted by a photographer, she may make it onto the pages of a porn mag. Her famous fanny makes her marketable and she can go to bigger strip joints and sell signed photos. Girls can earn \$5-10,000 a week this way.

Next, our starlet takes her pictures to a movie producer. She will probably start out sucking dick as a scene-filler, taking home around \$500 dollars a day – enough to pay for the inevitable breast enlargement. Then the director notices her and next thing she knows, our girl lands the starring role in *Sally Sucks (The Sequel)*, paid \$50,000 to suck dick, get balled and lick the sticky penny. The most successful girls then go on to flog their own ranges of porn queen lingerie long after their film careers are over.

Sadly the reality is that unless she's one of the few people in porn with their head screwed on, a girl will end up where she started; either behind a bar, stripping on-stage or face-down in a cheap motel surrounded by empty bottles of sleeping pills.

But hey, don't let that put you off. Let's face it, what could be better than getting paid to spend a few years in bed? **B**

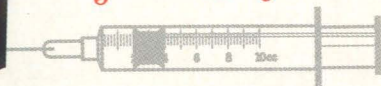
**Left and top left: Jenny McCarthy. She's the hottest woman in showbiz today – and we mean that most sincerely, folks. Top right: former Playmate Anna Nicole Smith takes a well-earned break from topless skydiving and marrying ancient billionaire oil barons**



READER OFFER



"Girls like me  
don't make  
offers like this  
to just anyone"

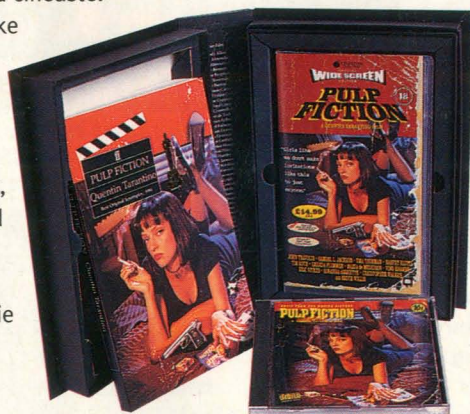


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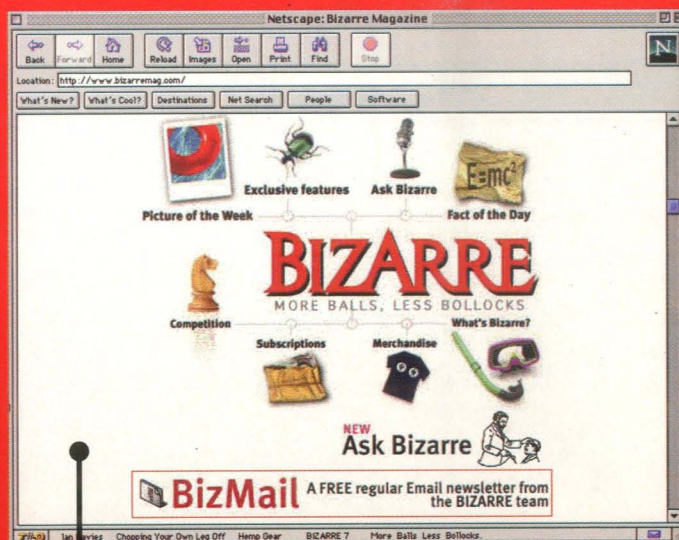
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BZ8

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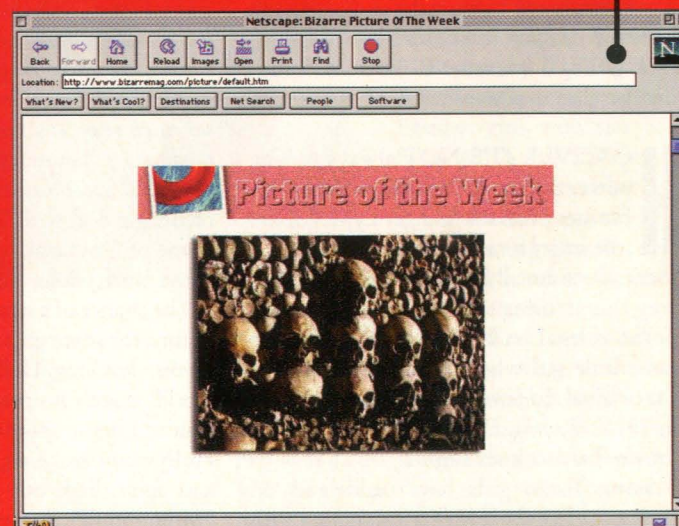
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THE BIZARRE SUPPLEMENT

This section is sealed because it contains material too bizarre to be printed in the rest of the magazine. Please do not look inside if you are easily offended. To open, tear down the perforated edge on the right

# BANNED

INSIDE: ARM RIPPING BREAST SWELL  
ING PILL POPPING WEB BROWSING NO  
SE JOBBING FREAK LOVING STARLET

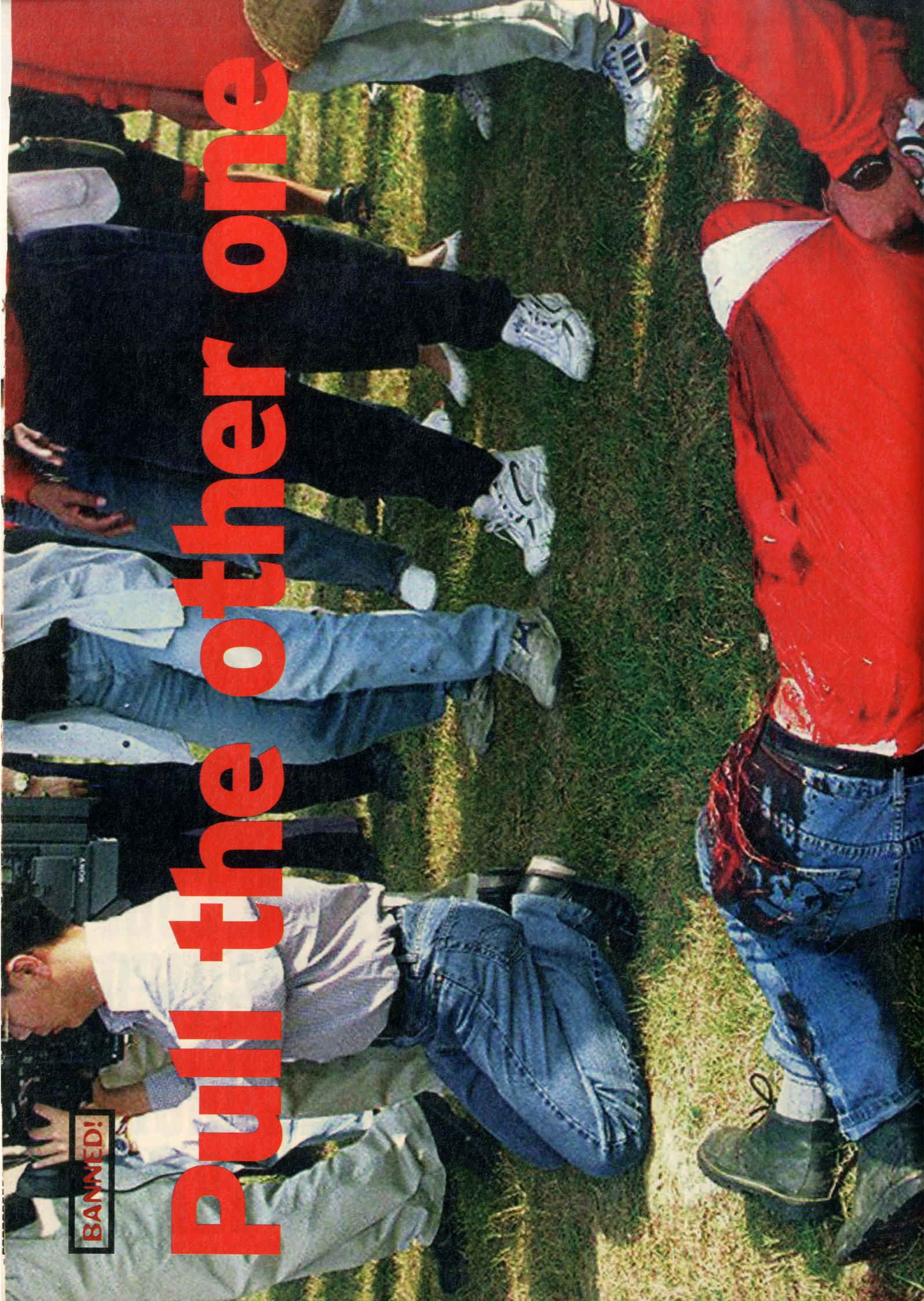


SHAGGING COOL  
READING SILICO  
NE INJECTING TU  
RDEATING SEXY

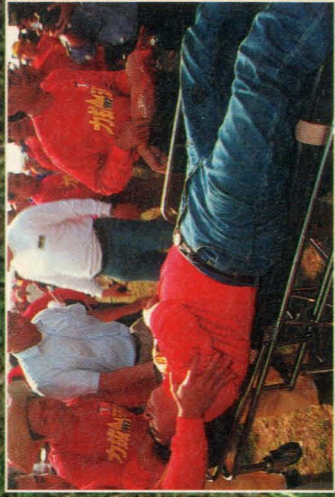


BANNED!

Pull the other one







**T**HE TAIWANESE TAKE tug-of-war matches seriously - so seriously they're willing to risk life and limb to win. Particularly in a truly bizarre accident in Taipei on 25 October last year two men lost their arms and one had his hand torn off when a rope broke during a mammoth tug-a-thon between 780 men in two teams. Contestants, with the rope wound round their arms and wrists, were flung backwards, and the whiplash from the snapped rope was strong enough to sever their arms. The injured men were rushed to hospital where surgeons were able to successfully re-attach their limbs with hours of micro-surgery.

You may not think that it's a very serious sport, but according to the TWIF (Tug-of-War International Federation) it's a growing obsession in many countries. They've got branches as far afield as India, Latvia and Namibia. The next world championship will be held in Rochester, Minnesota, USA, on 3-6 September this year, in case you want to check it out in the hope of being able to sell us more mind-boggling photos.



**BANNED!**

# Pills and thrills and

In the ten years since the Summer of Love, Ecstasy has never been far from the headlines and New Labour seem to hate it as much as the Tories did. TONY THOMPSON goes beyond the hype to reassess the pill that founded the chemical generation

**T**O THE POLICE officers who had just battered down his door, the grey-haired, bespectacled man in the white coat looked every inch the nutty professor.

Indeed, at the back of 72-year-old Francis Kerseho's east London home, detectives had discovered a massive makeshift laboratory full of test-tubes, vacuum pipes and distilling equipment. They listened patiently as Kerseho explained what he was up to.

The West African white cornfly, he said, was causing havoc on the dark continent, destroying crops and creating widespread famine. People were dying. In his native France, Kerseho continued, he had been working in the production of pesticides. He had moved to England to further develop his patented product, designed specifically to kill the cornfly. It was going well. His work would soon be complete. Oh, and the thirty-odd dishes of brown sludge which the police had found under a sheet in the corner were just an unfortunate by-product of the pesticide production process.

At first the officers were sympathetic. Kerseho was a war hero who had fought with the Resistance, and his distinguished background in chemistry could not be doubted. It was only when the sludge was analysed and found to be six kilos of 90% pure MDMA (3,4-methylene dioxy methyl amphetamine,

the chemical name for Ecstasy) - enough to make 30,000 tablets - that they decided to prosecute. It turned out Kerseho had been doing exactly the same thing in Paris, where he had been caught and sent to prison a year earlier. During an appeal hearing the sprightly grandfather had managed to escape through a toilet window and ended up in Britain, where he offered his services to the London underworld in the hope of cashing in on the Ecstasy boom.

In the past most of the Ecstasy sold in Britain has been smuggled in from Holland, but there is an increasing trend towards manufacturing the stuff here. In February 1988 a team of undercover Scotland Yard officers seized 18 litres of Isosafrole, a chemical vital in the production of Ecstasy and enough to make more than 400,000 tablets. They know that they have missed many other shipments of such chemicals and that labs like Kerseho's are dotted across the country.

Police believe the new trend is due to the higher profits available, and also because of concerns over the widely varying quality of imported E. Take, for example, the 25 most widely available Ecstasy tablets. Tests show that only 12 actually contain any MDMA at all, and all but six contain too little to produce the 'proper' effect with a single dose. Six of the 25 contain MDEA or MBDB, two Ecstasy variants which, so far as most ►

## KNOW YOUR Es

### What does Ecstasy actually do?

When MDMA is digested by your stomach acids it enters your bloodstream and travels to the brain, where it releases neurotransmitters like serotonin and dopamine, among other things. These alter your mood, usually for the better, creating a euphoric effect which lasts for 4 to 6 hours. If you take a lot of MDMA in a short period of time the effect of each dose will diminish rapidly.

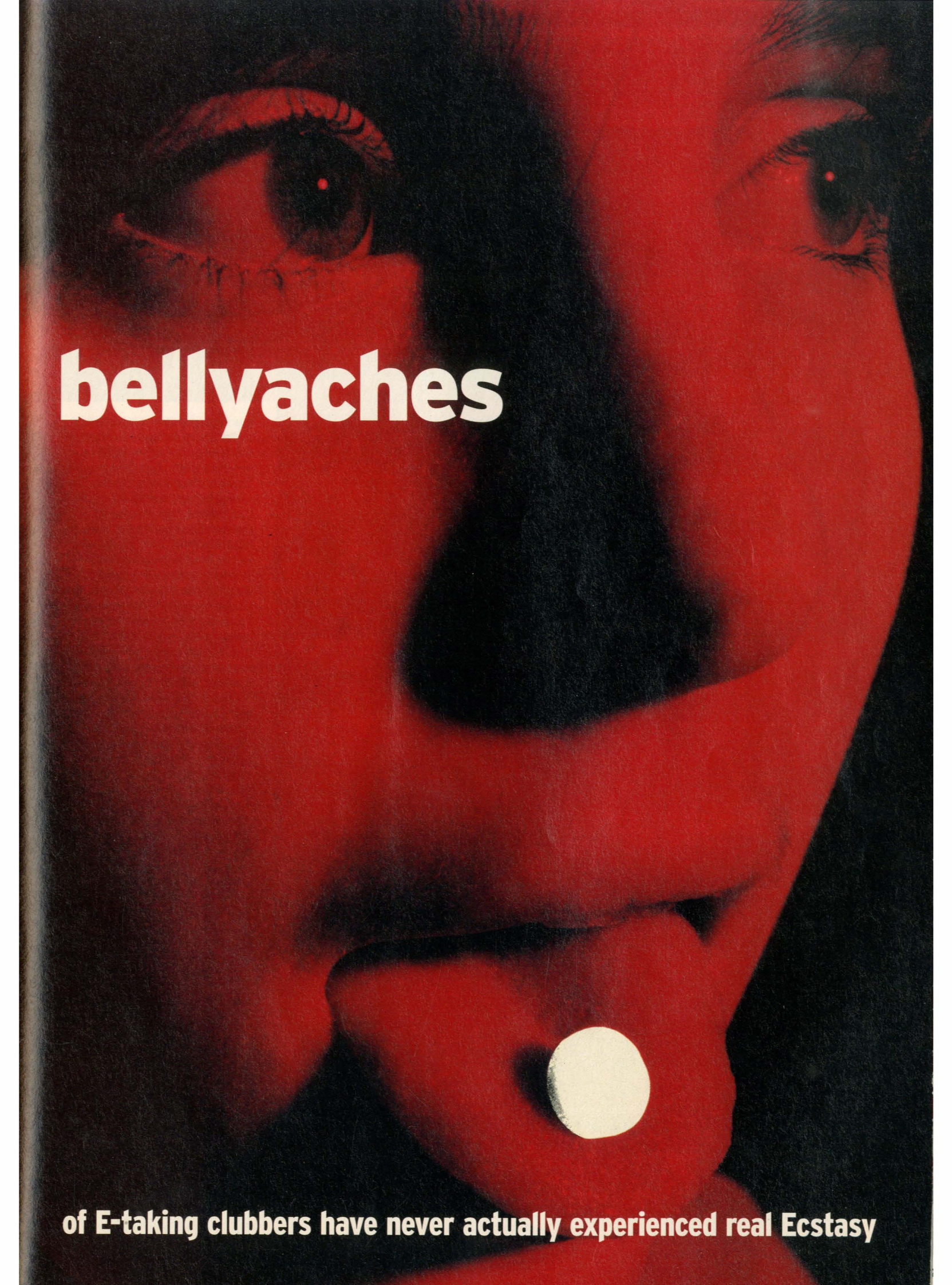
### Side effects?

You bet: raised body temperature, dry mouth, loss of appetite, nausea, dehydration and spasms that make your teeth clench. Nothing to cause you too many problems unless you're pregnant, have a liver or heart problem, or have been drinking a lot: alcohol and Ecstasy taken together can cause severe dehydration.

GAVIN SMITH/FSP/GAMMA

**Thousands**





# **bellyaches**

**of E-taking clubbers have never actually experienced real Ecstasy**



# BANNED!

## So are those tabs you bought really Es?

These samples were bought in various countries, mainly Britain and Germany. The measurement used here for MDMA content refers to the base. The result would be about 20% higher if the hydrochloride was measured.

| NAME         |                                                                                     | THICKNESS | DIAMETER   | WEIGHT    | ACTIVE INGREDIENTS                                         | DESCRIPTION                                            |
|--------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------|------------|-----------|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------|
| Dove         |    | 3.0mm     | 9.2mm      | 265mg     | MDEA 31mg<br>MDMA 42mg                                     | Beige with white speckles, scored on reverse           |
| Lips*        |    | 5.5mm     | 8.2mm      | 288mg     | MDMA 59mg                                                  | Beige with violet spots or brown, scored on reverse    |
| Playboy*     |    | 3.2mm     | 9.1mm      | 288mg     | 27mg amphetamine + trace of caffeine                       | Red-brown or White, scored on reverse                  |
| Twins        |    | 4.8mm     | 9.2mm      | 320mg     | 76mg MDMA                                                  | Beige, scored on reverse                               |
| Adidas       |    | 5.1mm     | 8.7mm      | 384mg     | 9mg amphetamine + trace caffeine                           | Green, scored on reverse                               |
| Thunderdome  |    | 5.2mm     | 7.8mm long | 500mg     | MDMA 64mg                                                  | Oblong pill, white with beige spots, scored on reverse |
| Triangle     |    | 2.6mm     | 10.2x4.1mm | 303mg     | MDEA 98-107mg                                              | White or green domed triangular tablet, plain reverse  |
| Number 1     |   | 4.8mm     | 8.2mm      | 284mg     | MDMA 56mg                                                  | White, scored on reverse                               |
| Mercedes     |  | 5.2mm     | 8.6mm      | 400mg     | 12mg amphetamine + trace caffeine                          | White, scored on reverse                               |
| Pound        |  | 3.2mm     | 10.1mm     | 304mg     | MBDB 80mg                                                  | White, not scored                                      |
| Star*        |  | 5.3mm     | 8.7mm      | 400mg     | 11mg amphetamine + trace caffeine                          | Violet or green, scored with star logo on reverse      |
| Killers      |  | 4.3mm     | 9.1mm      | 348mg     | MBDB 136mg + trace caffeine                                | White, not scored on reverse                           |
| Clover       |  | 4.8mm     | 7x6mm      | 235mg     | MDMA 60mg + MDEA 19mg                                      | Rectangular tablet, scored on reverse                  |
| Sunshine     |  | 4.6mm     | 9.1mm      | 365mg     | MDEA 129mg                                                 | White pill, scored on reverse                          |
| Micro        |  | 1.8mm     | 3.8mm      | not known | LSD                                                        | Small blue/black star-shaped pill                      |
| Euro         |  | 2.8mm     | 9.2mm      | 204mg     | MDMA 57mg                                                  | Beige/white, 'EURO' on reverse                         |
| Dolphin      |  | 3.6mm     | 9.2mm      | 247mg     | MDEA 26mg + MDMA 5mg                                       | White pill, scored on reverse                          |
| Pyramid      |  | 4.6mm     | 10.1mm     | 462mg     | Neo-Cibalgil, a Swiss cold remedy, believed to be harmless | White with 'TI' on reverse                             |
| CD           |  | 4.0mm     | 8.1mm      | 266mg     | 9mg amphetamine + trace caffeine                           | Golden, scored on reverse                              |
| Apple        |  | 3.7mm     | 9.2mm      | 287mg     | MDMA 42mg + trace caffeine                                 | White with specks, scored on reverse                   |
| Email        |  | 4.5mm     | 8.5mm      | 220mg     | MDMA 71mg                                                  | Crumbly off-white, '@' on reverse                      |
| One Two Five |  | 2.6mm     | 9.1mm      | 198mg     | MDMA 41mg                                                  | Pink, faceted both sides                               |

\* These pills come in different colours but with roughly the same quantity of active ingredients. The quantity listed applies to the first colour mentioned. Additional information from The Ecstasy Organisation

## TESTING KITS

Kits to test your own Ecstasy pills are available from the Green Party Drugs Group, 1a Waterlow Road, London N19 5NJ (tel 0171 737 0100). It costs £15 for the basic kit or £30 for the advanced one, including postage.

Scrape a tiny bit from your pill into the mini test-tube. Make sure you're in a strong light as you need to observe the colour changes accurately. Drop some of the reagent onto the sample, using the pipette. Check the colour change

users are concerned, will produce a similar enough effect for them not to notice. The other tablets include 'Pyramids' which contain caffeine or amphetamine. Micros - small star-shaped tablets - contain only pure LSD. Holland has a government-sponsored pill-testing scheme which forces many inferior tablets off the market. What happens to them? They're smuggled into Britain and sold on the unsuspecting club scene here, of course - which means that thousands of clubbers have never actually experienced real Ecstasy, despite being regular 'users'. So increasing numbers of ravers are looking to cut out the middle man.

But while many may be tempted to try, setting up your own Ecstasy factory is anything but easy - and of course, it's illegal. It's not like buying a few dodgy light-bulbs and some seeds, and sticking a plastic tray in the bottom of your wardrobe. "Getting the equipment is an absolute nightmare," says Neil, 22, who started an illicit lab last summer. "All the major suppliers are so paranoid about being implicated in anything criminal that they'll only sell you stuff if they have bank and trade references. It's the complete

## Ecstatic



**Noel Gallagher:** "The majority of people in this country take drugs. It's not like a scandalous sensation or anything. Taking drugs is just like

getting up and having a cup of tea in the morning."

**Brett Anderson:** "I'd like to give Morrissey an E."





and then wash utensils carefully as the reagent is corrosive. Also tests for MDEA, MDA, MBDB, 2CB and speed.

Test results and useful E information can be found at <http://www.ecstasy.org>, or <http://www.obsolete.com/ecstasy>



...damage to nerve junctions in the brain...

opposite of every other kind of business - if you want to pay cash, they double or treble the price to make the risk worth their while.

"Then there are the chemicals. They're all strictly controlled so you have to go to the black market. It took me about eight months of work getting hold of stuff before we could even start manufacturing."

And once you do start, you face a whole set of new problems. "There's nothing on earth that smells quite like it," says Neil. "A choking, burning odour, worse than anything you'd come across in a sewer. You think of how much pleasure people get from the drug, but the people who make it suffer unbelievably."

In fact the only easy part of the process is finding the recipe. Neil simply bought a copy of the book *Pihkal - A Chemical Love Story* by chemist Alexander Shulgin, the man who rescued Ecstasy from obscurity.

Ecstasy was patented in Germany in 1912, but Shulgin brought it back to public attention in the late 1970s after making some and taking it with his wife, Ann. For 15 years Shulgin held a rare US government licence allowing him to manufacture illegal drugs to provide information for law

enforcement authorities. He and Ann sampled more than 100 synthetic substances, carefully noting their effects.

But six years ago the Shulgins fell out with the Feds, declaring all drugs should be legalised. They continue their work but are regularly raided. This was why they published *Pihkal*, in a bid to immortalise their life's work. The title stands for 'Phenethylamines I Have Known And Loved', describing the group of drugs to which Ecstasy belongs. The book has sold over 20,000 copies since its 1992 release.

A second book, *Tihkal*, (the 'T' stands for tryptamines, which include magic mushrooms) followed and a third, *Qihkal* (quinolones, the hallucinogenic substance in cacti) is on its way. Meanwhile Shulgin continues to defend Ecstasy.

"There is not a drug that is not dangerous," he says. "If you look at

any prescription drug, you will find deaths associated with them. In the last few years, MDMA has been used by a great many people and there have been around 20 deaths. Only in four or five of those is there any documentation that the drug alone was to blame. Statistically, it is one of the safest drugs."

Or is it? In February 1998, the University of Wales released a study which indicated that people who take Ecstasy on a regular basis suffer a 25 per cent reduction in their mental recall. This followed a 1997 report by American scientists at Johns Hopkins University which found damage to nerve junctions in the brains of Ecstasy users.

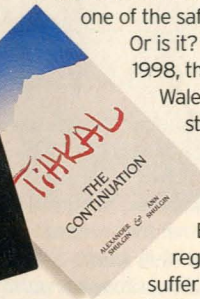
Even the late Ecstasy guru Nicholas Saunders became more objective in later years. While his first two books did nothing but praise the drug, his third, *Ecstasy Reconsidered*, balanced his own thoughts with sober contributions from leading medical experts about

potential neurotoxicity.

Other users dismiss the idea of long-term damage as propaganda and say the only danger associated with Ecstasy is getting a dodgy tablet. There are calls for Dutch-style testing to be introduced into Britain.

Nicholas Saunders's test results are available on the internet, and cards comparing Ecstasy brands are distributed throughout clubland. But many believe they should go further. Last year the Green Party Drugs Group opened a testing tent outside a south London nightclub, offering to test tablets and selling testing kits. According to spokesman Shane Collins, such a service should be available at every club: "Since the Government and the media believe that E is so dangerous, they must allow and support E testing."

However, in the current political climate of knee-jerks at the word 'drugs', the chances of that are very small. So British clubbers carry on taking 'E's which are nothing of the kind: either other drugs, or mixed with possibly dangerous substances. Some of them may die because of it. The fact that the media will rush to blame their deaths on Ecstasy is an irony of the darkest shade. **B**



## stars

**Shaun Ryder:** "I used to eat E all day, every day."

**Alan McGee, head of Creation Records:**

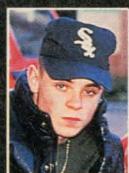
"Ultimately, I'm for the legalisation of all drugs, so that those drugs people are getting are pure, and their dangers are properly explained. I think in 50 years all drugs will be legalised."

**Brian Harvey, formerly of East 17:** "The thing is, if you bang one, you go



out, you have a good night and that's what people want to do. Really in the long run it's a safe pill and it ain't doing you no harm."

**Stephen Fry,** asked by *Neon* if he had ever taken E: "A few years ago when everybody was. One should try everything once, except incest and country dancing - as somebody once said. It's



very impressive, the effect."

**Sting** (following a chance remark in a Swedish newspaper): "What surprised me is that, in a pluralistic democracy, just expressing an opinion could cause such problems. I wasn't advocating drug use: I was just saying it should be decriminalised. It's tragic that Leah Betts died. But I think her death was misused [by the press]. When you tell lies to young people, that all

drugs kill you, they lose respect for the people who tell the lies and for the people who have to enforce them, like the police. It creates a huge wedge in society."

**The Shamen:** "Ee zer Good, Ee zer Good. E's Ebinezee Good."

**Irvine Welsh** - Don't tell me you haven't read any of his books.



Several celebrities have either made their names through advocacy of drug use or have gained themselves notoriety by going public with their views. Here's a few of our favourites (Please note that **BizArre** doesn't agree with ALL of them):



**BANNED!**



## The luckiest man on earth?

Stunt cock extraordinaire John Dough says he can shag all day - and last summer he proved it

**H**OW MANY WOMEN do you think you could satisfy at once? A queue of Hollywood starlets, perhaps? Whatever quantity springs to mind, we'll bet it's nowhere near as many as veteran porn star Jon Dough, who reamed 101 women in his recent shag-a-thon.

Known as one of the best stunt cocks in California's increasingly competitive hardcore film industry, Dough is happy to fuck anything that moves. So when he came up with the idea of a male answer to the recent records set by Anabel Chong and Jasmin Saint Claire for having sex with the most men in one day, he had no hesitation in casting himself in the starring role. "This has got to be the craziest thing I've ever done," he said. "I wanted to reverse the whole gangbang scenario - that 300-guys-on-one-girl shit. I just wanted it to be all girls and just the one guy."

Vivid Video, for whom Dough was directing his dick-tingling epic, dragooned 101 of their stars and hopefuls into appearing alongside him. It seemed that they needed little convincing. While we're admiring the ladies as they line up, one hands us a camera. "Will you take a photo while Jon's fucking me? I mean when he's *really* fucking me?" After some photo opportunities involving balls and tennis courts Dough brings on his fluffers, two girls in leather bikinis armed with strap-on dildos, who'll make sure each of his partners is 'oiled and ready', so to speak.

Then comes the bit of which adolescent dreams are made. Twenty girls get on their knees and Dough slowly passes along the line, pushing each head away gently when he's had enough of their tonguework, pausing only to rub on more sunblock and groan. In the hot

San Fernando sun, Dough looks very red indeed... but not as crimson as his prodigious tool. However, for the star of porn epics like *A Dick Runs Through It*, the arty *Latex*, and *Someone's in the Kitchen With Vagina*, being surrounded by willing women is nothing new. Two hours into the shoot he's gone through the first 20, giving each about five minutes, and then settles back in a deckchair to drink bottles of water.

Several of the girls approach, and it's moments before one of them is on intimate terms with Jon's John Thomas. "How did you get into this business?" we ask him lamely, trying to focus on his face. "Oh you know," he says. "You go to college, study hard, drink lots of beer and fuck a lot of girls. You gotta have a big dick and the capacity to keep it up. That's the bottom line. It's a visual thing."

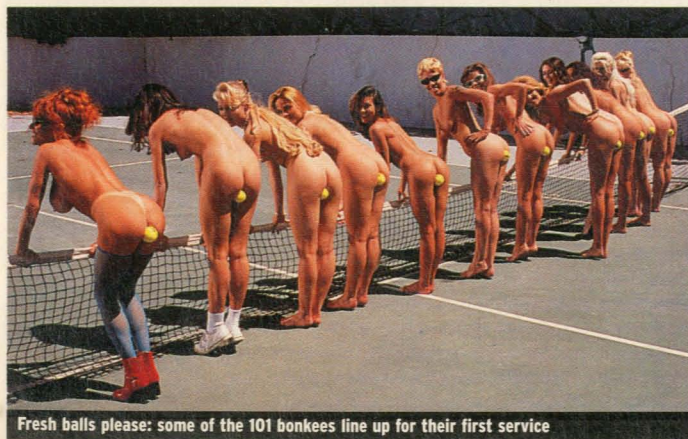
By evening, porn-biz insiders are watching as Dough methodically

bends girls over and takes them, not seeming to care which opening he hits. By the time he staggers onto the set for the last dozen there's a note of hysteria in his shout of, "Who's next for shaving?"

English porn star Warner is helped into a harness of leather straps. "What does he think about to last so long?" she asks as she is let down, clutching her arse. "He's probably got an image in his head of his mum doing the washing."

A hush falls over the crowd as he reaches for Ruby, the hundred and first girl, tears streaming down his cheeks, his dick an angry red colour you don't normally see outside of butchers shops. As he slowly begins pumping a round of applause starts.

We may think he's the luckiest guy alive, but all Jon Dough can think about is sitting down, lighting a cigar, and not letting anyone near his privates for a very long time.



Fresh balls please: some of the 101 bonkees line up for their first service



101 dull motions: Jon's dick gets on with the hard work while the rest of him takes a nap



# Worst of the web

In the pursuit of liberty, fraternity and depravity, we once more burn rubber down the information superhighway to bring you the web's most sickening sites

## Looks good enough to eat

<http://enviolink.org/arrs/gallery/factory.html>

Horrific pics serve a good cause on this animal rights site. Quite how disgusting you find them depends on how fond you are of our furry friends - some will think 'So what?' when they see pics of skinned foxes, butchered gorillas and battery farming on the unfortunately named ARRS (Animal Rights Resource Site). Given the intensely serious and frankly dull tone of the writing here, in this case a pic really does speak a thousand words and you're better off sticking to looking at them.

## Man's best friend

<http://www7.pair.com/zoo/actaeon/>

Actaeon's the sort of guy who likes to fantasise about being a deer-headed man. Animal lovers come in all shapes and sizes, Actaeon assures us, listing material for those who get off on boffing bears or rogering raccoons. He's quite the bestial Renaissance man.



## To the core

<http://www.rotten.com/>

"Rotten dot com collects images and information from many sources to present the viewer with a truly unpleasant experience." They're not kidding. From their testimonial Fuck of the Month Club (look out for the pic of the lady with a pair of pliers stuck up her fundament) to their archive of nauseating pics - the people O. J. Simpson didn't murder, elephantiasis of the scrotum, the remains of children attacked by wild dogs - there's something for every (twisted) one.



## Waiting to inhale

<http://members.aol.com/Neewwman/index.html>

If Samson Alexae, who's assembled this list of scenes of death in the movies, had put as much time into something worthy, he'd probably have cured cancer. Instead he's developed the net's greatest resource for people who like to watch pretty girls dying on camera, all listed and annotated. We particularly look forward to the suffocation scene in *Dead Women In Lingerie* and the strangling in *Bondage Make-up Girl*.

## Dem bones, dem bones

<http://www.pitzer.edu/~zkazi/necrophilia.html>

"There are many differences between screwing a live and a dead person which one needs to be aware of." Okay, "need" is not necessarily the term we'd choose. But for those who fantasise about such things, this site will instruct you on everything from how to steal bodies to how to get a blow job from a corpse. Eugh!

## Chocolate log

[http://woods.bianca.com/shacklet/White\\_Shadow/exploringcop.html](http://woods.bianca.com/shacklet/White_Shadow/exploringcop.html)

"From the standpoint of pure taste, shit is bitter," says Neal, a Boston scat fan. "After about ten seconds, there's an automatic gag response."

The goal of every true shit eater is to see how much they can eat before they barf. The goal of every true BIZARRE reader is to see how much you can read before you barf.

## Waco wackos

<http://www.mnsinc.com/SkyWriter/WacoMuseum/death/death.html>

The creators of this site believe that something smokey went on at Waco, where David Koresh and his Branch Davidian mates were burnt to a crisp, possibly by US government officials scared that they were stockpiling weaponry and about to

launch a small but fervent and well-armed attack on the American way of life. Whether the authors' analysis of the event and its possible cover-up is right or

not, the site is liberally sprinkled with autopsy photos, opening with a pic of a roasted child's skull.



## Gallery of the gruesome

[www.goregallery.com](http://www.goregallery.com)

You know what you always hope to see when you slow down passing a crash on a motorway? Well, this site has lots of those sorts of pictures. Plus maggot-infested wounds, deformed people, quadriplegic amputee porn and a chat room with which to



share your appreciation of squashed animals, suicide victims and disaster photos. Whatever you think about the minds of people who like looking at this stuff, it can be inspirational. As one guest-book signee put it: "I wanna be a forensic pathologist when I get older..."

## On the rack

<http://www.blackplague.org/urticus/>

If you've ever wondered how all those weird instruments of medieval torture were used, this site, which hosts a history of the subject and a series of stomach-churning stories, will fill you in. With unflinching detail.



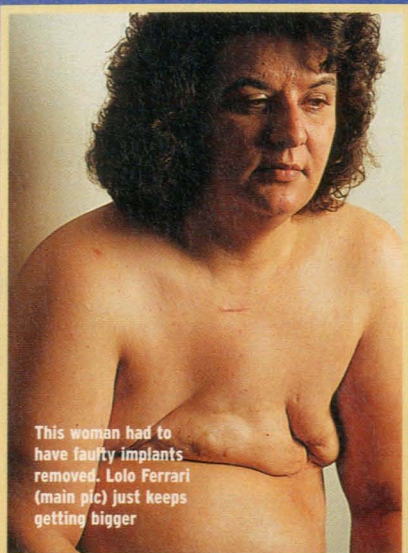
## Freaks forum

[http://automophilia.com/the\\_basement/ickypic.html](http://automophilia.com/the_basement/ickypic.html)

With sections called No Right To Life and Chix With Dix, and pics of completely skinned genitals, semi-convincing hermaphrodites, and a haunting 'cyclops baby', this has everything you need to become king of the perverts on your works email.



**BANNED!**



This woman had to have faulty implants removed. Lolo Ferrari (main pic) just keeps getting bigger

# Plastic fantastic

Plastic surgery is now almost synonymous with vanity. Although its origins are more reconstructive than narcissistic - war veterans were the first guinea pigs - today the quest for eternal youth and bigger bits fuels a multi-million dollar industry. But not every operation is a success. Stapled penises and exploding boobs are just some of the terrors KAREN KRIZANOVICH finds in her tour of silicone valley





## Beyond the valley of the blow-up dolls

CHIN AUGMENTATION, ear surgery, collagen injections, nose reshaping, buttock lifts and tummy tucks are just a handful of things currently done to make folks easier on the eye. The number of Americans having cosmetic surgery has increased by 75% in the last four years. According to the American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgeons, over 91,000 cosmetic procedures were performed in 1996 in New York State alone. No wonder surgeons say that with enough time, skill and money, one's looks need not change between the ages of 35 and 50.

Looking younger and sexier is fun, and the first 'fun' use of plastic surgery was done by Thomas Cronin in Houston, Texas in 1962: the first silicone breast implant. Although they are a vital part of reconstructing breasts after cancer, the majority of implants are done to healthy breasts for looks alone.

It's a major procedure. A cut is made under the breast, through the nipple or armpit. The muscle is then raised from below the

breast or next to the chest wall. This makes a pocket into which the implant is inserted.

Although most plastic surgeons consider a 'fake' looking implant a bad job, huge saucer-like breasts have an aesthetic all their own. Pamela Anderson, Demi Moore and Melanie Griffith have all had implants. However, few women go to the lengths of *Eurotrash* regular Lolo Ferrari (the 'porno airbag') or that of Melonie Charm, whose website charts the rise of her saline-filled breasts.

"They are somewhat special," says Melonie of her implants, "since they have built-in magnetic valves allowing them to be filled with more saline solution as my skin stretches." Melanie, now 47" around and an HH-cup, says her doctor thinks she'll manage a JJ-cup.

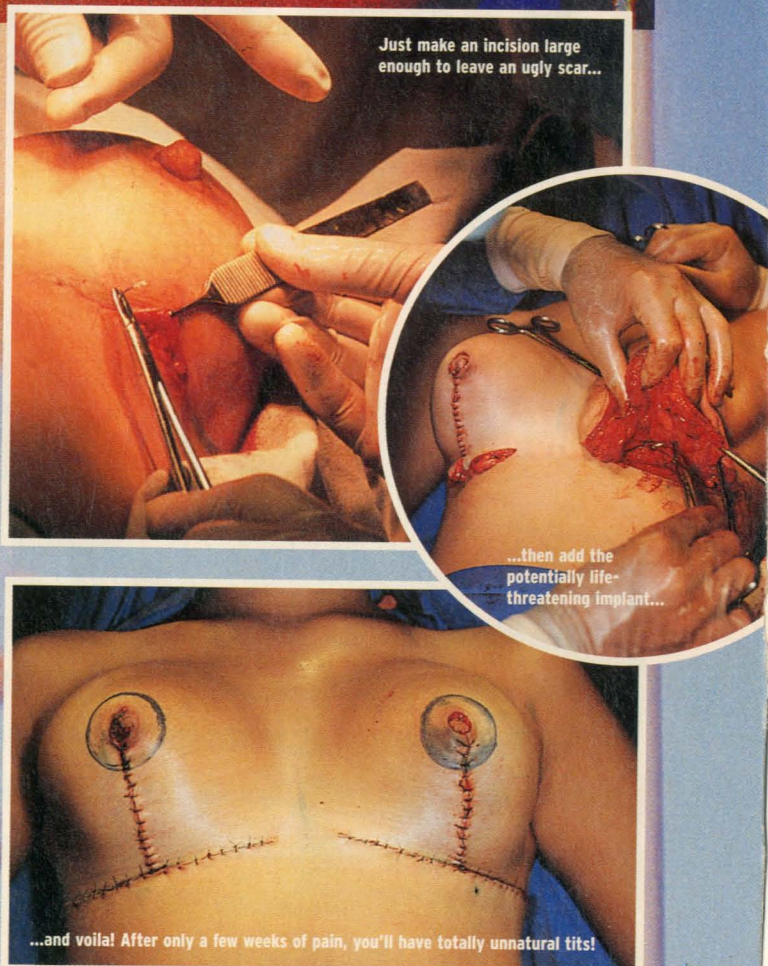
Apparently there is gold in them thar hills. Exotic dancer Chesty Love claimed a tax deduction for implants that gave her 56FF breasts. A trial judge allowed the deduction because, he ruled, Chesty's breasts were big enough to increase her

income, but were too 'freakish' for any personal benefit.

Less funny is that Chesty later ruptured one of the implants: a potentially serious accident. Due to health scares such as silicone poisoning and immune system damage, since 1992 most silicone implants have been banned in the USA. But even with risks of rupture and interference with early breast cancer detection, saline implants are still available.

The silicone injection has now also been banned in the USA. Silicone is toxic and migrates to pockets in the human body. It is extremely difficult to remove completely. It can lead to, among other things, irregular bumps, breast amputation and blindness. Worse still, some silicone injections contained a mixture of olive oil and the refined fat of the Asiatic viper to stop bleeding.

Silicone implants are still available in the UK. Despite an inquiry by Health Minister Baroness Jay, the Department of Health has stated that medical evidence on the risk of damage from silicone is "too small to justify a ban."





# War!

DESPITE THE SONG, war is good for something - plastic surgery. During World War 1 surgeons were faced with such a huge number of devastating injuries (missing jaws, noses, lips, massive skull wounds, etc.) that they had to develop new techniques. The tin masks fixed to the faces of American Civil War veterans were replaced with improved surgical methods. In WW2, the airmen whose mutilated bodies were repaired by such operations called themselves the Guinea Pig Club.

Aesthetic surgery has advanced by trial and error. As early as 1854, surgeons Claude Bernard and Huette learned that the human nose wasn't happy without a lining. They wrote: "Rhinoplasty [a nose-job]... rarely holds to its promise and noses thus fabricated shrivel, forming rounded tumescences resulting in a deformity more hideous than that which it was intended to hide."

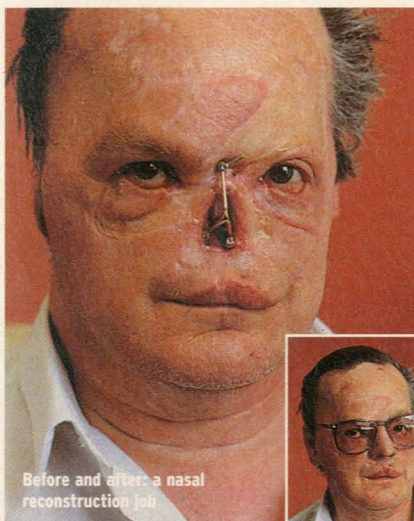
## This procedure's been done a million times...

ACCORDING TO Ross Rudolph, head of plastic surgery at the Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, California and editor of *Problems in Aesthetic Surgery*, the risk of serious complications from cosmetic surgery are as high as 2%. Any surgery, especially if it requires general rather than local anaesthetic, is risky. The most simple procedure can incur major complications: one woman developed serious keloid scarring to her neck, ear and head from a simple matter of ear-piercing, and her earlobes later had to be amputated. 'Scleral show' - where too much white of the eye is revealed - can occur in up to 20% of all eye-jobs. And as

many as 15% of tummy tuckees suffer from temporary bowel paralysis.

There are no reliable figures for all the allergic reactions, infections and other accidents which can spell disaster. No one knows how many people die from plastic surgery complications each

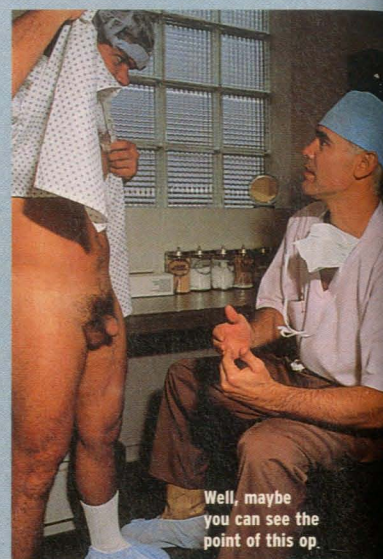
year. *U.S. News* recently did a check of medical malpractice using a medical insurer's database. Of the 2,600 cosmetic surgery-related claims over a ten-year period, only 30 were fatalities - eleven from the normally friendly nose-job.



Before and after: a nasal reconstruction job



## A baby's arm



Well, maybe you can see the point of this op.

PLASTIC SURGERY ops have been on the wane since most silicone breast implants were banned in the US in 1992. Surgeons are now targeting men; and where better to hit them than in their pants?

Phalloplasty - extending the penis - involves cutting the ligaments that attach the toddler to the body, allowing for an extra inch to an inch and a half of length. To give the trouser snake more girth, fat is harvested from one part of the body and inserted beneath the penis's skin. Oddly enough, the increase in size is most noticeable in the non-erect state. Impressing one's partner in bed is apparently less important than looking as if you're a sack artist.

Jack McAninch, professor of urology at the University of California in San Francisco, has seen patients with all sorts of



## Vanity fair

Fancy a bit of self-improvement? Here's what it'll cost you. If you're visiting the States anytime soon you might like to note that going under the knife is much cheaper over there... prices translate pretty much pound to dollar, so a facelift for an American costs around \$4250 (a mere £2650).

| Operation               | Proper name    | Cost           |
|-------------------------|----------------|----------------|
| Facelift                | Rhytidectomy   | £4250          |
| Eyelid tightening       | Blepharoplasty | £2750          |
| Nose job                | Rhinoplasty    | £3000          |
| Pinning back ears       | Otoplasty      | £2500          |
| Breast enlargement      |                | £2750          |
| Breast reduction        |                | £4750          |
| Breast tightening       | Mastopexy      | £3500          |
| Tummy tuck              | Abdominoplasty | £4500          |
| Liposuction             |                | £1750 per area |
| Penis enlargement       | Phalloplasty   | £4,200         |
| Penis widening          |                | £6,000+        |
| Both operations at once |                | £8,000+        |

(with free circumcision or scrotal tuck if you fancy one)

## If only we could repeal the law of gravity

WANT TO LOSE excess fat fast? Just suck it away! Liposuction involves making an incision near the unwanted blubber, inserting a suction tube into the fatty area and slurping it out.

Normally this procedure carries risks of infection, phlebitis, bleeding and blotchy skin. For Rosemarie Mondeck it was worse than that. The 39-year-old had an op to remove a small amount of fat from her abdomen using a new procedure: tumescent liposuction, in which the patient is injected with a local anaesthetic and a capillary-shrinking drug that stops excess bleeding and supposedly makes fat easier to remove. According to her husband and lawyer, after the pre-operative injection Rosemarie had a heart attack and died. The case was settled out of court. "All she had was a fatty area above her belly-button," her husband said. Singer James Brown's fourth wife Adrienne also died from liposuction complications in 1996.



You're so vein: some lardass has a smile put on his cheeks



## holding an apple

### Got to get to the surgeon... er, gym

MEN DON'T NEED to pump iron any more. Fake muscles are now available, made from hardened, leak-resistant silicone which, unlike soft silicone implants, is still legal. With pectoral muscle and calf implants on the rise, Dr Aiache in California has begun to design implants for men.

Where will all this stop? It won't. Aiache, like other surgeons, keeps improving his stuff. "I've tried them on biceps, but they're no good," he has said. "The skin there is too thin. Many people want them on their thighs, but I won't do it because the skin is thin there too."

Apparently, men are very satisfied with the results. As one patient said of his calf implants: "I used to never wear shorts. Now, I hardly ever don't wear shorts."

Well, it was worth it to him.

Just a few more staples and this one will be perfect

But will it ever rise to the occasion again?

problems from phalloplasty. Others find sex painful or downright impossible. "Not one of them had a penis that was not perfectly normal to start with," he says. "Their real problem was between their ears, not between their legs."

*Hollywood Men*, part of a TV documentary series shown in Britain in 1996, featured one man whose penis had been ruined by phalloplasty. In tears and referring to the surgical staples in his member, the man's broadcast testimony put a shiver down many

British backbones. Perhaps the Bataks of Sumatra aren't so primitive. The tribesmen put stones into wounds in their penis. Once the wounds heal, the lumps apparently do the business for the tribeswomen. Rocks from the beach or surgery? It's up to you.

## Too far?

EVERYONE KNOWS about Michael Jackson's off-operated nose. One report in the American tabloid *The Globe* has claimed that an infected nose cartilage implant has had to be removed. According to the report, a source close to Jackson allegedly described his nose as being like a "recapped tyre - the new tread is stuck to the base, but peels away after a short amount of wear."



Of course it looks natural

However, Jackson continues to deny that he has had excessive plastic surgery.

Jocelyn Wildenstein, ex-wife of one of the world's wealthiest art collectors, has had so

much facial surgery that *The New York Daily News* dubbed her "The Bride of Wildenstein". A New York judge awarded her \$2 million a year in alimony but no extras for further 'enhancement'.

Drastic plastic surgery is usually beyond the financial means of most. In the UK, Cindy Jackson, an attractive, intelligent 40-something has famously spent between £20,000 and £40,000 on surgery.

French performance artist Orlan has been

working on 'The Reincarnation of Saint Orlan' for over ten years. Surgeons have constructed the largest nose that her face can support, and given the 49-year-old cheek implants in her forehead. During the ops, under local anaesthetic, she reads text aloud to art galleries around the world via audio-visual link-ups. Leftover bits of her are mounted and preserved on texts from Lacan. Foxes, dogs and cats are not welcome.

## THE BEAUTY STAB

"EVERY WOMAN ON television over the age of 25 has had something done," according to Joan Rivers, a walking advertisement for the surgeon's knife. No matter how gracefully you accept the aging process, most succumb in the end. Jane Fonda said, "We should learn to love our wrinkles," but went on to have her breasts lifted when she found no amount of press-ups would enable her to defy gravity forever.

### Pamela Anderson



You work it out  
Back in 1995, Pam told *TV Guide*: "Everybody says I'm plastic from head to toe; can't stand next to a radiator or I'll melt. I had [breast] implants, but so has every single person in Los Angeles." Every woman, perhaps, Pam.

### Ivana Trump

Face lifts - true

"I never intend to look 28 - and it's going to cost Donald a fortune," she quipped over her unfaithful ex's alimony.

### Demi Moore



Facial surgery - definite  
Although she stormed out when an interviewer asked if she'd had a breast-job, Demi has admitted that she had surgery to correct her crossed eyes, which she was born with.

### Roseanne Barr

Face lift, nose job, cheek implants, chin implant, breast reduction, liposuction  
Definitely - she's always talking about her make-over. Just compare an episode from the first series of *Roseanne* with one from the last series.

### Cher

Dermabrasion, facial surgery, breast job  
That's what she admits to. The Hollywood rumour mill suggests it's the tip of the iceberg. "You know, if I want to put tits on my back, they're mine," Cher told *People* magazine in 1992.

### Liz Taylor

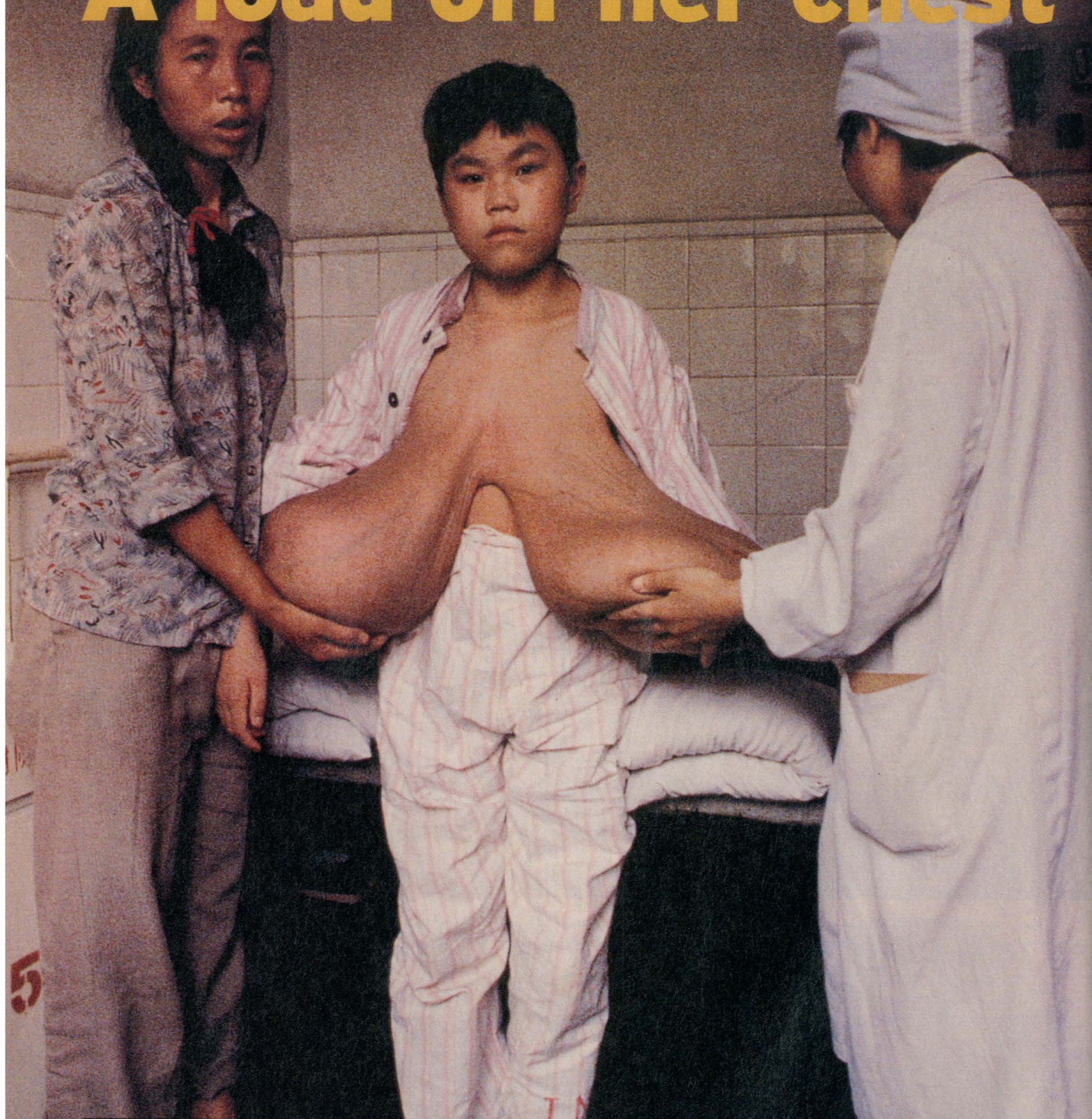


Face lifts - allegedly  
Taylor only admits to one chin tuck after losing 100lbs, but as one surgeon put it: "It's like a hammock - once you take the weight out, the slack skin doesn't spring back, it has to go somewhere."



BANNED!

# A load off her chest



**S**OME WOMEN PAY a small fortune for breasts half this size, but for Ting Jiafen, a Chinese girl shown here in 1995 when she was just 12 years old, her enormous mammaries caused her nothing but trouble. In only eight months they grew from adolescent bumps to huge masses of flesh 48cm long and 30cm across, each weighing about 10kg - so heavy that Ting needed help to stand up.

Ting hadn't been a well girl for a couple of years before her breasts suddenly started to grow. In 1993 she lost the ability to walk after an

illness, but was cured with calcium pills. In mid-1994 she went blind, but recovered spontaneously. And then her chest swelled to alarming size, stretching her pectoral muscles by 10cm and forcing her to give up school. Doctors at a hospital in Guizhou Province who operated to cut her breasts down to size in 1995 found nothing abnormal about them except for the structure of the mammary glands. But because they were still growing the surgeons removed the whole of each breast and will implant false ones when Ting grows older.



# Deadhead

**O**n a street on the outskirts of Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, the remains of one of the eight-year civil war's victims are left in open sight; the locals too used to violent death or too concerned for their own safety to be bothered by it.

War is always hell, but the Liberian civil war produced far more than its share of atrocities; from child-sacrifice and teenage killers to the video-taping of the torture of the country's former president, and brigades of troops going naked into battle believing they were protected by Satan. It finally came to an end in July 1997 with democratic elections won by Charles Taylor, the former leader of the group which had begun the civil war in 1989. But with the collapse of the military government in nearby Sierra Leone in February, it seems as though peace may not stay in this corner of Africa for very long.



# forteantimes

the journal of strange phenomena



# BLASPHEMY!

DID JESUS RETIRE TO JAPAN? DID LEONARDO FAKE THE TURIN SHROUD?  
SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND -THE NEW FORTEAN TIMES. OUT NOW



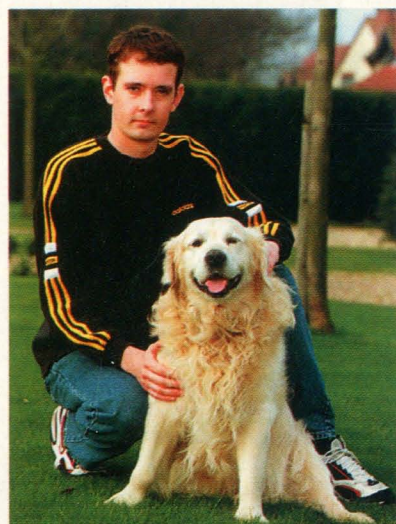
Illustrations by Neale Thomas

# Lucky BASTARDS!

DO YOU FEEL LUCKY, PUNK? For most of us, the answer's 'no'. But if you're one of Lady Luck's chosen few she may send you a fortune or protect you from fate. Take the street vendor in Colombia who saw the number 1124 on the side of a fish he was cleaning. About 300 people used the numbers in the local lottery and won £1 million between them. Then there was the climber who survived a 1000-foot fall off a Glencoe mountain when his rucksack jammed in a crevice. The one constant of good luck is that it happens to other people. CLAIRE COAKLEY takes her chances

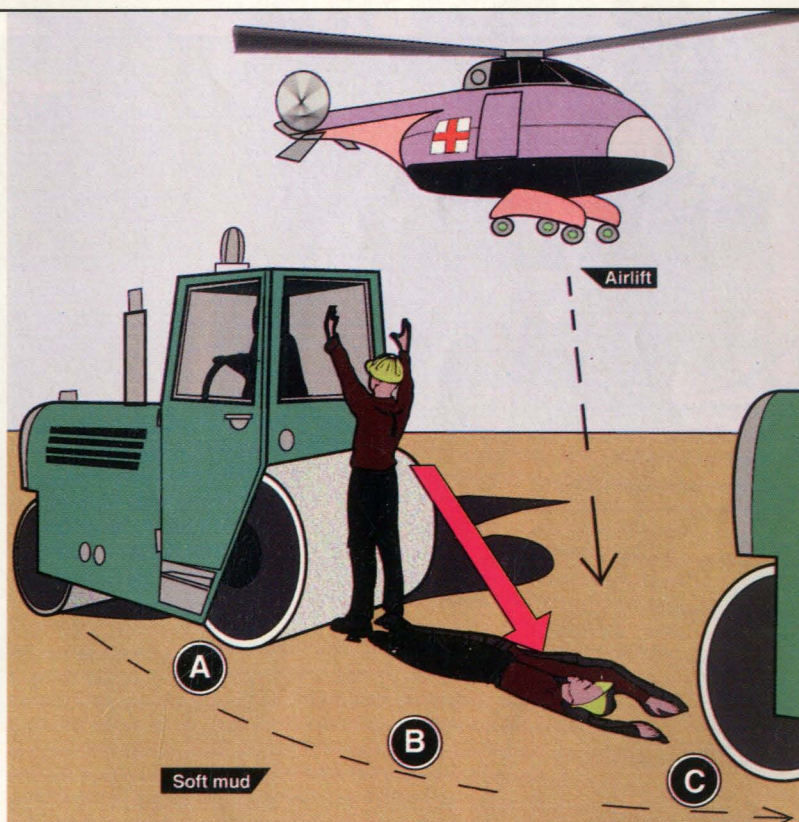
## ROLL OVER JACKPOT

THE MOST BIZARRE recent case of outstanding good fortune was the miraculous survival of construction engineer Andrew Jepson, who was run over by a steam roller in January this year. Jepson was working on a new road site at Heathrow Airport when the four-ton machine reversed over him, pulling him under its drum. "I watched the roller coming right over me," he recalled. "My leg was trapped so I couldn't get out of the way. I thought, 'This is it - I'm dead'."



Andrew Jepson: not a big fan of pancake day

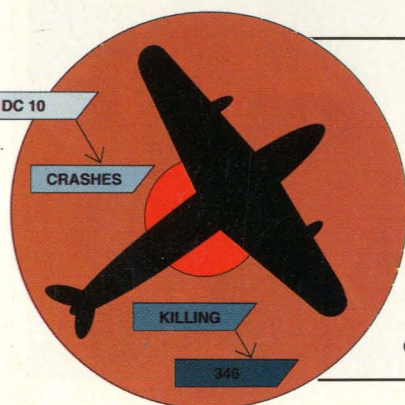
However, he fell onto soft sand and loose gravel, which compacted around him to take the weight of the vehicle as it rolled over him. Andrew was airlifted from the scene with broken ribs, severe bruising and cuts to the head. The quick actions of medics, who drained fluid from a collapsed lung, the hard hat he was wearing and the fact that the driver of the roller accelerated fast enough to get off him in time all combined to spare Jepson a flattening end.



## TURKISH DE-FLIGHT

The atmosphere at Orly airport, Paris, on 3 March 1974, was over-heated and fraught. Strikes and air-traffic disputes had left crowds of stranded passengers frantic to catch flights to London. Among them was Caroline Clark, then 19, who was desperately trying to get home for Easter. A call went out that there was space on a Turkish flight to Heathrow, and the mob stampeded for the gate. Caroline raced through the airport only to find she was too late, the full quota of seats had already been taken. To add to her frustration, a gendarme physically stopped her with an outstretched arm.

"I was absolutely in despair," says Caroline, now a BBC producer. "I'd run out of money, was desperate to see my parents and thoroughly pissed off with this bloody gendarme and with being so slow on the uptake when the flight was announced." She was still sitting and fuming at Orly two hours later when the news came through that the Turkish Airlines DC-10 had crashed in woods north of Paris, killing all 346 people onboard. ►





## Born lucky?

Why do some people have all the luck? Scientists have been trying to find out whether your genes can influence your fortune. A 1997 American study by the University of Iowa isolated a type of mildly brain-damaged person, who despite having good intelligence and memory, frequently fouled up. They concluded that damage to the ventromedial frontal cortices of the brain had influenced their bad decisions. This is where data on rewards and punishments is believed to be stored.

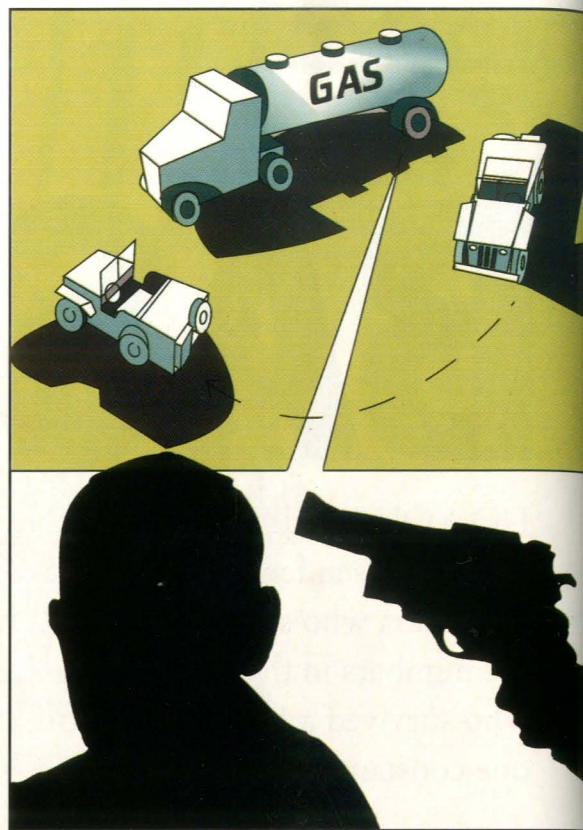
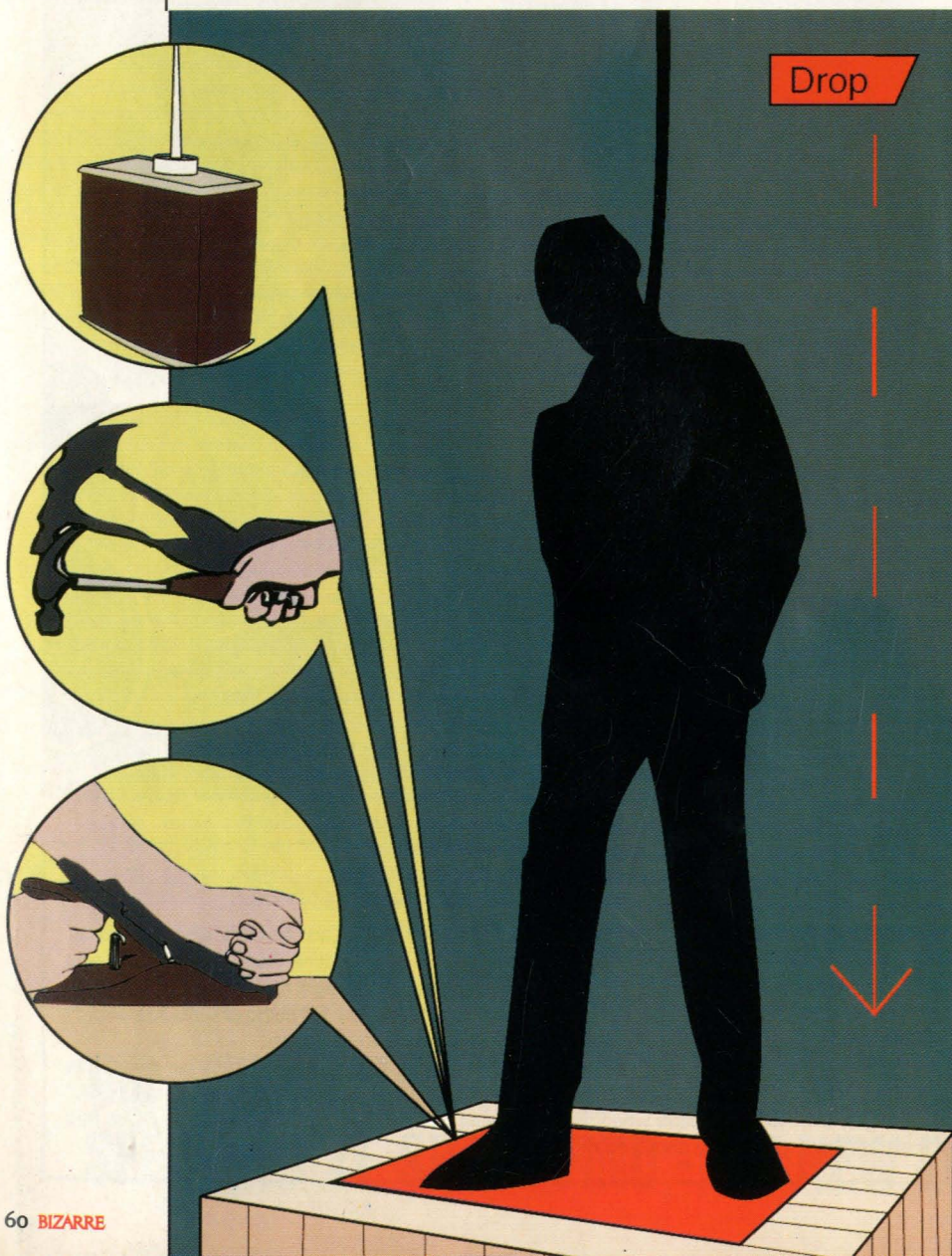
Meanwhile Dr Richard Wiseman of the University of Herefordshire has been researching the links between luck and intuition. He has studied a group of self-appointed winners and losers, and a few prime factors have emerged. Lucky people are optimistic, unlucky people are pessimistic, leading him to conclude that luck is often a self-fulfilling prophecy. The lucky often put their good fortune down to intuition which, Dr Wiseman says, is not superstition but the results of life experience.

Dr David Nias, a clinical psychologist at St Bartholomew's in London, studied professional gamblers and concluded that the big winners were eternal optimists. Unlucky gamblers were also less intelligent than successful ones – who would amass information to back up their 'hunches'. So, providing you have enough undamaged braincells, you can create your own luck.

## LUCKIEST SWINGER IN TOWN

CHEATING 'ENGLAND'S BEST' hangman once would be lucky; convicted murderer John Lee did it three times. Sentenced to die at Exeter Gaol on 23 February 1885, Lee was saved from a broken neck when the trapdoor he was standing on failed to open. After checking the mechanism, executioner John Berry tried again. The trapdoor remained shut. The warders' attempts to rectify the situation were futile. For a third time, Lee didn't make the drop.

The condemned man was taken back to his cell while a carpenter was called. However, the prison Governor, Chaplain and Surgeon all agreed that Lee had already "suffered horrors that no living soul could imagine." His sentence was commuted to life imprisonment and he was freed after 20 years. Lee subsequently became popular at fayres in London as 'The Man They Could Not Hang'.

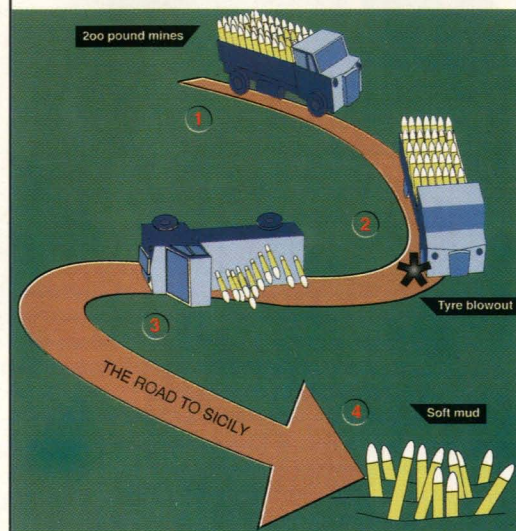


## DON'T FEAR THE REAPER

"UNLESS YOU'VE HAD unlucky things happen to you, you can never realise how truly lucky you are," says Bill Goss. Having cheated death 30 times the 42-year-old American should know.

In his teens, Bill became a copper miner. The mine he was in collapsed, but he was pulled out moments before it did. Next he tried underwater demolitions for the Navy. "In Sicily I was driving a truckload of 200-pound underwater mines when a tyre blew and sent me off the road," he recalls. "There was enough explosive to blow away half of Sicily. Luckily the bombs sank into a muddy embankment."

As a pilot Goss missed mountains by millimetres and crashed a \$65 million plane, only pausing to survive a machine-gun attack. In 1994 he was diagnosed with an amelanotic melanoma. Though medics said he had a 1% chance of survival, Bill was "committed to becoming that one per cent." Eleven reconstructive surgeries later, he wrote *The Luckiest Unlucky Man Alive And How You Too Can Be Lucky*.





## OUR MAN FLINT

George Borden's friends had often called him a hard-head. On 4 February this year he had reason to believe them. The 57-year-old fuel delivery man from St Petersburg, Florida was filling the pumps at a local gas station when four men pulled up in a jeep, surrounded him and robbed him of \$85. One of the men then put the barrel of his handgun next to Borden's head and fired, hitting Borden at point-blank range. As he fell, his bullet-singed bonce slammed hard against the pavement.

Amazingly Borden was still alive. Wisely he pretended otherwise, but his act was not enough to convince the gunman, who fired a further shot at his head from a distance of a few feet before the robbers made off. A clerk at the gas station called 911, and Borden was rushed to Bayfront Medical Centre, where medics discovered that neither of the bullets had actually pierced his skull. He walked out of hospital seven hours later after receiving 12 stitches. In the opinion of his doctors he was a "lucky, lucky, lucky boy."

### You should be so lucky

There is statistically more chance of seeing Elvis riding on the back of the Loch Ness Monster than there is of you winning the lottery. So play it smart and brave the bookies instead. Here are some of the bizarre and potentially lucrative bets that you can place with William Hill:

*Mr Blobby being included in the Labour cabinet: 14 million to 1*  
*Michael Jackson and his sister La Toyah really being the same person: 500 to 1*

*A syndicate winning the National Lottery twice on the same ticket: 196 million to 1*

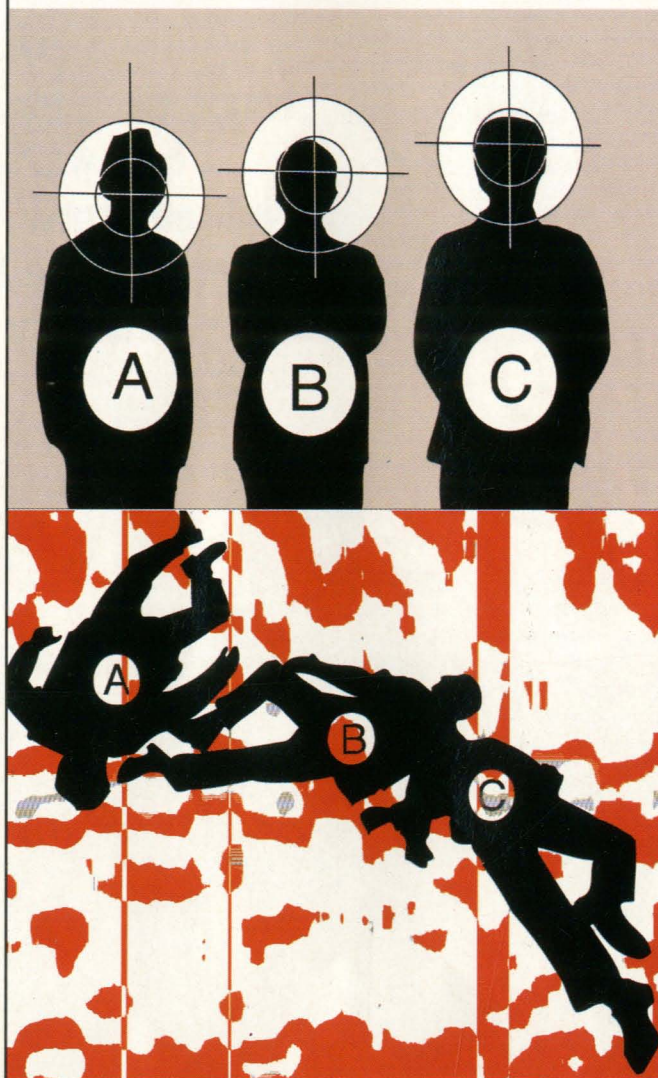
Graham Sharpe at William Hill says their most ludicrous current bet is for all four Teletubbies to serve in the next Cabinet. Bets can be made on almost anything. People bet on themselves to do everything from passing their exams to giving birth.

## A SHOT IN THE DARK

ON 24 SEPTEMBER 1991, during the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait, a 19-year-old student was sent before a firing squad for refusing to hand over weapons to the Iraqi authorities. He faced the guns blindfolded and handcuffed next to two other prisoners, Samir and Muhammad.

"I remember it was just after the dawn prayers," he says. "The first shot was fired and I heard Samir fall to the ground. Two bullets grazed my head but neither of them penetrated my skull. I fell to the ground, and when Muhammad was shot he fell down on top of me. The soldiers then came up to us, took the blindfolds and handcuffs and went away.

"I crawled over to Samir. I thought he had been pretending, like me. Then I saw the bullet hole in his head, and at that moment he died. I went over to Muhammad and found him dead too. I managed to drag their bodies over to one side, and recited a short prayer for them. Then I started walking. I didn't know where I was going, but I was afraid the soldiers would come back." He escaped from Kuwait three weeks later.



## A CLOSE SHAVE

SOME PEOPLE DON'T even have to put any effort into being lucky. Take Jeff Crook, for example. An electrical fire broke out in a bathroom extractor fan at his house in Wolverhampton one night in 1994, while he was in bed and asleep.

Heat from the fire burnt through the fan's plastic surround, causing the motor to fall out. It fell into the room and hit an aerosol can of shaving foam which exploded, spraying the foam over the entire bathroom and putting the fire out in the process.

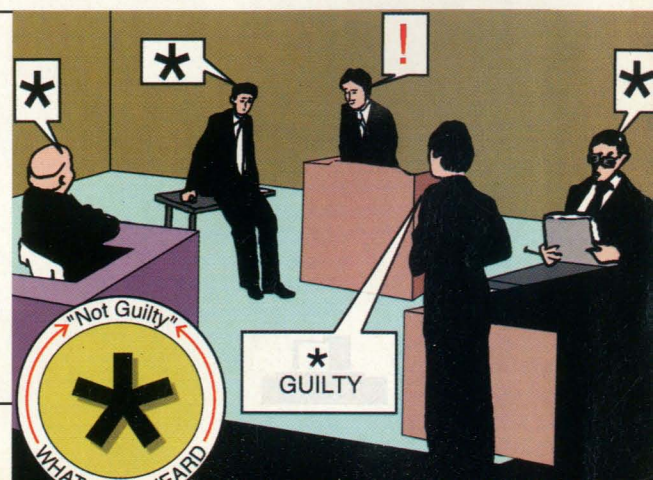
Jeff slept through the whole event, unaware of just how close he came to being toast.

## COURT IN THE ACT

Howard Burke walked free from a court in Ontario, Canada in September 1997, even though he had been found guilty of trying to kill a 31-year-old man over an unpaid car repair bill – because the foreman of the jury had a stammer.

When he was asked for the verdict, the foreman told the court: "We find the accused guilty," but stuttered between the words "accused" and "guilty". Almost everyone, including the judge, the Crown attorney, the defence lawyer and the court stenographer interpreted that noise as the word "not".

The prosecutor, who was expecting the guilty verdict in what had been a pretty open-and-shut case, asked the jurors whether they agreed with the verdict – but not whether they had found Burke not guilty. Knowing their verdict had been "guilty", they all agreed, so the judge's only option was to set Burke free. No one realised the mistake until one of the jurors saw Burke leaving the courtroom. By the time that court officials had sorted out the confusion, he was further away than Wales are from the World Cup. **B**





# Happiness is A WARM GUN

**Knob Creek shooting range has enough military hardware to start an inbred army. ADRIAN PRICE watches the locals make a very tidy racket**

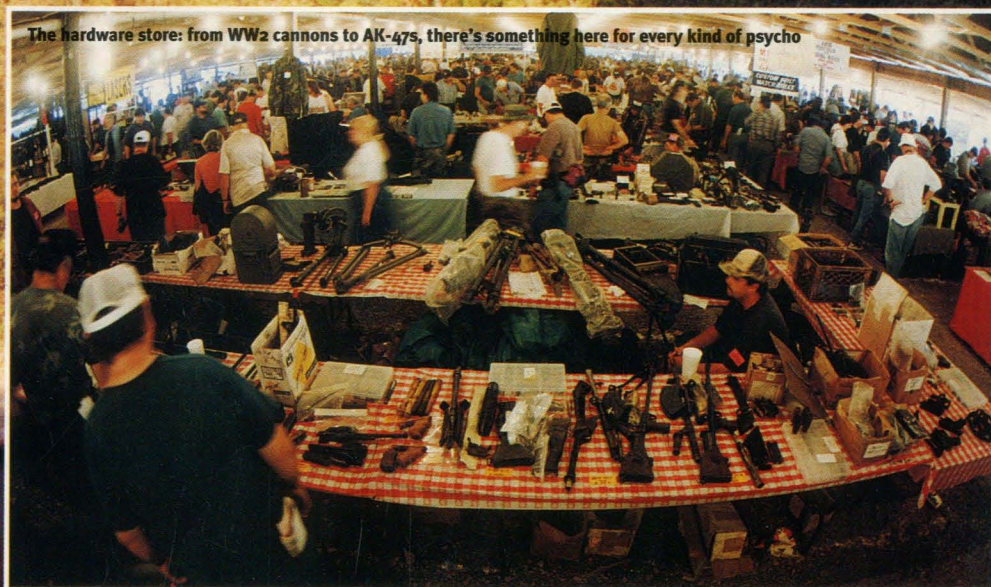


Flame on: the Knob Creek shooters bring a whole new meaning to the concept of lighting up





Photographs by Mike Clevenger



The hardware store: from WW2 cannons to AK-47s, there's something here for every kind of psycho

Every time it went off people stopped and stared. The mini-gun's huge rate of fire – 4000 bullets a minute; over 60 a second – meant that the sound of each shot merged into one continuous Neanderthal burp. Frighteningly squat and compact, the mini-gun could be hired from its owner, Florida gun dealer Jonathan Arthur, for a mere \$45.

Welcome to the Knob Creek shooting range, in the aptly named Bullet County, Kentucky. Here, twice a year, machine-gun owners, dealers and enthusiasts converge from all over the USA to live out the second amendment to the American Constitution: “The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.”

## “Removing a man's right to bear arms is making him live by a crazy man's law”

Started by Little Biff, owner of Biff's Gun World shop on the Dixie High Road, in the early 1970s, it's grown to be the premier event for America's hardcore shooting fraternity. No girls in bikinis, no music – just fully automatic weapons and a lot of ammunition.

Richard Pugesly from Nebraska was one of many people exercising their right to bear arms on the range. Richard, an arms dealer, was firing his homemade replica of “the largest rotating

cannon ever built”, an 1880s Hotchkiss, mounted on a horse-drawn carriage and weighing over half a ton. Between using it to fire huge six-and-a-half-pound bullets – also home-made because they're no longer manufactured – grey-haired and bespectacled Richard lovingly tended the Hotchkiss with an oil can and spanner.

In the trading area, an old marquee, Richard had several fully automatic machine-guns for sale. Under US law, anyone wishing to purchase a class three (dangerous or destructive) weapon such as a machine-gun or short-barrelled shotgun has to pay a \$200 Federal tax. They are then submitted to a series of FBI criminal history

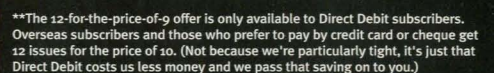


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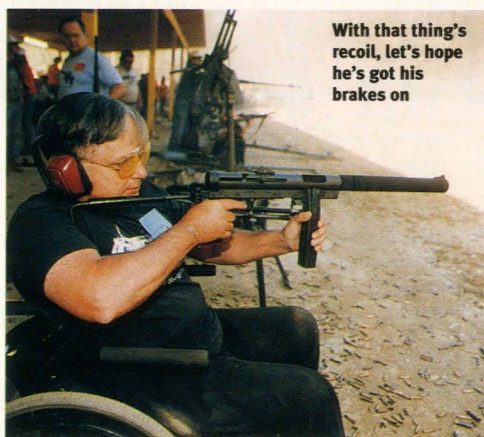


R506





Rattle and hum: The good ol' boys of Bullet County always like to give a hearty welcome to visitors



With that thing's recoil, let's hope he's got his brakes on

checks, similar to but less stringent than the application for a British gun licence. Inter-state laws do vary, but currently 38 states allow the private ownership of fully automatic weapons.

In Kentucky it has been possible to obtain a Concealed Weapons Permit on completion of a police training course since 1985. This allows you to carry a concealed pistol at all times, and makes it perfectly legal to carry a loaded handgun in the glove compartment of your car. Which must make road rage incidents a lot more entertaining than they are in Britain.

For the show, 170 dealers had hired 600 trestle tables from Kenny Sumner, Little Biff's son, who now runs the event. Just about every type of gun was on sale: Heckler & Koch MP-5K sub-machine guns, as used by the SAS in the Iranian Embassy raid and standard issue to anti-terrorist squads worldwide; old Brownings that fire a massive half-inch calibre bullet; Israeli Uzis and of course the AK-47, probably Communist Russia's most successful export and the weapon of choice for freedom fighters, guerrillas, terrorists and Third World armies all over the globe.

Three hundred and eighty five dollars would have bought a 'street sweeper' fully automatic shotgun, or for the same price, Shaun Steere from the Hahn company would have sold me a 12-gauge Remington 'witness protection' shotgun – in reality a manufactured sawn-off with a snub barrel and pistol grip. Said Shaun: "None of us get rich here but we have a lot of fun."

The prices for machine-guns range from \$900 to \$8000. Currently there are an estimated 285,000 legally owned machine-guns in the United States. However, for only \$400 you could buy an M-14 semi-automatic rifle, and for \$5 a nearby stall was selling a book on how to convert it to fully automatic. Anyone feeling wantonly destructive but unable to afford \$405 could buy a book on how to turn a petrol lighter into a hand grenade.

Security took the form of locals hired for the shoot who patrolled the trading area, but Kenny vowed there had never been any trouble: "There are too many guns here. It'd be a free-for-all if trouble started."

The most important purchase for visitors to the shoot is ear plugs. The noise from the firing line is deafening; around 50 machine guns might fire at any one time. Next to Richard's rotating cannon a shooter has mounted two machine-guns on a pick-up truck, like a cross between a Somali warlord's 'technical' and the *Dukes of Hazzard*. Every 20 minutes the range officer, a combined safety officer and compere, calls, "Fire" and "Cease fire." One shooter, a local farmer who had saved himself the 75¢ price of ear plugs by sticking an empty cartridge in each

ear, asked, "Has anyone got the time? Last year I was having so much fun I forgot to go home and milk the cows, and the milk was running out of their titties by the time I got back."

The fair attracts shooters from right across the spectrum of American society, and machine-gun shooting is particularly popular amongst doctors and lawyers. Many of the middle-aged and older men who attend display a competent handling of machine-guns. Maybe they learnt their skills in the battlefields of Korea or Vietnam. Perhaps for them, squeezing off a full clip transports them back in time and gives them another chance to "teach Charlie a lesson." But the event also attracts teenagers and women of all ages. In 1995



## Anyone who was feeling destructive could buy a book on how to turn a petrol lighter into a hand grenade

a 12-year-old girl died when recoil from the three strapped together mini-guns she was firing caused them to flip over, crushing her skull.

Jay from Michigan, 1000 miles from Knob Creek, was trying out for the first time a huge 1940s anti-tank rifle of Finnish manufacture, for which he had paid \$4000. It weighed over 100lbs and fired a 700-gram bullet almost half a foot long. As Jay lay down and gingerly pulled the gun, mounted on small skis, into his shoulder, everyone subtly moved away in case the whole thing blew up. There was a huge bang, the gun fired perfectly, but the recoil sent Jay hurtling backwards in a blur of arms and legs. As the ►



## BIZARRE ADVENTURE

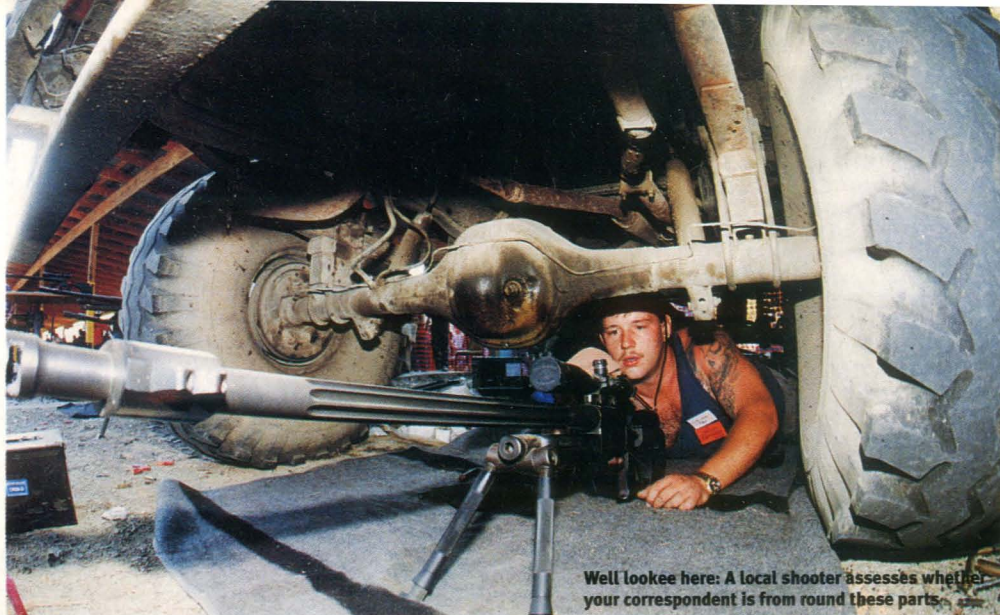
smoke cleared and another cease-fire was called someone asked, "Did you aim at anything, Jay?" "No," he replied with a grin. "I was too busy closing my eyes."

Guns were scrupulously checked and made safe before the range workers rearranged the old cars and logs that were being used as targets. "We don't want any bad publicity. Shoot safely and remember these guns are works of art," announced the range officer.

Many of the gun owners were making serious money. The 50 shooting points, which can accommodate three shooters each, cost \$50 a day to use. The owners are then free to hire their guns to the public. Thirty dollars might get you two to three minutes blasting away with your favourite automatic weapon. Just flip off the safety catch and have a full metal jerk-off.

Officially the shoot begins on the Friday, but by Monday enthusiasts were already filling the range campsite and motels along the Dixie Highway. You can tell the outsiders apart from the real residents of Bullet County by the fact they drive cars, since everyone in the county has a pick-up. Similarly, every county male under 30 has a goatee beard, while every older man has the full ZZ Top wannabe look.

At the entrance to the range (admission price \$7) was the information stall for the local militia, the Kentucky Rifleman. Bob, on weekdays an aircraft engineer for UPS parcels, but resplendent in full military fatigues at weekends, gave



Well lookee here: A local shooter assesses whether your correspondent is from round these parts.

mix of Constitutional rights and the Old Testament. One of the other leaflets available from Bob's stand was entitled 'Christians in Combat'. If Moses had been a militia man he would have stayed behind to give covering fire and kick some Ee-jip-shun butt while the Israelites escaped across the Red Sea.

While the militiamen may have turned out in force, the official police presence was zero. Kenny Sumner seemed as surprised as anyone at the lack of interest from the local sheriff's department: "We've never had any trouble and I guess they're just not bothered, but you should see them at the Bullet

County Fair – they're all over the place!"

The whole event had a quasi-military feel. In the dealer marquee, one stall was doing a roaring trade in camouflage. Military fatigues seem to be de

rigueur for shooters, who were also snapping up camouflage romper suits to help ensure all the Billy Bob Juniors "gets growed up right."

Military mules (specialist four-wheel-drive trucks issued to airborne forces and designed to be dropped by parachute) were being used as range taxis. "These things only weigh 900 pounds," the redneck mule driver informed me, "just about light enough for three good niggers



The Kentucky militia like their food flame grilled

to pick up. But of course we ain't found three good niggers in the whole of Kentucky." I got the impression that the right to bear arms was not the only Southern tradition that this guy respected. Political correctness round these parts means having a Confederate flag bumper sticker. Gun control is regarded by American shooters as being as much about politics and democracy as shooting. Larry from Philadelphia explained this philosophy: "Removing people's right to use guns is forcing the ordinary man to live by crazy man's rules."

On Saturday nights they used to have a night shoot, in which 40-gallon drums filled with inflammable fluids were shot up with tracer ammunition. But dry weather conditions and the 200-acre forest fire it caused one year has put paid to this activity. Instead, a flame-thrower demonstration is deemed much safer. For an hour two operators played swords with two flame-throwers, watched by an enthralled crowd. The intense heat can be felt 200 metres away and you realise why they are such hated weapons of war. I love the smell of napalm in the morning, it smells like... quality leisure time.

By Sunday morning the shoot was over. Charlie Hopson, an agricultural dealer, loaded his flame-throwers into the boot of a Volvo, ready for the long drive back to New York. Security guards cleared up huge piles of empty cartridges. About 7000 visitors had satisfied their cravings for a firepower fix and although they had fired off over a million rounds of ammunition there had not been a single casualty. Perhaps that's what Americans mean by 'friendly fire'. **B**

## Militia man Bob was definitely more Colonel Kurtz than Colonel Sanders

me a copy of the militia newsletter *Taking Aim*. Bob refused to divulge his rank but was definitely more Colonel Kurtz than Colonel Sanders.

Just like shooters, the militiamen knew sections of the US Constitution by heart, and could chart mantra like, "A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms will not be infringed." Militia philosophy is a strange

Machine gun etiquette: make sure you've got your earplugs on safely





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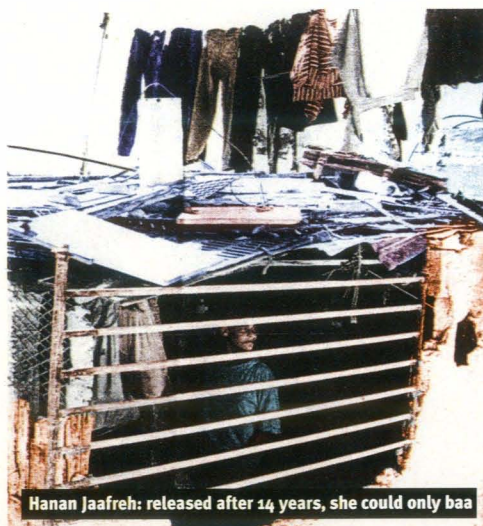
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**C**ONSTANTINA, ELENI AND Stamatina Maltesou were a trio of old maids who lived together in the Greek village of Kypseli Methanon. The sisters were in their late sixties and life and love, it seemed, had passed them by. Until Constantina was swept off her feet by the village's geriatric Romeo, Christos Ladros.

To Eleni's and Stamatina's fury, their sister agreed to marry 85-year-old Ladros – and to make matters worse, the touching tale of star-crossed stairlift love made national headlines when the unlikely couple plighted their troth in the summer of 1970. Now a minor celebrity, Constantina hurried off to make a new life for herself, leaving her jealous sisters feeling slighted and abandoned in their remote farmhouse.

None of which boded well for Constantina when her marriage broke down three years later and she fled back to the bosom of her family. Far from welcoming her home, Eleni and Stamatina



Hanan Jaafreh: released after 14 years, she could only baa

refused to let their sister into the house. Instead, 72-year-old Constantina was locked in a barn with the family sheep. She spent the next eight years imprisoned there, naked, with her woolly chums while her gaolers kept nosy neighbours away by hurling stones at callers.

Far from being unique, Constantina's torment is typical of the fate hundreds of people all over the world still suffer at the hands of their nearest

and dearest. There are plenty of isolated communities which aren't covered by social services and where neighbours can be relied on to keep their mouths shut because there's a tacit agreement that retarded children and problem teens are best locked up out of sight. And there's no shortage of incurious inner-city neighbourhoods where people can disappear and no one bothers about the scuffling sounds from the basement.

No one stepped in to stop another Greek, Christomos Voyatzis, from keeping his 86-year-old mother locked in a hen house to stop her arguing with his wife. And neighbours didn't notice when Marcello Montesi of Ancona in Italy got tired of his old mistress and bricked her up in a garage, feeding her nothing but corned beef for 10 months.

Admittedly this sort of thing is rare in the UK. But it does happen. Eighteen months ago the death of Karen Morgan – a 29-year-old sufferer from obsessive-compulsive disorder who had

The 72-year-old Constantina was locked in a barn with the family sheep. She spent the

| HOW LONG?                                                                                    | PRISONER                                        | WHERE                                       | WHEN      | GAOLER                   | INCARCERATION                                                                                                  | REASON WHY                                                                                                                                                                          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|-----------|--------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (Up to) a few months                                                                         | 64 Pakistani schoolboys                         | Multan, Pakistan                            | 1996      | Teachers                 |  Chained up in the school | When their teachers denounced them for watching satellite TV, the boys' parents asked for them to be chained to stop them running away from school                                  |
| 1 year                                                                                       | Five-year-old boy                               | Bellingham, Washington State                | 1995-1996 | Two women                | Tied to a chair in a motel bedroom                                                                             | The women decided the brat was 'cannibalistic' after he bit one of them                                                                                                             |
| 2 years                                                                                      | Unnamed boy                                     | Boksburg, South Africa                      | 1988-1990 | Parents                  |  A kennel                 | His parents found he was less trouble locked up with the dog. When released, the boy could only bark and whimper                                                                    |
| 3 years                                                                                      | Cannuci Family                                  | Sicily                                      | 1978-1981 | Father                   | Locked in a steel-barred cell with only a Bible to read                                                        | Because religious fanatic Umberto Cannuci heard voices in his head which told him he should imprison his wife and teenage daughters to keep them safe from 'the world's corruption' |
| 6 years                                                                                      | Maria Jose Roudaut                              | Nantes, France                              | 1964-1970 | Parents                  | Chained to the floor in a garden shed                                                                          | Stealing pop records: "So we shut her up for her own good."                                                                                                                         |
| Nearly 8 years                                                                               | Vivelinda Rodrigues and daughters Anna and Rosa | Alhos Vedros, near Lisbon, Portugal         | 1973-1981 | Lover, Antonio Verissimo | Farm shed                                                                                                      | To keep his affair and illegitimate daughters secret                                                                                                                                |
|  10 years | News Horufu                                     | A village 70 miles from Salisbury, Zimbabwe | 1971-1981 | Fellow villagers         | Chained naked to a tree, outdoors                                                                              | Because he was said to be possessed by an evil spirit. Cured after 10 years by Mrs Jelly Chari, a witch doctor                                                                      |



# dances with sheep

incarcerated herself in her bedroom for the previous 14 years – focused national attention on the bizarre goings-on in the Morgan's ordinary suburban house in Erith, Kent.

Although Karen had seen no one but her mother since 1982, she contrived to rule the lives of all her family by sheer force of will. Her mother Josie was forced to complete lengthy washing rituals before delivering Karen's food, and her brother Russell also became a recluse, emerging from his bedroom only at night. When Karen died of bronchial pneumonia and a malignant brain tumor, her brother and parents made failed attempts to commit suicide.

In a world where even Patrick Henry, the All-American hero best remembered for saying "Give me liberty or give me death", could keep his wife locked in a cellar for the last 20 years of her life just because she hated his guts, we have to ask: what price liberty, anyway?

**Locking your sister in a shed with farm animals, or tying a child to a tree, may seem like unbelievable solutions to family problems – but they happen. SETH DICKSON reports on folk who take the concept of family ties just a little too literally**

next eight years there, naked, while her sisters kept neighbours away by throwing stones

## Cage of torment

IT TOOK A curious visitor to the Gomez family's hovel in Huasteca, Mexico, to alert the authorities to the plight of little Lourdes Gomez. At the time of her discovery in December 1997, four-year-old Lourdes had spent two years hanging over a pigsty in a makeshift bamboo cage measuring just 3ft square by 1ft deep.

When the police cut Lourdes down, she was covered in her own excrement and suffering from acute malnutrition caused by a diet which had consisted solely of scraps meant for the animals. Her tiny cage was far too small to allow her to stand or lie flat, and as a result she had developed severe breathing disorders and injuries to her hips from sitting in the same cramped position day after day. Hardly surprisingly, the child could neither walk nor talk.

Lourdes's parents, Juan and Maria Gomez, showed a lack of remorse typical in such cases. They explained their daughter had 'bothered' them after falling ill, as well as 'disgusting' her mother by cramming dirt from the kitchen floor into her mouth when she was one year old. "We treat our other children well – it was just this one who was hard to control," Maria complained. "It was how we protected her."

Surprisingly, the neighbours had long known all about the caged toddler. "They didn't set out to be cruel to their little girl – they're just ignorant," one said, with touching concern. "Anyway, they moved the cage to the shady side of the hut in summer, and in winter they left her over the pig pen for warmth." ►





## Don't try the pig's head stew

PEDRO DA SILVA was champion wood-cutter in the Brazilian town of Dom Basilio – until the day he chowed down on a dodgy pig's-head stew. The toxins in his dinner turned him into an aggressive menace who beat up friends and tried to kill his own father.

Da Silva's behaviour continued to deteriorate – “He threw rocks, chewed twigs and ran wild in the forest like a savage animal,” his sister recalled – and in 1938 his relatives decided to lock him away. Pedro's sisters bundled him into the family pigsty and chained him to the wall. He spent the next 43 years covered in pigshit, surviving only on swill.

By the time the authorities finally realised what was going on and raided the da Silva place in 1981, Pedro was an emaciated wreck. He was scarcely able to stand, his skin was yellow with malnutrition, and he had lost the power of speech. One way or another, pigs had ruined his life.



## Troublesome headache

CARMELA BORCHETTI, 16, complained of a headache in 1989 – and spent the next six and a half years locked in her pitch-black bedroom for her pain.

Instead of prescribing aspirin, her fortune-telling uncle decided that she must be possessed by evil spirits and the only way of exorcising them was for her to spend seven years in a state of total sensory deprivation.

Borchetti had been incarcerated for six and a half years by the time someone tipped off a social worker. Remarkably, Carmela – now 22 and hardly able to stand – emerged from her room just long enough to tell the authorities she wanted to complete the remainder of her treatment. “I must lie here for six more months and then I can live again,” she said.

| HOW LONG?                                                                                    | PRISONER              | WHERE                         | WHEN      | GAOLER                                                   | INCARCERATION                                                                                        | REASON WHY                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|-------------------------------|-----------|----------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 13 years                                                                                     | Mariano Jose da Silva | Brazil                        | 1983-1996 | Wife                                                     | In a windowless room                                                                                 | Da Silva's wife and her lover chained him to a wall when he caught them together. Finally released by a posse of cousins from Brasilia, Mariano said: “At first I cried a lot, but then I got used to it.” |
|  14 years | Gerald Chandler       | Tennessee                     | 1965-1979 | Mother                                                   | In a large cage on the front porch, from the age of 30                                               | “Because he's simple and to protect him from the outside world”                                                                                                                                            |
| 14 years                                                                                     | Hanan Jaafreh         | Jabal Mukabar, near Jerusalem | 1980-1996 | Parents and sister                                       | Tethered with the sheep in the front garden, and sometimes in a home-made cage                       | Because she was mentally handicapped. By the time she was released, the Bedouin girl could baa like a sheep but did not speak                                                                              |
| 18 years                                                                                     | Maria Canales         | Choloma, Honduras             | 1978-1996 | Mother                                                   | Locked in a darkened room                                                                            | None. Canales was totally deprived of human contact from age 15, and had gone completely mad by the time she was freed                                                                                     |
| (Up to) 20 years                                                                             | Kolak Family          | Melbourne, Australia          | 1960-1980 | Father                                                   | House protected by 13ft wire fence and searchlights, sirens and electronic eyes                      | Miroslav Kolak thought he was protecting his eight kids from the evils of the world. Neighbours were unaware the children existed until 21-year-old Alexander managed to escape                            |
| 27 years                                                                                     | Eleni Karioti         | Kostalexi, central Greece     | 1951-1978 | Elder brother and sisters                                |  6' x 8' cellar | She wanted to marry a war-time resistance hero although her elder sisters, Olympia and Maria, couldn't find husbands                                                                                       |
| 37 years                                                                                     | Giovanna Lucia Tiana  | Bultei, Sardinia              | 1940-1977 | Brothers and sisters                                     | Pitch-black cellar                                                                                   | They thought she was possessed by the devil                                                                                                                                                                |
| 60 years                                                                                     | Carmine Ferretti      | Atri, Italy                   | 1916-1976 | Parents, then brothers after their death, from 7 onwards | Pigsty                                                                                               | Struck dumb and partially paralysed by meningitis                                                                                                                                                          |



## Coffin up

ERNESTINE KIESERLING DEvised the perfect cure for her 17-year-old adopted daughter Maria, who was mentally handicapped and suffering from a growth problem caused by her premature birth. The retired religious studies teacher from Austria commissioned a carpenter to make a lockable coffin-sized box for her daughter, complete with air holes so that she could breathe. Then she locked Maria inside every night for five years, releasing her each morning to beat her, seal her mouth with tape or lock her in a shed.

Acting on an anonymous tip-off, the police raided the Kieserling home in June 1996 and found the box soaked in urine and full of bloodstained old newspapers.

Mrs K. got five years for cruelty and went down still protesting that she had been acting the best interests of her daughter. "It was to make her grow," she said. "You won't believe it, but she grew 14cm in there."



## Silent Widnes

EDITH DE LOUGHERY HAD such acute agoraphobia that she didn't leave her house in Widnes, Cheshire, for over 30 years. While her husband Arnold worked as a night porter, Edith wore the same dress every day, grew eight-inch fingernails and refused to cut her hair. When Arnold failed to show up for work in January 1981, his boss phoned the police. Firemen broke into the house and found him lying dead. Edith was gibbering in a 'nest' of rubbish and rotting newspapers she had stacked to within two feet of the kitchen ceiling.



## Odd 'uns family values

ANGELA DE FALCO (left), a three-year-old from Naples, spent most of her early life chained to a bed – because her parents had discovered she was less bother that way. They were charged with child abuse when the girl was finally discovered in October 1980, just two among the dozens of parents whose challenging views on the question of quality time have turned Italy into a world leader in the infant incarceration stakes.

In the Calabrian village of Girifalco, for example, little Oscar de Vito spent years locked in a cage because his parents wanted to "stop him from hurting himself" while they both went out to work. And two of the longest lock-ups on record – imprisonments lasting 37 and 60 years respectively – also occurred in Italy (see table).

Anglo-Saxons may have different reasons for keeping their children off the streets, but the psychological scars can be just as severe. A British mother kept her three kids locked in the house for three years because she had convinced herself that they would be hurt in a road accident if she ever let them go outside.

The same view was shared by a Yugoslavian religious fanatic living in Australia, who locked up his family for 20 years, leaving neighbours unaware of his children's existence (see table).

But religious conviction is not the only reason for captive kids. Two girls aged 12 and 19 from Bayreuth, Germany, who were finally released from a similar incarceration in 1977, had been locked away since birth "to stop them catching diseases". And Verna Adams, of Denver, spent the years 1922 to 1942 chained to a bed because her mother had decided she was unbalanced. After her release a doctor discovered that she was, in fact, not crazy after all those years. **B**

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# Defuseniks

**In a city at war with itself, the Jerusalem Bomb Squad never know if the next case will be a false alarm or a booby-trap. JEFF ROTMAN risked death photographing some of the 20,000 packages they make safe each year**



SINCE THE REUNIFICATION of Israel in 1967, bombs planted by extremists and terrorists have killed over 300 civilians in Jerusalem. Almost

more dramatic are the cases we never hear about. The Jerusalem Bomb Squad, the busiest in the world, is called to more than 50 suspect devices a day. Most are false alarms, but each year roughly 100 turn out to be the real thing.

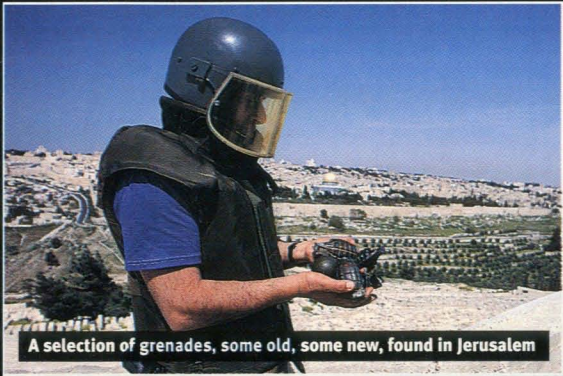
Many bombs are simply hidden in cars, suitcases and bags, but the vigilance of the city's citizens and the efficiency of the bomb squad has led to an arms race between the two sides. As the 'sappers' (as bomb squad officers are known) become more expert at spotting and defusing devices, the terrorists' ways of disguising their explosives become more and more ingenious. In the past, booby-trapped grenades have been hidden inside loaves of bread, balls of wool, flower-pots or even pill-bottles. Crates of eggs, old fridges and broken television sets have contained larger bombs. A matchbox packed with plastique explosive with a timer made from a lady's watch almost killed a member of the squad. And in 1979 a bicycle was left near a café in the Ben Yehuda mall. Its thin tubular frame had been packed with plastique. The blast killed one civilian and wounded 36 others.

Not all the devices the squad has to defuse are new ones. Jerusalem has been fought over for centuries, and old munitions are still dug up in fields and gardens, or appear in the foundations of buildings. Small Turkish grenades, about 100 years old, turn up the most often and are still potentially deadly.

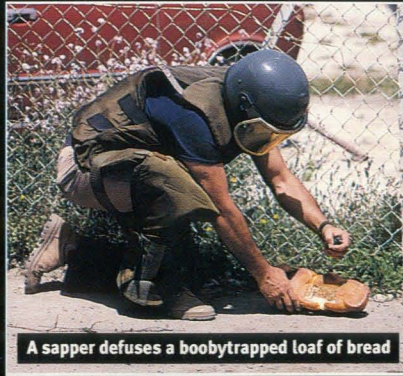
The squad's distinctive blue-and-white vans patrol the streets, waiting for the radio message which will send them speeding to the



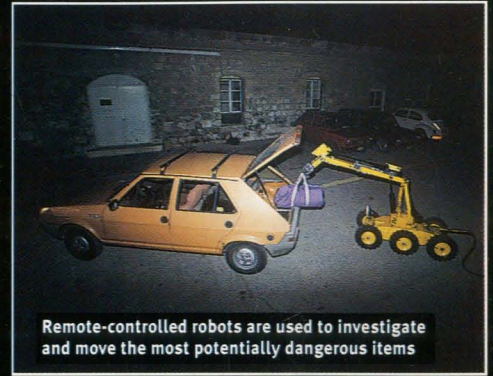




A selection of grenades, some old, some new, found in Jerusalem



A sapper defuses a boobytrapped loaf of bread

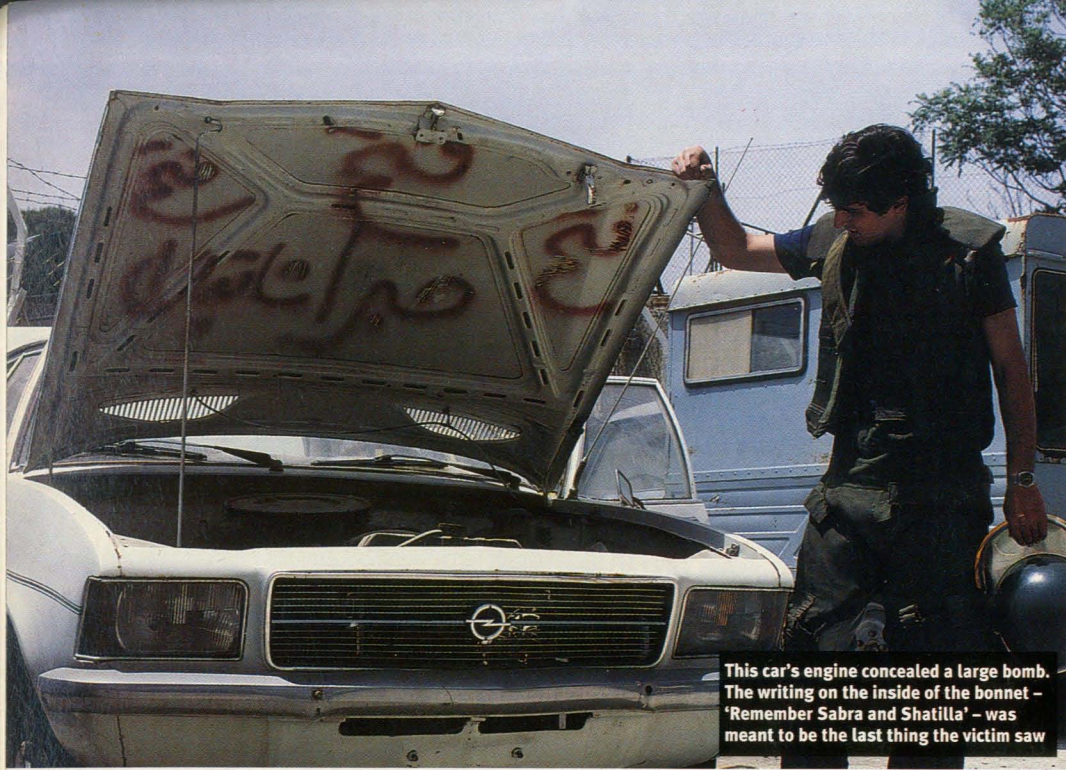


Remote-controlled robots are used to investigate and move the most potentially dangerous items

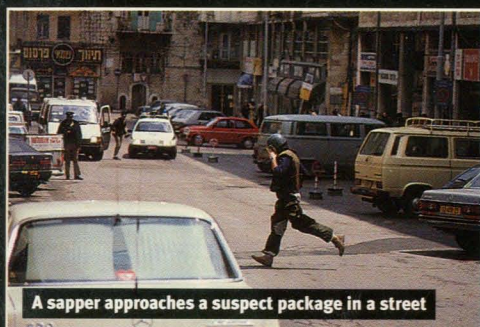


A selection of the disguised bombs that terrorists have planted around Jerusalem, being carried by some of the men they were meant to kill

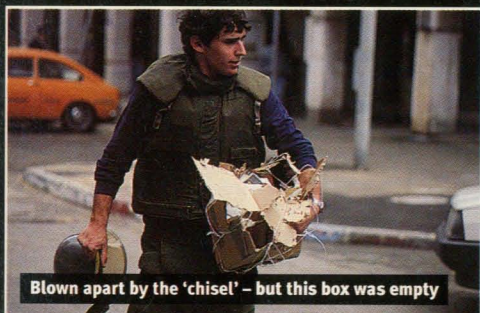




This car's engine concealed a large bomb. The writing on the inside of the bonnet – 'Remember Sabra and Shatilla' – was meant to be the last thing the victim saw



A sapper approaches a suspect package in a street



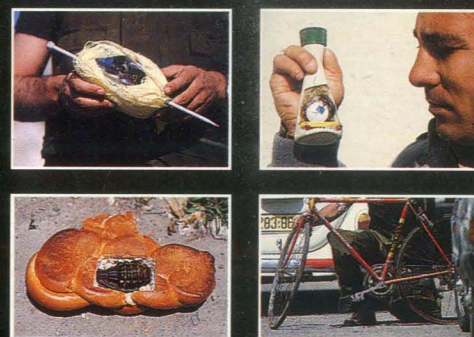
Blown apart by the 'chisel' – but this box was empty



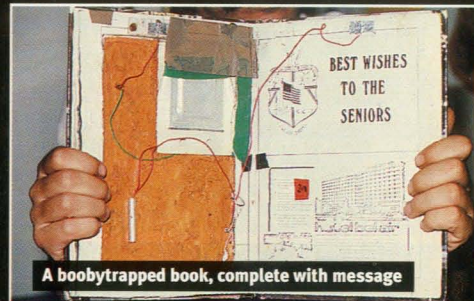
Another false alarm, and a moment of relief from tension. Roughly one out of every 150 reports is a real bomb



This warning label is attached to most parcels delivered in Israel



Knitting, bottles, loaves of bread, bicycles – the terrorists' quest to find new ways of hiding bombs never ends



A boobytrapped book, complete with message

location of another suspect package. Ronny, the oldest member of the squad at 40, prefers not to use a siren – one of the squad's many superstitions – unless he gets "the feeling". All the sappers have different instincts that tell them that a particular suspect package is a live one. Ronny says it's a sudden chill down his spine; for Uri, the squad's leader, it's a tingling in his fingertips.

The real power behind the bomb squad is the people who report the abandoned or suspect packages. "We're only as good as the people of the city," says Uri. "If we can get to the bomb, we can prevent an explosion. But it's up to the people to let us know about the bombs." He doesn't mind working long hours for the equivalent of £650 a month: "The busier we are, the safer the city."

Apart from the public, the squad has one ally: a six-wheeled robot which is operated by remote control. It carries various tools including the 'chisel', a small shotgun that can destroy a bomb's detonator or blow a small explosive apart before it can go off. But if the robot can't deal with the problem then only a layer of body-armour, a small range of hand-tools, experience and intuition stand between a squad member and an explosion at close range. It's not surprising that they believe in omens.

One of their strongest superstitions is that they shouldn't show their faces in photographs. Only two sappers have been killed defusing bombs, in separate incidents in the 1970s. Both had just been photographed for newspaper stories. The military censors won't let the squad's real names appear in print, so they operate in a world of anonymity, adored and applauded by the citizens they protect, but unknown to them.

Whether or not you takes sides in the struggle between Israel and Palestine, it's impossible not to respect these people. "If the terrorists attacked soldiers – well, that's war. But kids?" asks Uri. There are no easy answers. Until a solution of some kind is found then the squad's work must continue. **B**



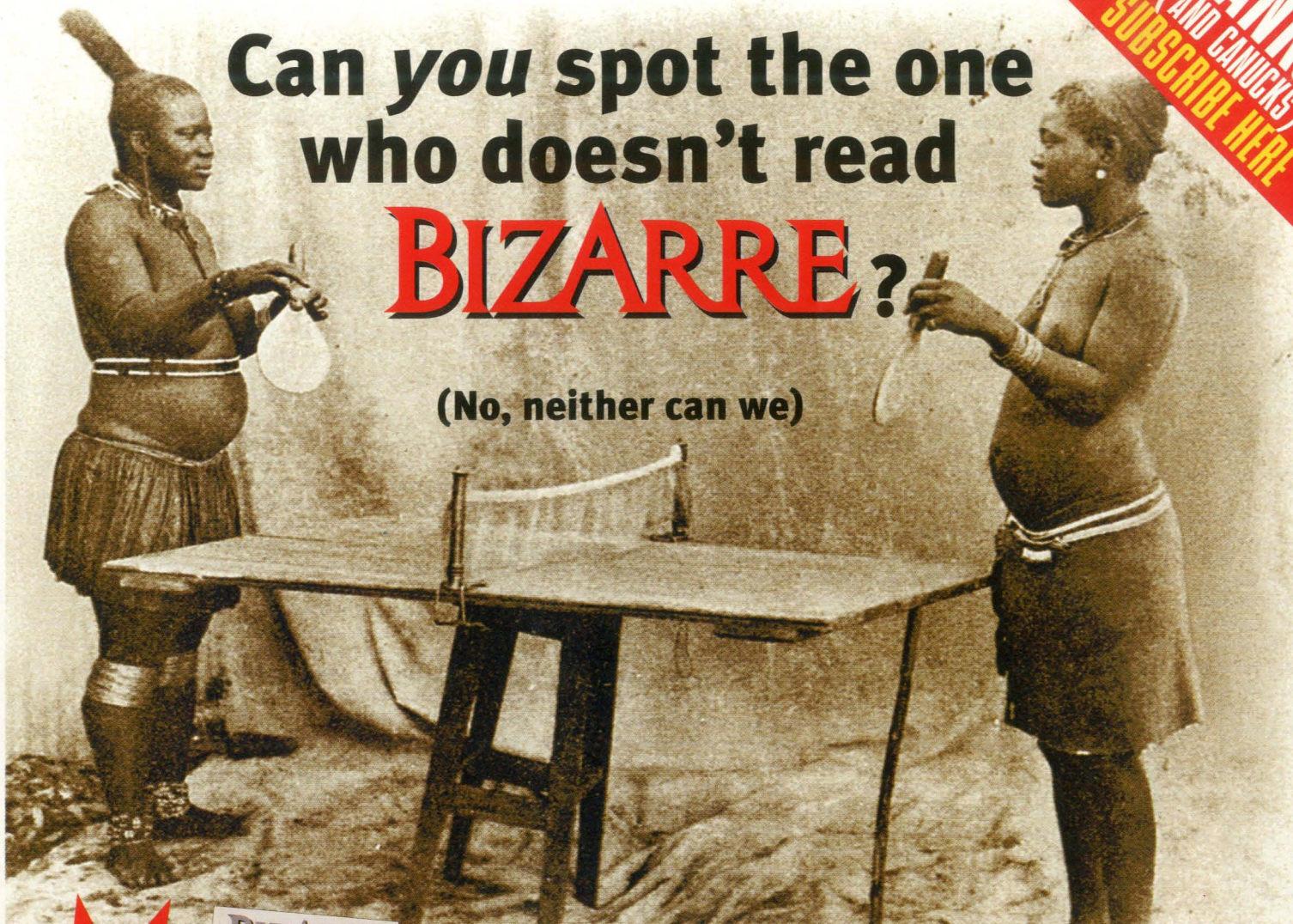


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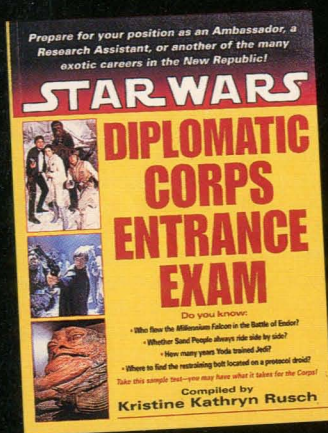
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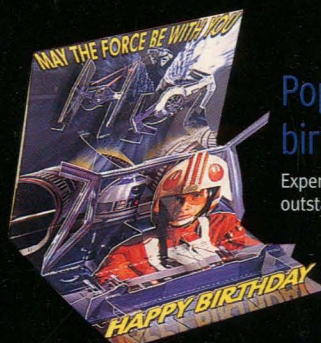
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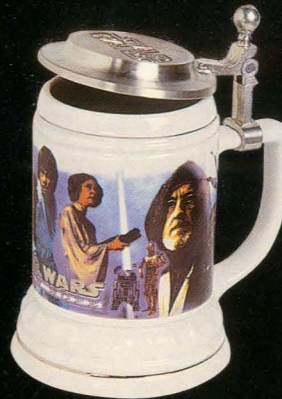
## Yellow silk 'Cantina Scene' tie

Perversely there is something less sleazy about silk ties with nekkid ladies on them than this shiny, slippery example of the sort of 'fun' product worn by eager double-glazing salesmen and Star Wars nuts (but only to weddings and funerals). £19.99



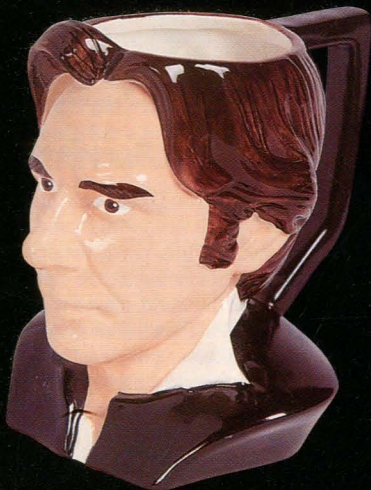
## Wonder World

Well, it made us wonder. Prime piece of merchandising tat... fill the tank with gel, stick stickers on the inside of the plastic, and float some little models in it for that 3D space effect. Or something. Testimonial. £24.99



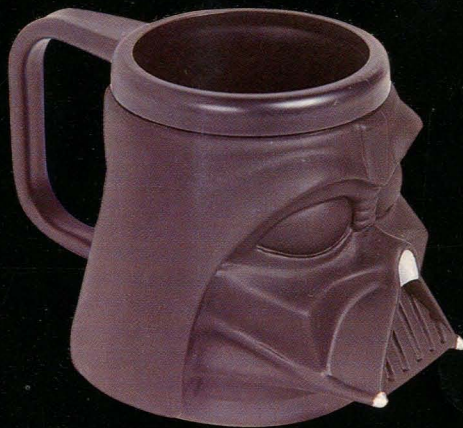
## Ceramic steins

If you think this is good value for money you probably also think it's a suave item to be seen propping up the bar at a sci-fi convention with. Nasty cheap transfer design and aluminium lid. Not one for the Mos Eisley cantina. £49.99



## Ceramic figure mug

More practical for displaying than drinking out of, this beaky version of Han Solo will make you dribble if you try to enjoy your cocoa out of it. £16.99



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Scare your tots to death with this cool-looking plastic mug, for our money one of the best designed Star Wars products. £4.99

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Looks like something you get in a cereal packet. Only for fans who are serious, seriously young, or easily pleased. £1.99



## Stormtrooper outfit

Bring your kids up weird by making them wear stifling white rubber masks all day and dressing them in bri-nylon. We haven't tried it, of course, but we reckon most girlfriends would fit into its rather generous synthetic embrace too. £49.99



## Electronic keyring

It's cheap, it's cheerful, it gets annoying around the tenth time someone snatches it off you and pushes the button to make it say "May the force be with you". £6.99



## Giga pet

It was inevitable someone would make a Star Wars virtual pet. In this case you get to lube R2D2's tubes and make sure he has enough oil to keep on trundling. £11.99





## Videos you should see before you die



### Der Todesking

Jörg (Nekromantik) Buttger-eit's 1989 *Der Todesking* or 'The Deathking' is bleakly, provocatively depressing. With a different *tableau* for each day of the week, it is a film without central characters, the theme continuous only in that each section features the suicide of a total stranger. The near lack of dialogue is symptomatic of the solitude of self-destruction, and the film has a frustratingly voyeuristic atmosphere, heightened by unnerving *avant-garde* delivery. Many people have classified *Der Todesking* as a video nasty, but this ignores the film's brooding purpose. Save yourself some money on downers and get some art-house in at the same time.

Out now £12.99, Screen Edge

### Small Time/Where's the Money Ronnie?



Having been thrown out of art college, drama college and photography college, director Shane Meadows made these 1996 films on dole money, crap food and borrowed equipment. If you didn't know that, you never would have guessed.

*Where's the Money Ronnie?* is a short in which three police interviews give very different accounts of loan shark Ronnie's fracas with the Marzetti brothers' mafia. *Small Time* is an hour-long rumble through the streets of Nottingham with a bunch of hapless crooks who nick pallets of dog-food, drink booze, smoke weed and attempt to do over New Age emporiums. Meanwhile, their long-suffering missuses gossip, don't go out with the lads, and instead get their kicks out of vibrators and yoga classes.

Out now £15.99, Electric Pictures

### TO RENT: Lewis & Clark & George



*Lewis & Clark & George* is a hip gunslinger of a road movie. Two men are on the run from the State Penitentiary. Lewis is a bit thick but handy with a gun, and Clark, a computer fraudster but otherwise honest. They are not quite

the perfect couple, but through the combination of Lewis' illiteracy and a treasure map, greed and gold fever keep them together... at least until the arrival of the silent, red-lipped siren George on the scene. Lust-lorn from a long spell inside, Clark is slickly softened by her subtle feminine wiles. As his blood begins to rush downstairs instead of up, the inevitable mayhem is unleashed.

A new supervixen is born

# Pervtastic



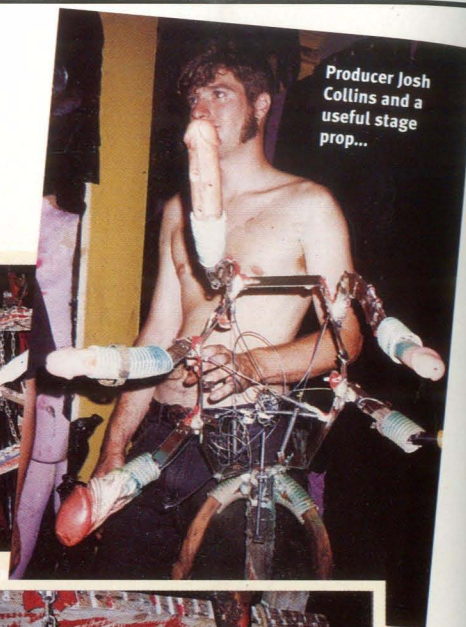
Pervirella in hot Valkyrie action



Hanging loose: Max Décharné



Who is this BIZARRE person?



Producer Josh Collins and a useful stage prop...

## Bizarre gets on the set of the new British cult classic *Pervirella*

SOMETIMES IT'S HARD to be a Perv: standing around all day in a costume left over from the opera *Aida*, augmented by fishnets and gold-sprayed motorbike boots, waiting for Queen Victoria to take her latex face off and metamorphose into the evil Perv Leader. Then you can get down to action, tying hapless Prime Minister Bruce Bane to the wheel of torture and whipping him senseless while Demon Nanny Rebecca Eden laughs mockingly in his face. Such was the life of an extra on the set of *Pervirella*, the no-budget British film which combines the camera animation trickery of Ray Harryhausen with the epic scope of Dino D. Laurentis and ties them to a sleazoid mondo-a-go-go aesthetic that would make Russ Meyer proud.

*Pervirella* was conceived by Josh Collins, founder of London's Frat Shack club, set designer extraordinaire and the auteur behind such straight-to-video trash classics as *Hot Carumba!* It was filmed mainly in his residence, an outrageously outfitted deconsecrated church in Islington, on insurance money from a recent house fire. Starring all his friends, the film was outfitted by his dress-designer girlfriend Babzotica. Music was

especially scored by the London Gay Symphony Orchestra, with bump-n-grind incidental toons by Thee Headcoats, The Diaboliks and Les Hommes. Director Alex Chandon, romantic lead The Shend and the late, great B-movie legend David Warbeck were three of the few people on the set with previous luvvie experience.

This blasphemous take on costume drama begins in the court of Queen Victoria (played by the multi-talented Sexton Ming), and quickly progresses to Amazonia, via a lost city in the desert and a spectacular

underwater world that would make Kevin Costner weep with shame. In the middle of this frankly deranged action shines Pervirella, the sex-mad saviour of the world, played with Penelope Pitstop breathlessness by saucy newcomer Emily Bouffante, who gets to wear pink wigs with devil's horns and shag half the known world. Surrounding her is a corrupt cornucopia of talent: David Warbeck's devilish cross between Tom Jones and Lawrence of Arabia, beefcake bruiser The Shend's shy, retiring merman, Max Décharné's Peter Cushing-like Curator and the mercurial Ming, whose dastardly presence provokes a sizeable amount of the film's laugh quota.

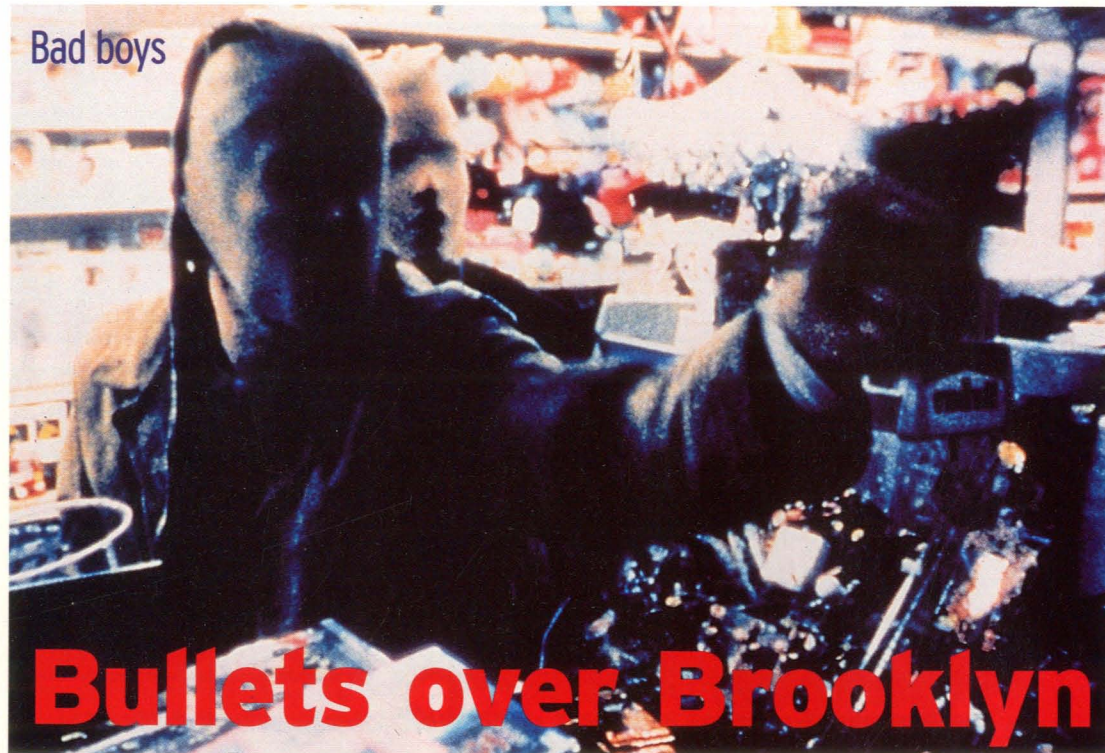
"It was the first time I've played a folically challenged underdressed buffoon," says The Shend "And I thoroughly enjoyed the whole experience." Décharné, who had to suffer being strapped to the rack of death in the film's penultimate fight scene, claims the experience "turned my hair grey. I'll never play the violin again."

*Pervirella* is now out on video, released by Screen Edge





Bad boys



## Bullets over Brooklyn

**Young gun Salvatore Stabile's gangland fable is a hit with Hollywood's big shots**

YOU'LL PROBABLY be relieved to hear that *Gravesend* isn't some heart-warming English 'comedy' set on the Kent coast, but a tough crime thriller that takes place in the other Gravesend, near New York's Coney Island. It's the first film from 23-year-old Brooklyn tough guy Salvatore Stabile, and his impressive screenplay and direction have already scored him a production deal with Spielberg's Dreamworks studio.

Documenting 24 hours in the lives of four Brooklyn bad lads, *Gravesend*

begins with some autobiographical narration from Stabile that introduces us to the film's central character – Zane, a hair-trigger psycho played by the explosive Tony Tucci. Zane pressgangs his pals Ray, Chicken and Mikey into helping him dispose of one of his victims. But dealing with a berzerker is never easy, and the various scams the foursome cook up to try and raise enough dough to buy an illicit cremation from seedy JoJo the Junkie (Macky Aquilino) fail miserably. Carnage swiftly ensues,

and set against the haunting, faded vaudeville aura of Coney Island, the bloody unravelling of the hapless gang has a bittersweet poignancy.

Stabile's wild Italian name, casual use of violence and 'street' attitude have all earned him yawnsome comparisons with Tarantino. In fact Stabile has far more in common with Quentin's B-movie buddy Robert Rodriguez. Although both Rob and Sal subscribe to the 'guerrilla' film-making ethos, they soon sucked up to Hollywood once they'd forged their



Drive by: *Gravesend's* unheroic trio

'indie' credentials (*Gravesend* is 'presented' by Oliver Stone).

Rodriguez and Stabile both claim that their debut features – *El Mariachi* and *Gravesend* respectively – cost \$5,000. When critic Joe Queenan tried to repeat Rodriguez's feat he found that even the cheapest 90 minute movie wouldn't leave you with much change from \$80,000.

This isn't to deny the achievements of low-budget auteurs: making any kind of film for under \$100,000, let alone a good one, is commendable. And *Gravesend* has the kind of drive and conviction that old farts like Stone and Spielberg are only too desperate to buy into.

But critics have also begun to question Stabile's gangsta past. *New Yorker* scribe Mark Singer did some digging and found that Sal was from a solid middle-income family, an honor student who liked to write poetry. Stabile himself now admits that he talked up his connections to the mob "to get attention".

He's certainly succeeded, chatting to Steve and Olly, planning his next projects with a bright future ahead. Just raise a wry eyebrow the next time you hear that magic \$5000 number... *Gravesend* is trailed on next month's free video **Bullets & Babes**

Stabile subscribes to the 'guerrilla' film-making ethos, but soon sucked up to Hollywood

## BIZARRE LOW-BUDGET B-MOVIE BLOCKBUSTERS

B-Movie producers used to desperately disguise the fact that their product was made for a couple of bucks. Nowadays cheapness is some kind of badge of integrity – just as jaded rock stars make a big thing of playing the clubs again, star directors are forever going back to their low-budget roots. Of course, by 'low budget' they usually mean under \$15 million. For real genius on a shoestring you have to look back to the 1950s and 1960s, those halcyon years of the drive-in double bill. Check out these bargain beauties:

### The Terror (1963)

Cheapo maestro Roger Corman cranked this one out in three days... and boy does it show. After he had completed his Poe



adaptation *The Raven*, Corman found he still had some fancy sets and Boris Karloff available to him. He cobbled together a nonsensical plot about ghosts and cast a young Jack Nicholson. Francis Ford Coppola was among five other uncredited directors who pitched in. Corman was pleased with Coppola's "beautiful scenes" even though they "didn't exactly mesh with what I had shot."

### What's Up Tiger Lily? (1966)

Woody Allen took *Kagi No Kagi*, a 1964 Japanese spy flick, re-edited it, gave it bizarre English dialogue and a new title.



And bingo! One new and improved film for little or no cost.

### Vampyros Lesbos (1969)

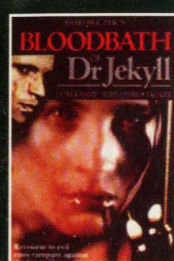
Jess Franco sustained a 30-year career making trash movies on tiny budgets. Working in France, Spain, Germany, Italy, England, Franco cut corners and common sense in order to keep bashing away at his 'craft'. *Vampyros Lesbos* is worth singling out from the pack because it shows up on cable TV from time to time, and has a groovy soundtrack and reasonable production values.



## MOST BIZARRE FILMS EVER

### 4. The Bloodbath Of Doctor Jekyll (1981)

This hallucinatory version of Stevenson's classic tale is brimful of blood and rampant eroticism. Horny Dr Jekyll goes on the rampage, systematically shagging to death anyone who stands in his path. Director Walerian Borowczyk brought together a bizarre cast including Andy Warhol stalwart Udo Kier in the title role and veteran nutjob actor Patrick Magee. Sample dialogue: "It would appear that his sex is abnormally long and pointed."





## A MATTER OF TASTE



WHEN IT COMES to making new computer games of dubious taste there are two US-based software companies that leave the rest of the competition twiddling their dicks. Lamprey

Systems and Argus IG are publishers of the sickest, nastiest games in the business.

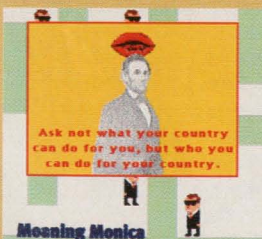
Lamprey Systems has targeted religious groups as having the biggest 'pissed off' potential and over the last few years has come up with classics such as 'MacWanker' and 'F\*ck 'Em' ('The only thing missing is 'U,' they say). The aim of 'F\*ck 'Em' is to guide a small penis around the screen to strains of 'Walk On The Wild Side' and have sex with sheep, latex love dolls and knotholes. In addition the player must evade ex-wives, bill collectors, illegitimate children and the AIDS virus.

If you think that's bad then prepare yourself for 'Operation Rescue', where players must use a coathanger to stop footuses from being chucked into dustbins, so they can be eaten by demons instead. A bit of a right-wing button-pusher, that one.

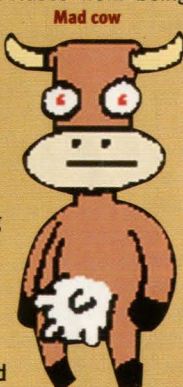
"You'd be surprised by the number of people who find driving nails into MacJesús's face or sending Bill Gates straight to Hell a liberating experience," says Robert Carr from Lamprey Systems.

Argus have gone for slapstick, distributing 'Mad Cow Roulette' and 'Ebola Monkey Bingo', both of which have meant more abusive messages in their mail-boxes. "We had a letter from a guy in England who said I should quit distributing 'Mad Cow Roulette' because a relative of theirs had died of CJD. I wrote back and said that if they could produce the death certificate, I'd quit distributing the game. Needless to say, we never heard back."

Argus's latest game is 'Moaning Monica', a game based around the recent accusations about Bill Clinton's sex life. The aim of the game is to guide Monica (bitten by a radioactive hoover as a child and in possession of super sucking powers) around the White House to help the President, who has been bitten by a snake. Once the player gets to the Oval Office, Monica... well, you can guess. This is the one time BIZARRE will recommend you try a game that sucks.

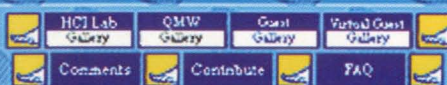


Argus IG: <http://members.aol.com/argusig/>  
Lamprey Systems:  
<http://members.aol.com/lampreysys/>



Mad cow

Still lives



## Cam the cam

### The strangest uses of webcams, from volcanos to naked mole rats

FINDING GOOD WEBCAMS can leave you with square eyes and sore wrists. Sadly, all too many of these digital marvels are pointing at household appliances.

So to the first destination, **Around the World in 80 Clicks** - <http://www.steveweb.com/80clicks> - a more than welcome find. This is the brainchild of Steve Fuchs and does exactly what it claims, transforming you into a nethead Phileas Fogg. The site's friendly layout lets you leave the tour and return again at any point.

I went off to see the **Mexican Volcano cam** (<http://www.cenapred.unam.mx/UltimamagenVolcan2.html>), hoping that a natural disaster might be delivered directly to my desktop. When this didn't happen I parked at the **Base Mawson Antarctic Station cam** (<http://www.shebeen.com/antL.htm>). This is the place to watch the polar ice caps melt, but you probably stand more chance of witnessing Biff relieving himself in the toilet monitored at <http://www.primenet.com/~rstbear/biff1.html>. Like most toilet cams this looks like a still image and

therefore a hoax, but I don't think the same can be said of June Houston's Ghostwatch at <http://www.flyvision.org/sitelite/Houston/GhostWatcher/index.html>.

June's bed emits sounds in the night. She assumed that this must be ghosts, and set up 15 cameras, lit by spotlights, in the darkest parts of her house. Too scared to look herself, she invites you to do the peeking and "Report any suspicious detail" via email.

**Nick** ([http://www.d.cs.qmw.ac.uk/~nickbk/web\\_camera/](http://www.d.cs.qmw.ac.uk/~nickbk/web_camera/)) is a man who is not afraid to go poking around under furniture. His camera is set up under his desk to produce Feetcam. Every day a still image of someone's feet is transferred to his site.

At this point it was time for some manic activity, down on the Ant Farm (<http://www.atomicweb.com/antfarm.html>). Further animal thrills came from the Naked Mole Rat Colony cam (<http://web3.si.edu/organiza/museums/zoo/hilights/webcams/molerat1/nmcam.htm>) whose peaceful slumber reminded me it was time for bed. Do webcams dream of electric feet?



The workers get busy on Steve's ant farm



Around the world in 80 clicks. Nice

## Top ten conspiracy theory sites

### 1. Xenophobic Persecution

<http://www.pair.com/spook/>

If you think you're being followed by an alien member of MI5 dressed as Trevor McDonald then this is for you.

### 2. Tampa Triangle Dead Zone

<http://www.artquarter.com/tampatriangle/>



Are you an alien? Has your brain been

vacuumed? Find out here.

### 3. Bert is Evil!

<http://fractalcow.com/bert.htm>

The corrupt genius behind the smiling facade of Sesame Street

is revealed.

### 4. Conspire.Com Weekly

<http://www.conspire.com/>  
For the seriously cynical.

### 5. The Umberto Eco Connection

<http://www.geocities.com/CapitolHill/Lobby/5999/abst2.html>  
If you can understand this, you must be in a secret society.



### 6. RIE presents Conspiracy

<http://www.4rie.com/>  
All science is wrong. Apparently.

### 3. The Cereal Mascot Conspiracy

<http://users.mboard.com/~needle/galleria/cereal.htm>



Oatbran is bad for you. Hmm...

### 7. Make Your Own Conspiracy Theory

<http://www.cjnetworks.com/~cubsfan/conspiracy.html>  
Fairly self-explanatory.

### 9. David Hasselhoff is the AntiChrist

<http://www.indirect.com/www/warren/baywatch.html>  
Need we say more?

### 10. The Outernet

<http://www.beyondweird.com/>  
Paranoia for the traditionalist.



## Games review

### STAR WARS: MASTERS OF TERAS KASI



Most fighting games are pretty similar; a few special kicks or punches, and winning achieved by pressing all the buttons as quickly as possible. The great thing about this fighting game is that you get to be a *Star Wars* character. So you can have nauseatingly wholesome Luke Skywalker kick the shit out of Chewbacca. (PSX £39.99, Lucas Arts)

### X-MEN



This game has been around in the arcades for some time now, and is finally jumping into the home market. Essentially it's a fighting game but with some serious manga injections, as favourite comic book characters like Wolverine, Cyclops, and Magneto slice, blast and magnetise the crap out of each other. Possibly far too visually complex for anyone over the age of 14 to have any idea what's going on. (PSX £39.99, Acclaim)



### DANCE E-JAY

We've all heard the latest Euro smash on a pub jukebox and thought "I can do better than this pony." Dance E-jay gives us the chance to be less pub-talk and more trance-trousers. It's an easy to use sequencer with over a thousand of those 'ladi-do, I love you' vocal lines and bouncy 2-Unlimited basslines. Make no mistake, this is of no interest to anyone who debates the advantages of Notator over Cubase, but if you've got a PC with CD Rom and sound card, your own tracks are only minutes away. Pop stardom is yours. (Windows 95 £24.99, FastTrak)

## Shake your booties



## Rocket from the crib

### The Incredible Dancing Baby Internet Phenomenon comes to a desktop near you

IF YOU WORK in an office with email the chances are that this freakish little feller will have arrived in your mailbox at some point. Like bad jokes, amusing AVI and Quicktime animations fly around offices more rapidly than rumours about your recreational heroin habit, and the dancing baby and his cousins have become big hits. The appeal seems to be in seeing a baby move with advanced adult motion – it is disquieting and hilarious at the same time – and according to creator Ron Lussier, "it seems to almost bother some people."

Ron made the animation which first did the rounds on the net, but the idea must be credited to a partnership between two highly successful computer companies. Viewpoint Datalabs, 3D modellers to the stars, created the baby model, and in 1996 software firm Kinetix used the baby to showcase their Character Studio animation software. When Ron obtained the software he improved on some glitches in the original show reel and emailed his animation to some friends at work (at the time, Lucasart). The Incredible Dancing Baby Internet Phenomenon, acronym TIDBIP, had begun.

Soon Ron's AVI was being emailed back

to people at Lucasart. Inevitably, it was no time before the rest of the net got in on the act. Seattle teenager Rob Sheridan put the baby on his website and was swamped with email. To avoid overcrowding his homepage he set up The Unofficial Dancing Baby Site which had been hit over half a million times by the end of January this year. Even before sublime satirical website The Onion ran an 'infographic' on TIDBIP's popularity the baby's mutant offspring began to arrive – Child Prodigy (baby dancing to the Prodigy's 'Breathe'), the self-explanatory Car Crash Baby and its distant cousin Drunk Baby, who stumbles around blindly, pissing, smoking and swigging from a bottle.

Employers beware! TIDBIP has already significantly reduced your company's productivity and it is far from over.

**The Unofficial Dancing Baby Homepage –**  
<http://baby.nwlink.com/baby.htm>  
**Drunk Baby and Dancing Hebrew Baby –**  
<http://www.binder4u.com/eyal/baby.html>  
**Child Prodigy, Car Crash Baby and others –**  
<http://trace.net/baby/>



## Gadget corner

The strange world of things that nobody needs but everybody wants

### BLESSED VIRGIN MARY LAMP



Suitable for any sitting room or sanctified ground, this Blessed Virgin Mary lamp lights up and plays 'Amazing Grace'. Wind her up, turn on the light and witness the miracle of modern day ecclesiastic decor.

Requires batteries.  
 £14.99, Archie McPhee  
 (www.mcphee.com)

### NATURCARE

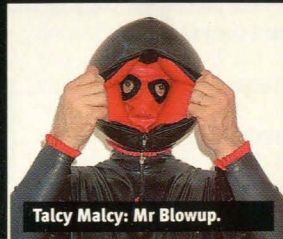
Switch on this machine, close your eyes and be mystically transported to a calmer place, as the Naturcare plays sounds of birdsong, babbling brooks and rain. You can also use it to take a visit to the 'woods' – but not to hear the sound of bears shitting. A totally holistic New Age experience for those who are trapped in the concrete urban wasteland.  
 £34.95, Innovations (0990 807060)



## INTERNUTTER:

### Mr Blowup

[www.netcomuk.co.uk/~antje\\_c/blowup.html](http://www.netcomuk.co.uk/~antje_c/blowup.html)  
 He's so keen on publicity he actually nominated himself, but no-one at work in sleepy Orpington recognises him, apparently. Mr Blowup's site's full of cheery pics of him and his missus in various rubbery, inflated guises.





**We know  
you want  
to wear  
something  
sick and  
twisted on  
your chests,  
we just don't  
know what**

**BIZARRE**

**S**o, in the interests of fairness and reflecting the tastes of you, our beloved readers, we're giving you a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to design your very own **BIZARRE** t-shirt. The lucky winner will see their shirt produced and sold to their fellows. Plus they'll get 20 of them: enough to supply their friends and family and still have enough left to kit out the local football team. Of course we'll get to pocket any profits from selling the shirts but hey, you don't get the chance to see your design bobbing around on people's chests every day of the week, do you?

Make your designs nice and clear. Send 'em to: **BIZARRE T-shirts, John Brown Publishing Ltd, The New Boathouse, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR** before 13 May 1998. Artwork cannot be returned, so send a colour copy rather than originals.

(The management of **BIZARRE** would like to make it clear that there is no question of them not being able to think up their own t-shirt ideas. No siree. Absolutely not. It's just that none of you bastards wanted to buy the ones we designed, so we thought we'd see how clever you are with the crayons)

**Reserve your copy  
of **BIZARRE** today  
and you too could  
have a massive  
wooden knob!**

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☐ Please reserve me a copy of **BIZARRE** every month for collection until further notice

☐ Please deliver my copy of **BIZARRE** to me every month until further notice

Address .....

Signed .....

Date .....

Distributed to the trade by

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MAGAZINE MARKETING

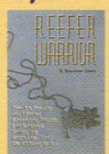




Edited by James Wallis

## Hard-core text

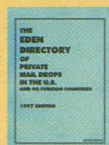
**Reefer Warrior: How my friends and I found adventure, wealth and romance smuggling marijuana – until we all went to jail**



by K. Hawkeye Gross  
(Paladin Press, \$29.95)  
This true story of dope-smuggling in the 1970s lacks the slickness and smugness of Howard

Marks's book *Mr Nice*, but more than makes up for it in detail, realism and humour, as Vietnam veterans crash planes and trucks, go psychotic and fall out with each other. Intensely readable.

**The Directory of Private Mail Drops in the US and 90 Foreign Countries**

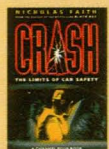


(Eden Press, call 001-800-338 8484)

If you want to order dubious stuff by mail but don't want it sent to an address where your

partner/boss/mum might find it, check this out. Invaluable.

**Crash: The limits of car safety**



by Nicholas Faith  
(Channel 4 Books, £14.99)  
Vehicle safety doesn't sound like the most enthralling subject for a book, but it is. Boy racers beware. You may

never get into another car or even walk near another road again. The scariest read of the year so far.

**Hom Mit Schmerzen/Listen With Pain**

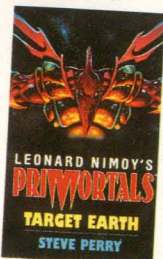


by Klaus Maeck  
(Art Books International, £17.99)

It's a history of Berlin band Einstürzende Neubauten, lavishly illustrated and with text from Chris Bohn and Nick Cave. From drilling through the ICA stage to exploding fridges in Californian deserts, Neubauten lived by their pledge: "Waste your youth as long as you are able."

## WORST NEW BOOK

We've been sent tatty SF bollocks before, but none worse than Leonard Nimoy's **Primortals: Target Earth** by Steve Perry (Bantam, £5.99). An alien is coming to Earth. It arrives two pages before the end. Uninteresting people talk about irrelevant stuff. Bigger all happens. And it wasn't even written by Leonard Nimoy. Nurse! The incinerator!



## Meet Douglas Coupland, the writer who knows what the world's thinking

IF YOU'VE HEARD OF *Generation X*, or *Microserfs*, or *Shampoo Planet*, then you've also heard of Douglas Coupland. Throughout the 1990s his novels have named, defined and explored the parts of American youth culture that other commentators haven't reached: the rise of slacker culture; nerdiness becoming trendy via computers; the new 'me' generation of teens. He possesses an uncanny gift of foresight and a great style.

Now, in his new novel *Girlfriend In a Coma*, Coupland tackles the big ones: pre-millennium tension, growing old, identity, loss, *The X-Files* and stuff. As ever, it's good. Set in his home town of Vancouver, the plot covers twenty years in the lives of a group of friends – one of whom falls into a mysterious coma at the start of the book. It's strange, familiar, infectiously readable and at the end it goes completely berserk. Which is what you want, really. And it's named after a Smiths track, so you know events are going to be interesting.

Coupland, interviewed by email, was happy to give BIZARRE a tour of his mind. So are you a Smiths fan?

Absolutely!

Did you set out to be seen as the chronicler of late 20th-century subcultures?

I only write about what I find fascinating. At the time it's usually something scruffy which is ignored by the larger world. And then it will always seem to... explode. It actually baffles me.

What sparked off the ideas for *Girlfriend In a Coma*?

I spent all of 1996 in the worst imaginable depression.

I was agoraphobic – could barely leave the house – so I set it in my own neighbourhood. I thought about what sort of things are relatively interesting within spitting distance of my front door and, ta da! They film *The X-Files* right near by. As for Karen and the coma, it's been an image that's haunted me all my life and it had to be born somehow. It really was just a matter of time.

I bet you're sick to death of the word 'zeitgeist' by now.

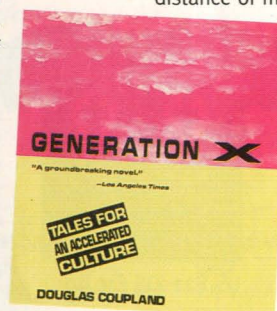
Not really. It's not a word one hears much in North America. I suppose a part of the current zeitgeist here is that people don't want to discuss the zeitgeist. Ever since the Diana crash, pop culture and mass culture here have gone into a daze. They haven't emerged yet. It's as if the whole notion of fame has imploded. And it seems like the millennium thing is now all mercifully over. December

31 1999 can only be an extraordinary let-down. I want to be in a jet that evening, flying over Greenland. Aviation computers are all set to fail. It could be interesting.

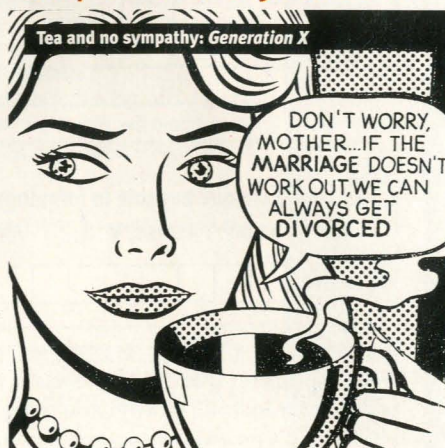
Do you know if people are actually aping the lifestyles described in your books?

I can't image that they are. But I think there are a few people out there tumbling down a hill, ass-backward the way I tend to do if I'm not eternally vigilant. I always like meeting people like this. People are often at their most sincere when their worlds are falling apart.

*Girlfriend In a Coma* is published by HarperCollins on 20 April, at £12.99



"December 31 1999 can only be one big let-down"





# BIZARRE MERCHANDISE

Read yourself raw!

## Bizarre back issues

Been a naughty boy? Missed our earlier issues? Lucky for you we've got some left which we'll generously let you have in return for £3 each. (US \$6.95, OS £3.50).



ISSUE TWO



ISSUE THREE



ISSUE FOUR



ISSUE FIVE



ISSUE SIX



ISSUE SEVEN

Oh, go on, please let me have the following BIZARRE back issue(s) at £3 each:

- ☐ Issue 2   ☐ Issue 3   ☐ Issue 4  
☐ Issue 5   ☐ Issue 6   ☐ Issue 7

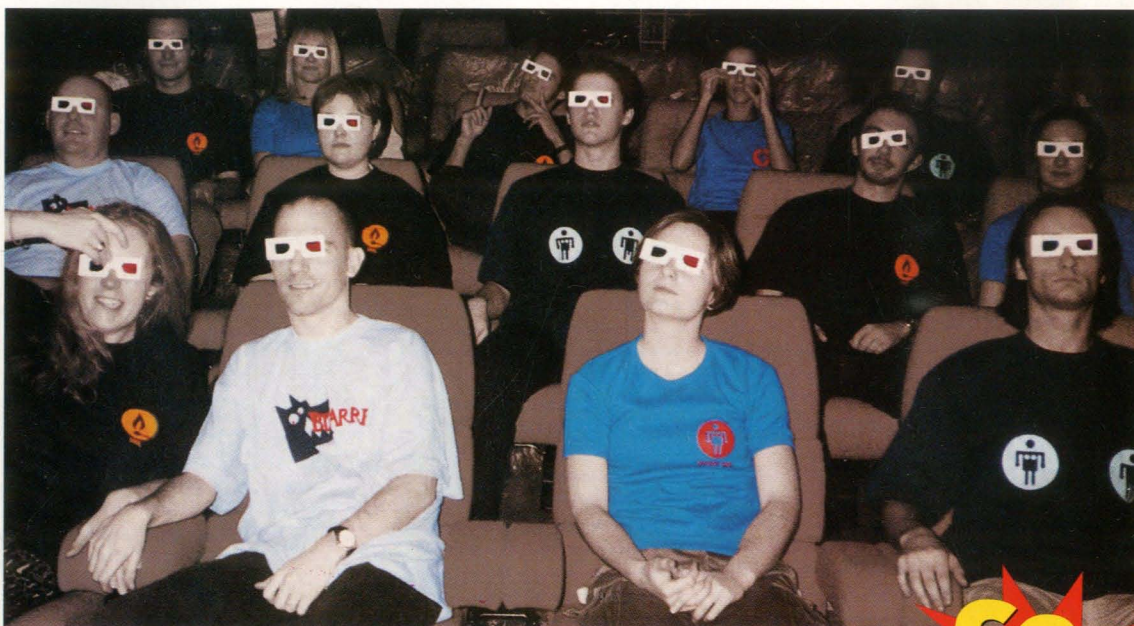
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## FEAST YOUR EYES ON THIS LOT



It's amazing, isn't it? We've got more than ten mates willing to make fools of themselves to flog our t-shirts. Mind you, they got a free Ki-ora each, and all the popcorn they could eat

**£9.99  
EACH!**



1

US \$22 OS £10.99

2

Fitted: £12.99  
US \$28 OS £13.99

3

US \$22 OS £10.99

4

US \$22 OS £10.99

What can we say? You know what a t-shirt looks like, you know what a t-shirt feels like, and you know what a t-shirt's for. Little girls can buy the fitted style, and for everyone else there's the forgiving XL size. Pick a design, bung us some money and we'll send you something Bizarre for your body.

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Or see our web site at [www.bizarremag.com](http://www.bizarremag.com) for further ordering details.

☐ Please tick if you would prefer not to receive occasional mailings from selected companies

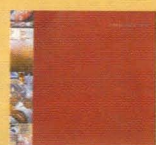
BZ8



Edited by Mark Blacklock

## Buy 'em now - if you can find 'em!

### Req - Frequency Jams



This has been in the shops for a while now but screeches for attention. All-round old skooler and graffiti artist Req fucks up hip-hop samples and drums like mescaline in the jelly would fuck up your kid sister's birthday party. His 'Garden' EP of two years ago promised future freaky brilliance and *Frequency Jams* does not renege on that pledge. *Skint, out now*

### The Budget Girls - On A Tight Budget



Recorded in two days by Budget Girls Teri and Christen, ex-go-go dancers from Indiana, who are backed by the Morton Knights, *On A Tight Budget* is passionate garage music. That's the rockabilly kind, not the girlie nightclub stuff. The duo's unique take on life allows them to sing about big nipples, big cocks and one cheek sneaks with an unruly humour. *Damaged Goods, out now*

### Pram - The North Pole Radio Station



Eerie, down-beat, icy pop. The album is aptly named: there is a sense of isolation, of surreal snowscapes, but this is not music which will drive you to Prozac. There is a friendly ghost which haunts Pram's sound and which will possess you a little more each time you listen to it. *Domino Recording Company, out now*

### The Boards of Canada - Music Has The Right To Children



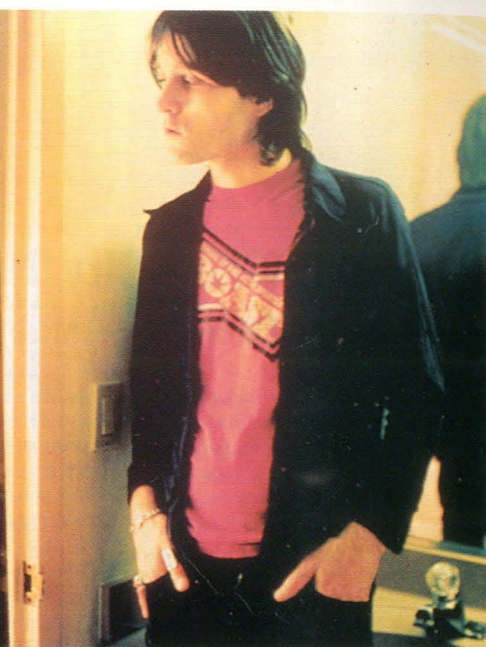
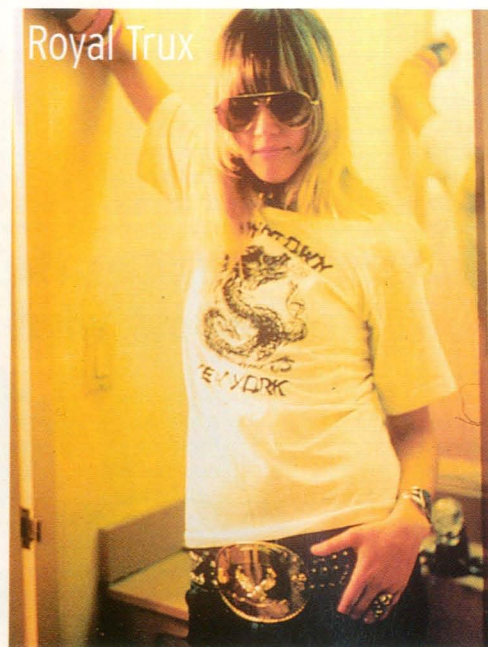
Jointly released by Warp and Skam records, *Music Has The Right...* is the kind of emotional, wiggled out, technoid tomfoolery Warp Records delivers on a regular basis. Scottish commune The Boards Of Canada have produced 12 tracks of warm lo-fi sounds and crunchy electro beats with hidden and not-so-hidden messages in the samples. Completely lush. *Warp/Skam Records, released 20th April*

### Peter Thomas Sound Orchestra - Raumpatrouille



This soundtrack to a 1966 German/French sci-fi series, scored by the cult German composer Peter Thomas, is a spacey lounge-room piano beauty. As if proof were needed of the dizzying rise of the soundtrack phenomenon, Pulp have sampled extensively from this for their new album *This is Hardcore*. *Bungalow, released in April*

Royal Trux



## What the trux?

For fine wigged-out, glammed-up trash rock, press the Accelerator

FROM APRIL 20th, Royal Trux's seventh album *Accelerator* will be available in the country's more discerning record shops. It is an eye-opening, pantie-wetter of an album, especially if you are experiencing the Trux for the first time. This is freaky, abrasive rock-n-roll played by musicians who make their instruments sound cool whilst torturing impossible noises from them. They play irresistible songs which possess energy, innovation and emotion. Some tracks sound like acidic glam hybrids, others are experimental blues work-outs that lampoon their own ribald self-indulgence. Rampant experimentation is integral to their music; freeform has free reign.

Royal Trux, centred around Neil Hagerty and Jennifer Herrema, have been making records as good as this for a decade. Their second album *Twin Infinites* drew huge critical acclaim and they haven't been short of press since.

They've lived all over the States, been heavily into and then given up "getting fucked up", and they've been in the clutches of a corporate label (Virgin) and managed to escape.

Bizarre faxed a few questions to the Trux during their tour of Southern USA, and Neil sent the band's answers back from a Memphis hotel.

### When did you hook up together?

We met in 1984 and started playing and talking about how to run a band right, but we didn't start playing out and recording until 1988 - we weren't ready until then.

### How's the current tour going?

It's going very well indeed. We are celebrating the Four Modernizations, hey.

### Do you enjoy touring?

Every so often.

Apologies to Blow Up Records who released Add N to X's first album *Vero Electronics* and who should have been mentioned last time. Also to those awaiting the results of the **BIZARRE** Music Competition. Look out next month.

### Have you ever had any weird gig experiences?

We played on a live TV show once in England and that was very weird. (*The Word*, 1996)

### Do you have any heroes?

Jen: Nellie Bly.

Neil: Ornette Coleman.

### What are you reading at the moment?

Jen: *Heavy Weather* by Bruce Sterling.

Neil: A book by John Feinstein on ACC basketball.

### How would you best describe your music?

Good.

### Would you rate *Accelerator* as your best record yet?

We would rate *Accelerator* as our most recent.

### What's your idea of a good time?

Continuous exposition without resolution.

### Do you have any plans to tour the UK?

Touring UK/Europe in May/June 1998.

*Accelerator is out now, on Domino Records.*

"Continuous exposition without resolution"

## BIZARRE OLD FOLK

### 8. Chris De Burgh

BACK IN 1975, Chris de Burgh made his first musical foray with the 'light-rock' album *Far Beyond These Castle Walls*. The single 'Turning Round' was as popular as bacon at a bar mitzvah in the UK, but in Brazil it topped the charts for 16 weeks. The lyrics - "Oh flying, oh oh, lying, oh oh, crying, oh oh, sighing, oh oh, trying, oh oh, dying" reflected his later career quite nicely. Still, it didn't stop Chris later becoming the housewives' favourite with 'Lady in Red'. Sadly,





# BIG APPLE HARD CORE

The real Gotham City, New York is touted as the coolest city on earth. We sent Martini man JAMES WALLIS to find out what makes Manhattan buzz

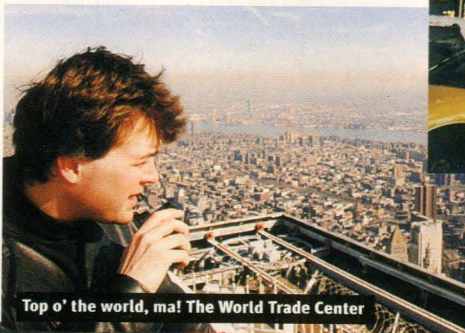
NEW YORK, New York, it's a hell of a town. The Bronx is... mmm mm mmm. Yes. Somehow it's the American cities that got all the good songs, probably because 'I left my heart in Leighton Buzzard' doesn't quite have the same ring to it.

You know about New York, or you think you do. It's a fabulously huge city filled with legends. Even the streets sound awesome, although they're just numbers: 42nd Street; Fifth Avenue; Sixth Avenue; er... Seventh Avenue...

Anyway, big place. Big. The heart of New York is Manhattan; nine miles long, two miles wide and over a quarter of a mile high. Trapped for space, New York has grown upwards. And it looks exactly as it does in the movies, from the rusty metal fire-escapes on every building to the steaming sewer-gratings. "Why do they do that?" I asked Andrew, our NY photographer. "I don't know," he said.

## 11am WORLD TRADE CENTER West Street

From the highest observation platform in the world, 110 storeys and 1377 feet above the city, you still can't see the edge of New York. You do, however, get an incredibly spectacular view of the city – and its massive smog layer. To the north, beyond the Empire State Building and the Chrysler Building, the rectangle of Central Park knocks a big hole in the centre of the city. To the south, the Statue of Liberty



looks like a green Action Man in drag. The roof is only open on good days; jumpers are deterred by an electrified fence. It's unmissable, particularly if you've never been in a lift that makes your ears pop.

## 12am DANSE MACABRE 263 1/2 Lafayette Street

Up Broadway lies the trendy area of SoHo, beloved by artists, fashion types and media wankers. SoHo stands for 'south of Houston', not 'sozzled hoovers' as it does in London.

First stop is Danse Macabre, a shop devoted entirely to death. Mostly that means stuff with skulls on it, but they do have a nifty range of 'New York City Coroner' merchandise and some great gothic statues, wall-hangings and gargoyles. And soap shaped like tombstones.

## 12.30am EVOLUTION 120 Spring Street

Danse Macabre sells death things, but Evolution sells dead things. If everything in the Natural History

Museum had a price-tag on it, the effect would be like walking into this shop. Stuffed monkeys and buffalo skulls hang from the ceiling, while one wall displays huge iridescent insects.

While Andrew snaps the freeze-dried rats, I buy a keyring made from a scorpion set in perspex, and a 135 million-year-old dinosaur turd. Cool.

## 1pm TIC-TAC-TOE CHICKEN Mott Street

After a pause for coffee, we head into Chinatown in search of a legendary creature: a chicken which plays

noughts-and-crosses, and wins every game.

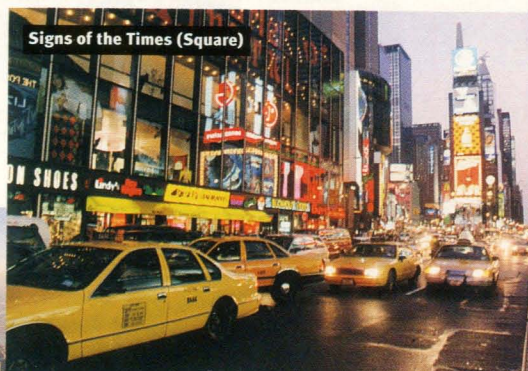
New York's Chinatown is enormous: more like a suburb of Shanghai than London or Manchester's poxy excuses for an Oriental community. You can buy everything here, from wind-dried fish to

big-name watches and perfumes at suspiciously low prices.

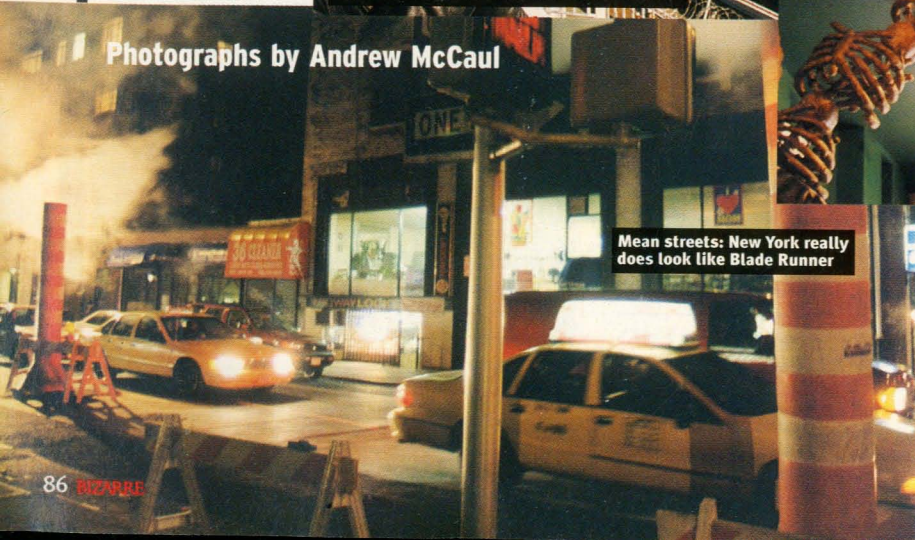
We don't find the chicken. We do find the arcade where it's supposed to be, but there is no sign of the bird itself. Missing, presumed soup.

## 2pm TWO BOOTS 42 Avenue A

Italy and the US state of Louisiana are both shaped like footwear, so it stands to reason that their two cuisines must be compatible,



Photographs by Andrew McCaul





right? The Two Boots restaurant's founders thought so, and evidently New York agreed: there's five branches now. Actually it's just a pizzeria with Cajun-style toppings on the flat food. Disappointing. I try a Bayou Beast, with Cajun sausage and shrimp, but most of the flavour is killed by the slathering of Jalapeño peppers. Still, Two Boots is the only pizza joint we know that also rents videos and delivers them along with your order.

Nearby is Katz, the legendary NY deli where the screaming orgasm scene in *When Harry Met Sally* was filmed. Neither Andrew nor I care about Meg Ryan's orgasms, so we don't go there.

### 3pm **KIM'S VIDEO** 85 Avenue A

There is a tradition of East Village stores starting as one thing and ending up as video shops. Kim's was once a Chinese launderette with a shelf of HK action movies for patrons to rent. Now it's a chain of four video and record stores.

If you're a cinephile then this is the place for you: Euro art movies jostle low-budget independents and classic oldies for shelf-space, and everybody who works here wants to be Quentin Tarantino. I snag a copy of *A Clockwork Orange* and leave, chuffed.

## New York Talk

**Hey, you fuck** – Excuse me, sir

**Hey man, good to see you, how's it goin'?**

– You have money, I don't, and I'd like to change that. Possibly with violence

**Hey, whitey** – You have accidentally strayed into the wrong neighbourhood

**Buddy, you're fuckin' A** – I am uncertain of your mental stability

**You Australian, you fuck?** – I believe I have mistaken your accent

**Badda bing** – I have watched too many Martin Scorsese movies

**Some day a real rain's gonna come and wash all the scum off the street** – I have watched far, far too many Scorsese movies

**Have a nice day, now** – Please kill me

### 4pm **OXYGEN STATION** 200 West 57th Street

Oxygen is the latest US health fad, and New York has just got its first oxygen bar. Expecting chic design, celebs and club-cool chicks, we are stunned to find what looks like a dentist's waiting room.

You lie back and breathe the oxygen through two tiny tubes up your nose: it's \$20 for 20 minutes and is supposed to cure headaches, beat fatigue, improve alertness and memory, grow hair and nails faster, and enhance your complexion. Well, it does clear my sinuses out. Meanwhile, a doctor drones on for 45 minutes about health benefits.

We bolt and head straight to the nearest coffee bar to re-toxify our systems. I discover that my tape-recorder has screwed up and not recorded anything the doctor said. We feel better immediately.

### 5.30pm **SCREENPLAY SELLER** Madison Square Park

One thing New York has more of than any other city I've seen bar Bangkok and Delhi is street vendors. They're

everywhere, and mostly they all sell the same stuff. Now and then, however, you find something interesting.

On Madison Square Park we find a table laden with cheap photocopies of Hollywood screenplays. Not just classics like *The Godfather* and *Pulp Fiction*, but stuff that hasn't come out yet – *Godzilla* – and films that have only been open a week or so, like *Good Will Hunting*. Best not to ask where they come from. We take a copy of Terry Gilliam's shooting script for *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* for a reasonable \$15. They even give us a receipt.



He's just high on air

### 6pm **MARION'S** 354 Bowery

Marion's is a 1950s-style Martini bar. It's slightly kitsch but not so much that it makes your teeth

hurt. Up on one wall is a mosaic of plates signed by the stars. The only one I can remember is John Waters, but that says more about the quality of Marion's alcohol than the quality of the patrons.

Marion's was founded by a Hungarian fashion model who fled Europe before World War 2. She's dead now, and the bar is not the original one,

but it still manages to be chic without being exclusive: a decidedly debonair hang-out.

### 8pm **KGB BAR** 85 East 4th Street

Allegedly a former KGB meeting-place, the KGB Bar works hard to maintain an atmosphere of Stalinism: lots of red and black, low lighting, gloomy music and an unrivalled selection of vodkas. It seems that more than half the patrons are British. Maybe what they say about the KGB's recruiting policies is true.

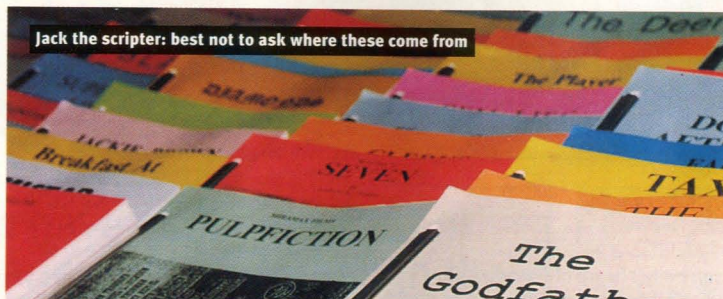
### 9pm **ORCHARD** 200 Orchard Street

A hip hang-out for the pre-club scene, the Orchard has spent a lot of money trying to look undesigned. It's kind of minimal; a cute but vague DJ plays ambient loungecore, and people stand around drinking overpriced beer. It's the sort of place to boast about, but not somewhere you'd actually want to spend a lot of time.

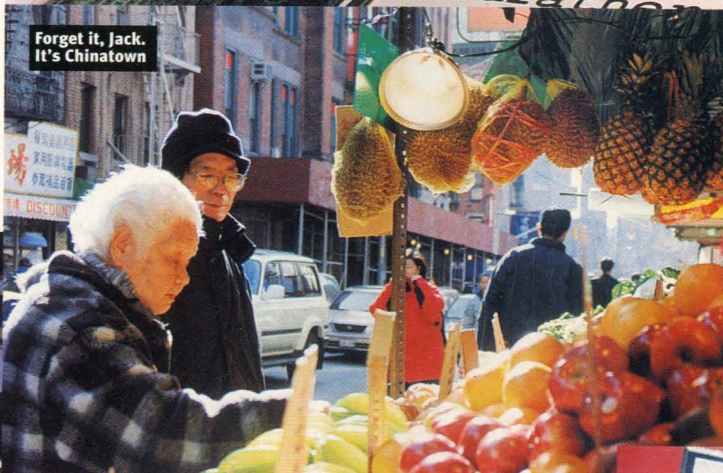
### 10pm **NIGHTSTRIKE** 110 University Place

I'm a sucker for throbbing techno but none of us are in the mood for dancing, so we head over to the Bowlmor Lanes for their Nightstrike night. Your ticket gets you unlimited ten-pin bowling time (until 4am) in an alley lit with ultraviolet light so that everything glows, including the pins and your shoes. There's a huge bar and a live DJ pumping dance sounds over the PA for the entertainment of a young, hip crowd – no old bowling farts to be seen in here.

Apart from the bar-service, which is on rollerskates but still unbelievably slow, Nightstrike is a good laugh, even if you're as crap at bowling as I am. And at \$12 on the door, it's a bargain. ►



Jack the scripter: best not to ask where these come from



Forget it, Jack. It's Chinatown



We've got it maid: Marion's



From commie to pommie: the KGB Bar will sell vodka to anyone

Foot in mouth: pizza-a-gumbo at Two Boots

Bright lights, big city: Times Square again







## NEW YORK

- 1 World Trade Center
- 2 Danse Macabre
- 3 Evolution
- 4 Chinatown, Mott Street and the tic-tac-toe chicken
- 5 Two Boots Pizza and Video
- 6 Kim's Video
- 7 Oxygen Station
- 8 Madison Square Park
- 9 Marion's
- 10 The KGB Bar
- 11 Orchard Bar
- 12 Bowlmor Lanes
- 13 Gramercy Park Hotel
- 14 Tiffany's
- 15 Just Bulbs
- 16 Planet Hemp
- 17 The Earth Room

wondering what on earth we were doing. That's the trouble with New Yorkers: they're brilliant at some things like tall buildings, shopping, cabs, coffee and saying "Motherfucker", but they're simply too busy to be romantics. Shame, really: their city's built for it.

10am

### JUST BULBS

936 Broadway  
It's on Broadway and it sells nothing but lightbulbs. New York, New York, it's a hell of a town...

We test American chocolate.

Snickers bars are just like ours. Kit-Kats and Twix taste the same but look different. And the Milky Ways are actually Mars bars, while the 'Mars' has almonds in it. Only in America.

11am

### PLANET HEMP

423 Broome Street  
Back to SoHo and Planet Hemp, a store dedicated to hemp-based products. It looks more like an up-market fashion boutique than a head shop, with smart earthy-toned dresses in the window. But they're still paranoid. "You're not going to mention dope, are you?" asked a worried sales person, who wouldn't let us take any pictures of the shop's interior. But they do stock the legendary Adidas trainers made from hemp.

12am

### THE EARTH ROOM

141 Wooster Street  
Final stop is the Earth Room, a sculpture by the German artist Walter De Maria. I say 'sculpture', but it's really the sort of berserk thing that only New York would put up with.

Imagine the first floor (in New York the second floor) of a large building. Take all the doors off. Then bring in 127 tonnes of earth, filling the place to a depth of about two feet. That's the Earth Room. It's been here since 1977. The earth is black and loamy, and smells of autumn, ploughed fields and freshly dug graves. It's very strange, and a little disturbing. It has to be seen.

And that's New York: weirdness lurking in upstairs rooms or just around corners, with the locals oblivious to it: either they've seen it all before, or they don't care. It is a hell of a town. **B**

## ESSENTIAL INFO

### GETTING THERE

The big silvery bird will take you. Shop around for flights and book early for the best prices. We don't approve Northwest Airlines, who have treated us appallingly badly several times. Go with Virgin instead. They give you socks.

If you're planning just 24 hours in New York, then don't fly into JFK. It'll take you at least two hours to get clear of the airport, which has been voted one of America's worst.

### PLACES TO STAY

Manhattan is under-served for hotels (SoHo, for example, has exactly one) and they can be pricey. BIZARRE's tip: crash with mates. If you have no mates in New York, make some. Gramercy Park Hotel, 21st Street and Lexington Avenue. Tel 1-212 475 4320. Double rooms from \$160 a night. A bit funky but truly New York. SoHo Grand, 310 West Broadway. Eye-popping design, jaw-dropping prices (\$185 and up), and rather small rooms. Tel 1-800 965 3000

### GETTING AROUND

The New York Subway looks complicated but isn't any harder to understand than the London Underground. All journeys cost the same amount, which is nice.

Taxis are yellow, plentiful, and cheap. The only downer is the recorded voices telling you to buckle up – including Pavarotti and Dr Ruth. If you're sticking in Manhattan, don't be afraid to walk. It's mostly safe, and you'll inevitably see something you'd otherwise have missed.

### INFORMATION

There are several listings magazines. Ignore the poncey *New Yorker*, and instead go for the *Village Voice* (free in Manhattan) or *Time Out New York*. Clubbers should pick up *Paper*.

### GENERAL HINTS

Tip everybody (cabbies, bar-staff, porters) 15%



### EATING

Either buy a restaurant guide, or wander around and take pot luck. We particularly liked:

Marion's, 354 Bowery, tel 1-212 475 7621  
Le Jardin Bistro, 25 Cleveland Place, supplies rustic French-style food. Tel 1-212 343 9599  
Café CentoSette, 107 Third Avenue, is a good, social, decently priced Italian. Tel 1-212 420 5933  
Bridge Cafe, 279 Water Street, is the oldest timber-framed building in Manhattan, and has the world's campest waiter. Tel 1-212 227 3344

### DRINKING

The American attitude to drinking is not like the British: bars tend to be hidden away, as if they're ashamed of them. Ludlow Street is cool bar/restaurant central. Our recommendations: Orchard, 200 Orchard Street, tel 1-212 673 5350  
KGB Bar, 85 East 4th Street, tel 1-212 505 3360  
Stingy Lulu's, 129 St Mark's Place, tel 1-212 995 5191

### SIGHTS AND SHOPPING

Buy a guidebook.

### OTHERS

Arlene Grocery, 95 Stanton Street, is one of a few NY music venues that doesn't charge for entry. Check tonight's bill on 1-212 358 1633  
Nightstrike is on Monday nights, 10pm-4am, at the Bowlmor Lanes, 100 University Place, \$12 on the door. Tel 1-212 255 8188  
CBGB, 315 Bowery, is one of the world's great punk clubs (along with LA's Whiskey-A-Go-Go), and is basically unchanged from 1979. Tel 1-212 982 4052

3.30am

### GRAMERCY PARK HOTEL

21st Street and Lexington  
While it's a bit old and run-down (a card in the room asks me to 'Join us for Fall 96'), the Gramercy Park has a charm that transcends its battered paintwork and scratched furniture. It also has a brilliant late-licensed bar boasting the worst lounge singer I've heard outside of *Swingers*, and stencils its names on its sheets so as you don't nick them – which naturally makes them eminently more nickable.

8.30am

### BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S

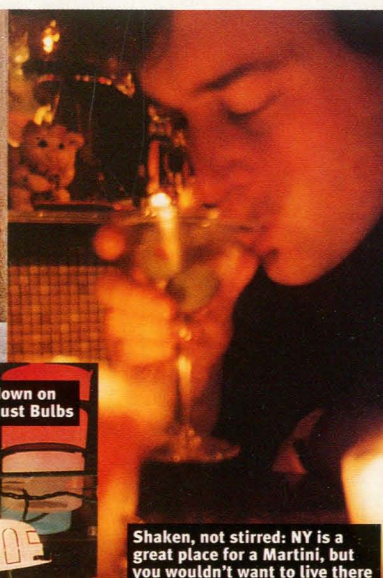
727 Fifth Avenue  
Everybody's heard of *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, but not everyone realises that Tiffany's is a jewellers and will not serve you so much as a piece of toast. So Andrew and I thought it would be funny to see if anyone turned up at Tiffany's asking for breakfast, or to pay homage to Audrey Hepburn in that movie.  
Nobody did. Except us. We swigged coffee and munched croissants as bewildered commuters swept past,



Superbowl: Nightstrike at the Bowlmor Lanes. Don't blame the photographer: it was 3am, after all



The lights down on Broadway: Just Bulbs





# BIZARRE SPECIAL OFFERS

**Weird shit just for you, at very special prices**

Not only is all this stuff specially selected for you, our beloved readers, by our own fair hands, it's also sent straight to your door in a plain brown wrapper, and still costs you less than it would in the shops.

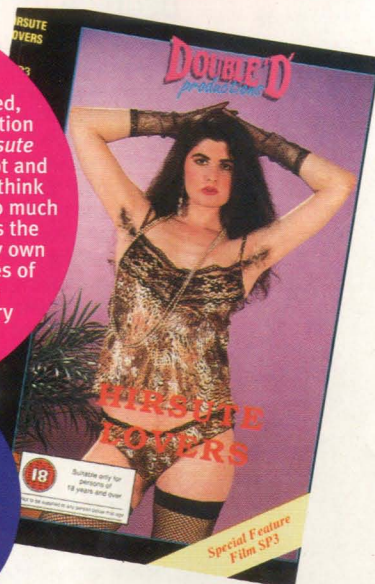


**NEW...NEW...NEW... NEW...NEW...NEW...**



If you never thought a bit of girl-on-girl action could be improved, try this – hairy girl-on-girl action in Double D Productions' *Hirsute Lovers*, with "60 minutes of hot and sweaty sequences". Or if you think two fluffy beauties might be too much for you to bear, there's always the original hairy women, our very own Sandra, starring in 60 minutes of horny, hairy action which includes "close-ups of every hairy orifice". You have been warned!

**JUST £19.99**  
INC. P&P  
NORMAL RETAIL PRICE  
**£25.00**



Available from the BIZARRE film library, five classics from Redemption Films chosen for quality, artiness and... who're we kidding? They're pervy as hell

**JUST £11.99**  
INC P&P  
NORMAL RETAIL PRICE  
**£12.99**



#### Witchfinder General

The version you need of this film, with Vincent Price as the vengeful, inquisitor. This Director's Cut contains scenes not seen before in the UK, and is packed with lurid torture sequences.

#### Behind Convent Walls

The director of the notorious *The Beast* turns to the subject of nympho nuns in the most stylish piece of nunsplotation you can buy.

#### Salon Kitty

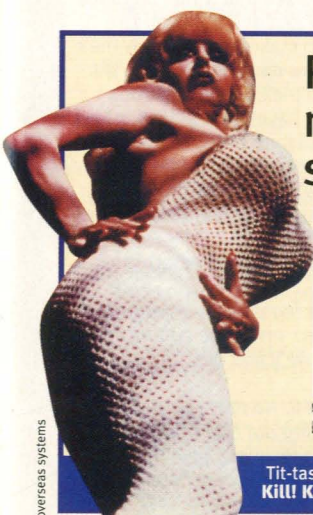
There's always space on your shelves for some Nazi art porn. Set in a brothel in 1939 Berlin, Tinto (Caligula) Brass directs a tale of perverted SS members living out their hidden fantasies.

#### Latex

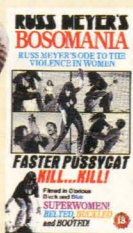
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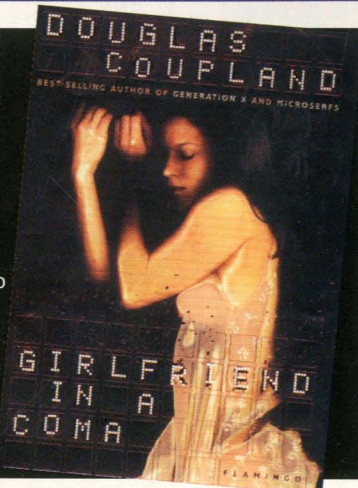
Tit-tastic Russ Meyer titles: *MudHoney*, *Common-Law Cabin*, *Wild Gals*, *Faster Pussycat Kill! Kill!*, *Vixen*, *Beneath The Valley of the UltraVixens*, *Cherry & Harry* & *Raquel, Up!*

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Eyl! It's a ledders page. Waddayawan from me? A fuggin clue-sheet? Just read it, ya muddafugger, okay? Okay? Just fuggin read it.

## break a leg

Last Friday I passed out after looking at the photo of the football player breaking his leg in **BIZARRE** 7. Not a pretty sight. The first time I ever passed out was exactly a year ago, but that was something else. I was at a very cool party, with free Corona and laughing gas. So totally intoxicated I crashed on the floor after an intense six hours. I've still got the (minor but cool anyway) scars from the glass on the floor.

This time was totally different. Not having even smelled alcohol for about two months and having sworn not to use laughing gas any more, I walked into one of my usual book stores. But when I flipped through your newest issue (having bought previous ones already) and came across that particular photo, it really got to me. The horror unconsciously took over and before I realised... faded out. It took not too long to come round again – the whole thing took about a minute – but it was certainly funny (in the non-comical sense).

Being a healthy 23-year-old, it scared the hell out of me. I watch those bloody serious gangster movies for mere entertainment and to have a good laugh. So take the incident as a compliment, and keep producing cool stuff as you are doing now – although the warning label should be bigger to let the unaware know what they're getting into.

**Werner R. Toetenal, Netherlands**

## another pic on the wall

What an utterly sick, disturbing, twisted and generally unpleasant magazine! I love it! I've plastered half the pictures from the last issue up on my various walls. Strange how people don't come and visit me any more...

**T. Holliday, Ashford**

## nowt so queer

I was about to subscribe to **BIZARRE** but the March/April 1998 edition has put me off. All of the genitalia was male. Are you aiming at the gay

market, or are the gays on your staff taking the piss (as they do with films and TV dramas)?

Let's have a comparable amount of equally revealing/revolting pics of male and female nudity – a twat for every todger, a Sheila-na-gig for every Cerne Abbas giant.

**Tim, Hove**

*You seem to be so wrapped up in your homophobia that you haven't noticed that there's another part of the population who like cocks. They're women, and several of them work on BIZARRE. And it wasn't all male bits: there was an exposed tit on page 79.*

## fags of life

I have a good idea of what to do with last month's revolting 'Smoke Gets In Your Eyes' montage-of-grossness picture. Instead of the puny 'Smoking can cause disease' health warning on packets of fags, stick that pic on the back of every packet with the legend 'You too can look like this'.

How about an article on bizarre coincidences? The universe thrives on them.

**N. Osborne-Thomason, Northampton**

P.S. Girls read your magazine too!

*Try telling that to Tim from Hove.*

## eraser head



Regarding R. Jagger's query about banned videos, and your advice to use the internet, I submit to you an email I received from an American company that specialised in those banned items:

*Wayne — Sorry but we are no longer shipping into the UK. Your customs officials are nazis.*

So bear that in mind.

Also, I once saw a copy of *The Exorcist* for sale on a market stall in Covent Garden. The robber attending told me it had originally come from Ireland, where the tape can be bought legally – I don't know if this is true. It looked to be in either new or very well-preserved condition, but not in any way worth the £100 he was asking for it.

On the subject of censorship, if our moral guardians in the BBFC are so concerned that watching a violent film may make the viewer commit violent acts, they may have a point. When I see a film like *Eraser* on video, which has been brutally, clumsily and unprofessionally edited to the point of looking like it was done with a knife, fork and sellotape, I feel possessed by the urge to take my copy to the home of Mr James Ferman and violently thrust it up his backside.

**Wayne Ryder, via email**

## slice of life

How to chop off your own leg: is it in issue 7 where is the story or feature is listed? How can I find it? I have chopped off nine toes and one finger so far.

**C. Kaufman, via email**

*Yes, the article's in issue 7. God, I love this job.*

## bedtime for bonzo

A word of warning to zoophiliacs – we have this 'friend' who worked in a zoo as a night security guard. To cut a long story short, the head security guard caught him fondling chimpanzees, but didn't get there in time to prevent him giving one a quick blow-job! This had gone on for ages, according to other guards who had heard strange joyful noises coming from the chimp cage every Saturday night (supposedly for around five weeks). He was laid off immediately – and has now moved abroad to escape the humiliation.

**R. Jagger and P. Firth, Bradford**

*A great story. Not sure there's a word of truth to it, though.*

## you're bard

I'm writing to say that I second A. J. Lucas's request to see pictures of women in tights. Tights are a neglected form of eroticism and so I think you should sacrifice a couple of pages to cater for us tights fetishists. Here's a poem:

I reckon **BIZARRE** should reach new heights  
By printing pictures of women in tights  
I think about them days and nights  
So fill those pages up with tights  
If you don't you'll start some fights,  
Punches, kickings, headbutts and bites.  
In order to avoid these violent frights  
Then show some photos of legs in tights  
And once we have them in our sights  
We'll thank you a million for giving us tights.

**A tights fan, no address given**

*I bet FHM doesn't get letters like this. But Judges Weekly probably does.*

## tight git

Hi, it's me again. Any chance at all of some bits on tights in your next mag? Also UFOs and sea monsters. And tights tights tights.

**A. J. Lucas, Grimsby**

*What part of 'fuck off' do you not understand?*

## trix of the trade

I was wondering if you could help me. You see I want a job that's a bit different, like a dominatrix or something along those lines. I've had so many different jobs, none longer than a year as they're all so boring. The thing is I have no idea how to go about getting a job like this; it's not exactly advertised in the local paper.

By the way, I think **BIZARRE** is a brilliant magazine, it's the only one I buy. (I'm not sucking up, but I will if you want me to.)

**Eloise Hawkins, Northamptonshire**

*Don't you know that doms don't suck up to anyone? It's not part of their job. You obviously need some training in the art of malign dictatorship. You can either try yourself or approach an established dominatrix (contact one through specialist magazines) and say you'd like to learn the trade. Or if any professional doms reading this have better suggestions, then please write in – but no wank fantasies from people pretending. We can tell.*

## if I had a hammer

Sod articles on tights! Let's have more pictures of men with nails through their foreskins and bells hanging off them!

Having spent several days trying to track down a copy of issue seven, it was great to see that it was up to the standard of earlier issues and managed to make several of my male friends choke on their hot dogs. It's also a good trick to play on drunk friends who have fallen asleep in your kitchen. Nail their bollocks to the kitchen door! You can guarantee they won't throw up in your fridge again!

Or is it just me that finds this idea so amusing?

**Sharon Marchant, via email**

*What, throwing up in your fridge? I have no idea. Invite the editorial team round and we'll find out.*

*Okay, that's it. No room for Pete Kirk's letter pointing out that the bats on pages 12-13 last time were fruit bats, not vampire bats: sorry, Pete. Anyway, remember we're monthly now, so we need twice as many letters off you. Our friends at Boddingtons are still offering a case of their brew for the best letter printed each issue, and we'll find some old tat to send everyone else. We'll see you in four weeks, or die trying.*



## Competition winners

Only three winners to announce this time, from our fabulous Outcasts body-part casting competition from issue 5. They are: Scott Arlow from Mitcham in Surrey, Samantha Wood from Royston in Hertfordshire, and O. Johnston from Bristol. Congratulations, you three. And we'd appreciate photographs of the end results.



# BIZARRE

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"How to take a woman to orgasm every time - and have her ache for more" is the title of an explosive new book by leading American Author Cheryl Kramer. The book doesn't tell you about how to attract females, the art of conversation, whether or not you should talk about religion or politics on a first date or what scent to wear. There are a million sex manuals (full of waffle) on the market that do this.

It comprehensively covers one topic - how to take a woman to orgasm. You may say this sounds too clinical, too methodical, and perhaps the bedroom isn't the place for such "rules". Rubbish! The surefire techniques taught are so simple, yet staggeringly effective, after learning them you can add your own improvisational extras. Fast, highly effective methods of preventing premature ejaculation are also explained. The book clearly explains how to recognise and deliver not one but several types of intensely explosive orgasms in your lover (including multiple orgasm). Any heterosexual male who truly values the woman in his life cannot be without this essential investment. Although the emphasis is focused on women, this new edition also contains a chapter on how men themselves can achieve multiple orgasm (now a scientifically proven phenomenon). Read it to believe it.

Another new chapter deals with "The G-Spot", giving full details on this elusive, and (until now), mysterious female "hot spot". Most men are definitely inept lovers, but through no fault of their own - it feels good to him, so he reckons it feels good to her...but it doesn't! You can't blame him, how is he to know any better? The girlfriends aren't much help. So the men keep pushing, and the women keep faking. This is your chance to be different from "most men". Good lovers are so rare most women don't know what one is. Just the fact that you are reading this shows that you are willing to learn how to give her the best love she's ever had (this is no exaggeration). After reading this book, you'll be a different person. You'll wonder how you ever did without it! Sex-wise, we honestly believe this is the best investment you will ever make. Cheryl's method has made thousands of couples very, very happy, and probably prevented just as many couples breaking up. We are so confident of this miraculous system that we ask customers to write in and tell us how they got on! Amazingly over 70% do! Here are a few excerpts:

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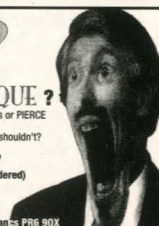
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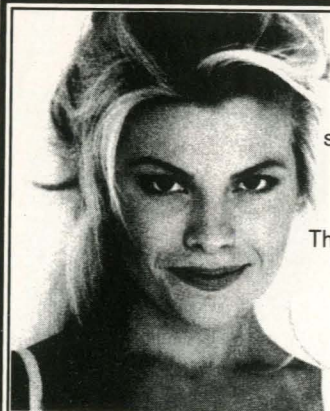
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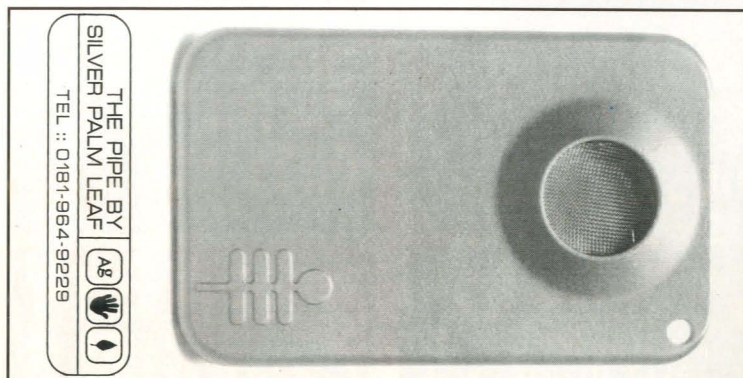
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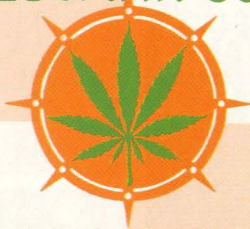


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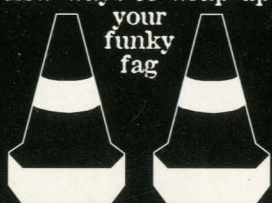
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**IMPORTANT NOTE:** All the products within the RIPFAST system are 100% natural. ABSOLUTELY NO STEROIDS OR DANGEROUS DRUGS ARE INVOLVED. RIPFAST is 100% SAFE AND 100% NATURAL - nothing in the natural market comes close.

Contains: nutritional supplements, full instructional program, comprehensive manual, video & free stomach definition program. Furthermore, compare the price with what you have spent or maybe will spend.

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# BIZARRE BAZAAR

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(lynn & pat)  
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**girls on kinky sex**  
(lucy & sue)  
0331 104 258

### advice lines frank interviews

**sex positions**  
(sharon & bill)  
0331 104 250

**girl fantasies**  
(dawn & claire)  
0331 104 287

### secrets of oral sex

0331 104 227

**masturbation techniques**  
0331 104 252

**exciting new sex positions**  
0331 104 286

Advice by J. Macpherson, qualified counsellor. B&M PO Box 732, London SE14 5PY. Calls cost £1 per min at all times

### 24HRS Ms SEX

girls advise & talk about

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sonja & rachel on 0331 104 248

**lesbian turn-ons**  
anna & janet on 0331 104 291

**lesbian sex positions**  
sandy & sofia on 0331 104 293

**sexual domination**  
debbie on 0331 104 294

**lesbian fetish**  
bianca & sue on 0331 104 295

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Interactive Message Exchange A/C PO BOX 2307 LONDON W1A 9ZF  
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CHAT**

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Call now, exchange messages with up to 60 people on line. **TOTALLY INTERACTIVE!**

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## Hormones

### CHAT CHAT & DATE



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TALK ON THE PHONE NOW!!

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UP TO 60 GIRLS ON LINE



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Sex explained in graphic detail.  
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11 Anal sex - Is it safe?  
12 Women masturbating  
13 Men masturbating  
14 Sex from behind  
15 Oral sex for her  
16 Woman giving oral  
17 A woman's orgasm  
18 Domination - the pain & pleasure  
19 C.P. Fantasies - How far to go?  
20 Advanced masturbation for men  
DD, PO Box 242, M60 1ES. Calls cost £1 per min.  
Sex Advice by F. Baker, counsellor.

### GIRLS ON LINE

MAKE NEW FRIENDS  
ARE YOU FREE? THEN CALL NOW  
TALK ON THE PHONE  
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271 C.P. Fantasies  
272 Woman GIVING ORAL  
273 ANAL & ORAL SEX  
274 WOMEN Masturbating  
275 SEX from BEHIND  
276 Strict DOMINATION  
277 (how to) MASTURBATE Better  
DD, PO Box 242, M60 1ES. SEX ADVICE BY  
F. BAKER, COUNSELLOR. CALLS COST 50p PER MIN.

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**SO WE CAN**  
**COME**  
**TOGETHER**  
**0374 556317**

CHAT OR RECORDED HARDCORE MESSAGES.  
CALL NOW + "CHUCK YER MUCK!"  
PAY AS YOU GO BY CREDIT OR DEBIT CARD.

**LIVE & TASTY**  
**1-1**  
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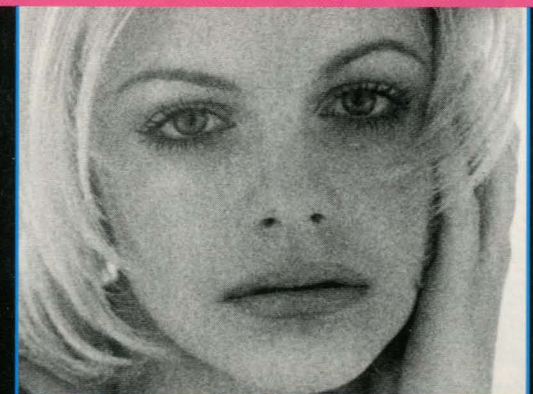
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# BIZARRE BAZAAR

## HOW TO ATTRACT GIRLS

**Contact 18 will give you an unfair advantage with women - Guaranteed (or your money back)!**

Everyone knows that some men (a tiny minority) are able to instantly attract women. It used to be known as "animal magnetism". Scientists now say this natural attraction is due to pheromones - body smells that are not consciously detected, but that effect the behaviour of others towards the person giving off these chemical signals. It's nature's way of attracting the opposite sex.

Scientists have now isolated and synthesised two natural attractants - ANDROSTENOL and ANDROSTENONE pheromone. Carefully controlled experiments show they work and have been widely reported on television and in the press. Androsthenone pheromone has been successfully tested on BBC TV's "Tomorrows World" and by Desmond Morris (Author of "The Naked Ape" and "Manwatching" and renowned human behaviourist) on BBC TV's "Friday Night ... Saturday Morning."

### WHAT THE PRESS SAY:

- \* "The woman finds the man attractive but she doesn't know why." - *Lifestyle*.
- \* "The stuff attracts women like you wouldn't believe." - *Colorado Telegraph*.
- \* "Pheromones influence human behaviour in a subtle way. Women are attracted to the smell." - *The Daily Telegraph*.
- \* "A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females." - *Time (Vol.115 No.2)*
- \* "The scent is likely to produce a state of sexual excitement or arousal." - *Men Only (Vol.44 No.4)*
- \* "And now this pheromone has been marketed, we've tested it - and good grief, it works." - *Knave*.
- \* "Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair" - *The Sunday Times*.
- \* Lowell Ponte, a former consultant on exotic weapons and a *Readers Digest* science writer, said in an interview that "use of the recently discovered chemical Androsthenone should be banned - Congress should pass a law making it a crime to use this chemical to influence voters by making politicians appear more lovable." - *The San Francisco Chronicle*.

As featured on T.V. and Radio.  
Only available by Mail Order

### Why Pheromones = Instant Sex Appeal!!

Pheromones are a chemical sex signal that all animals secrete to attract the opposite sex. Most sexual behaviour of animals is controlled by pheromones. They are nature's chemical sex signal to attract the opposite sex. Humans are of course also animals and we produce the same class of aromas which subconsciously affect our behaviour.

ANDROSTENOL (5 ALPHA ANDROST-16-EN-3 ALPHA-OL) is a very powerful chemical in this field and is associated with youthful exuberance. Men on average produce about two to three times as much as women.

The aroma of ANDROSTENONE (5 ALPHA ANDROST-16-EN-3-ONE) seems to be the very essence of aggression or dominance in man. A Home Office criminal pathologist found in a survey of a prison population, that it was the people in the violent wing who were naturally high secretors of it. The value of Androsthenone is reflected in its open market price. In small quantities it is £9,100 per gram coming down to £4,595 per gram if bought in bulk.

The effect a smell has on us depends very much on the way it is presented. If a man had the smell of territorial aggression about him, yet displayed a gentle caring character, he would be perceived as even more attractive by women. This echoes the phenomenon in

the animal kingdom, where a mate is chosen for his greater strength and vigour.

It has been proven by independent research (1) (2) that if you take a row of say ten identical chairs and spray one of them with Androsthenone's aggressive odour, women sit on it more often. It is believed that as the chairs offer no difference to the smell message and are definitely not threatening, women subconsciously go towards them and find it to be some kind of invisible sanctuary.

#### Yet More Pheromone Facts...

- 'Boarmate' and 'Acceptance' are sprays containing pheromones which farmers use to prepare livestock for artificial insemination. The spray encourages the female animal to take up the mating posture.
- Other pheromones can induce anger or fear. The C.I.A. are using Pheromones for interrogation purposes and the U.S. Army in Crowd Control experiments. It is thought that the U.S. Air Force is experimenting with fear inducing crop spraying for use in jungle warfare
- The use of Pheromones in Perfumes has been barred in some American States for fear that people might lose all control.

The power of pheromones has been featured on *20/20*, *Dateline*, and in articles in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Chic*, *Swank*, *Vogue*, *Omni*, *Discovery* and numerous medical journals, television shows and newspapers from *The Times*, to *The Sunday Times*, to *The New York Times* to *The Los Angeles Times*!

Androsthenone is blended with Androsthenol in CONTACT 18 so that every time you wear it, you will give out a natural chemical signal to women that will subtly encourage them towards you (and they will not know why).

It doesn't matter what you look like. When you use tCONTACT 18 you will enjoy more eye contact, more conversations, more dates and more sex. We are so convinced you will see the difference, that if you're not completely satisfied with the results you experience, just return the unused portion and we will refund your money with no questions asked.

#### References.

- (1) Dr M.D. Kirksmith, Pheromonal Components in Social Attitudes, Mood and Behaviour. Department of Psychology, Faculty of Science and Engineering, University of Birmingham.
- (2) Dr. Tom Clark, World Medicine.

New improved formula CONTACT 18 from G.K.S. Research Technology, maker of Pheromone products for over 9 years, contains both ANDROSTENOL and ANDROSTENONE pheromone and produces an undetectable scent that subconsciously attracts women to the wearer. It is the world's number one selling and most concentrated (5-7 x normal active strength) pheromone spray for men - don't be misled by cheaper (or more expensive) imitations.

CONTACT 18 comes in a discreet 15ml pocket spray container with full instructions. Ideal for any man who wants to join that lucky few who have more than their fair share of sex appeal. Price £12.95 Postpaid.

### SPECIAL OFFER

Order 2 bottles (£25.90) and get an extra CONTACT 18 - FREE OF CHARGE!

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE:** If you are not 100% delighted with the results from using CONTACT 18 simply return remainder at any time within 3 months for a full refund - No questions asked!

Visa/Mastercard holders may order by phoning ☎01534 61 71 81 (24 hrs).

Trade enquiries welcome.

GKS RESEARCH TECHNOLOGY, PO Box 467, St. Helier, JE4 5SB

**SPECIAL OFFER** - Order 3 containers for only £25.90 (Prices include UK p&p).

**Yes! I want to attract women.** Please send ..... bottles of **CONTACT 18**. Price **£12.95** each.

I understand that if I'm not 100% delighted with the results I may return what I have not used within 3 months for a full refund - NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

I enclose a cheque/p.o. for £..... (Foreign orders add £2)

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**Omax**



Ex-Lara Croft looky-likey and host of Channel 5's *Pepsi Chart Show*, she's moved on from making computer-game fans drool into their consoles and now has a film in the offing. Bizarre tries to talk dirty to...

# Rhona Mitra

**Are you busy at the moment?**

Yeah, I just finished recording another show last night, so it's always just like another morning after.

**What show is that?**

The *Pepsi Chart Show* on Channel 5. Doing it is a buzz and a half.

**Have you ever had any weird guests?**

I dunno about weird, I don't think there's so many weird people in the music industry any more. I think probably the most extreme person and the most outgoing has been Robbie Williams. I think he's quite rock-n-roll really. He's not normal. I wouldn't say he's gone down the beaten path.

**Did he get up to anything while he was on the show?**

Naah, naah.

**That's a shame.**

And even if he did I wouldn't tell you.

**So what's the weirdest music you're into?**

Parliament and Funkadelic. That's quite out there.

**What else have you been doing?**

I've done a film with Christopher Lambert – it's called *Beowulf*, an adaptation of the really boring poem you read at school. It's very mythological in essence, lots of blood, guts and guilt. We filmed it out in Transylvania, which was quite bonkers.

**What part do you play in that?**

I'm the lead female, a character called Kira. She's a feisty young woman with her own cross to bear. And there's a bit of slap and tickle with Christopher.

**Was that fun?**

I can't stand sex scenes, I think the way they're portrayed on television, always heaving and humping, nails along backs, it all looks terribly glamorous and cat-like – I mean I've never had sex like that. Am I doing something wrong? So we decided to do something that was far more natural and a bit more like the time when the film was set when I think it was much more primitive, so we were sort of, like, more animal. But more like cubs.

**Very sweet. So grunting and rutting?**

No, and I didn't have to lie back and think of England.

**What was Christopher like?**

Everything you'd expect except about 30 years younger. He's very infantile in the nicest possible way

**Who's the most bizarre person you've ever met?**

It was this seven foot giant I met in Romania. He was completely

off the planet. He was really convinced that we were being watched by aliens and that the year 2012 is going to be a turning point for the Earth. I was completely taken in.

**So do you buy into these mad conspiracy theories?**

Yeah, I'm into all of it. I'm sure it's all happening. There's so much stuff going on under the surface that we don't know about.

**What's your weirdest dream?**

I had one last year that was really weird and I really remembered it. I was standing in some water up to my knees, paddling and reading a book and there was a whole bunch of my mates in the water too. Then all of a sudden I saw a colossal tidal wave, bonkers-ly huge, and everyone else around me started screaming and panicking, but I remember thinking I've got to get back to the shore but what do I want to protect, the book or myself? I decided it was the book and waded out really carefully, and didn't get a drop of water on it. And that happened repeatedly, every ten waves or so. Don't you think it's obvious what that's about?

**Erm. Waves lapping on your legs – sounds a bit sexual.**

No, it's all about the book. The book was like my pride and integrity.

**Okay. What's the strangest thing that's happened to you recently?**

Well I made an appointment at my dentist and the receptionist told me to bring a video along because they have a sort of virtual reality headset that you can watch videos on while you're being treated.

**That's a really good idea. What's the weirdest item of clothing you possess?**

A tutu which I once wore rollerblading around London at four in the morning. And I've got some really mad sunglasses.

**Do you find it strange being famous for portraying a computer generated character?**

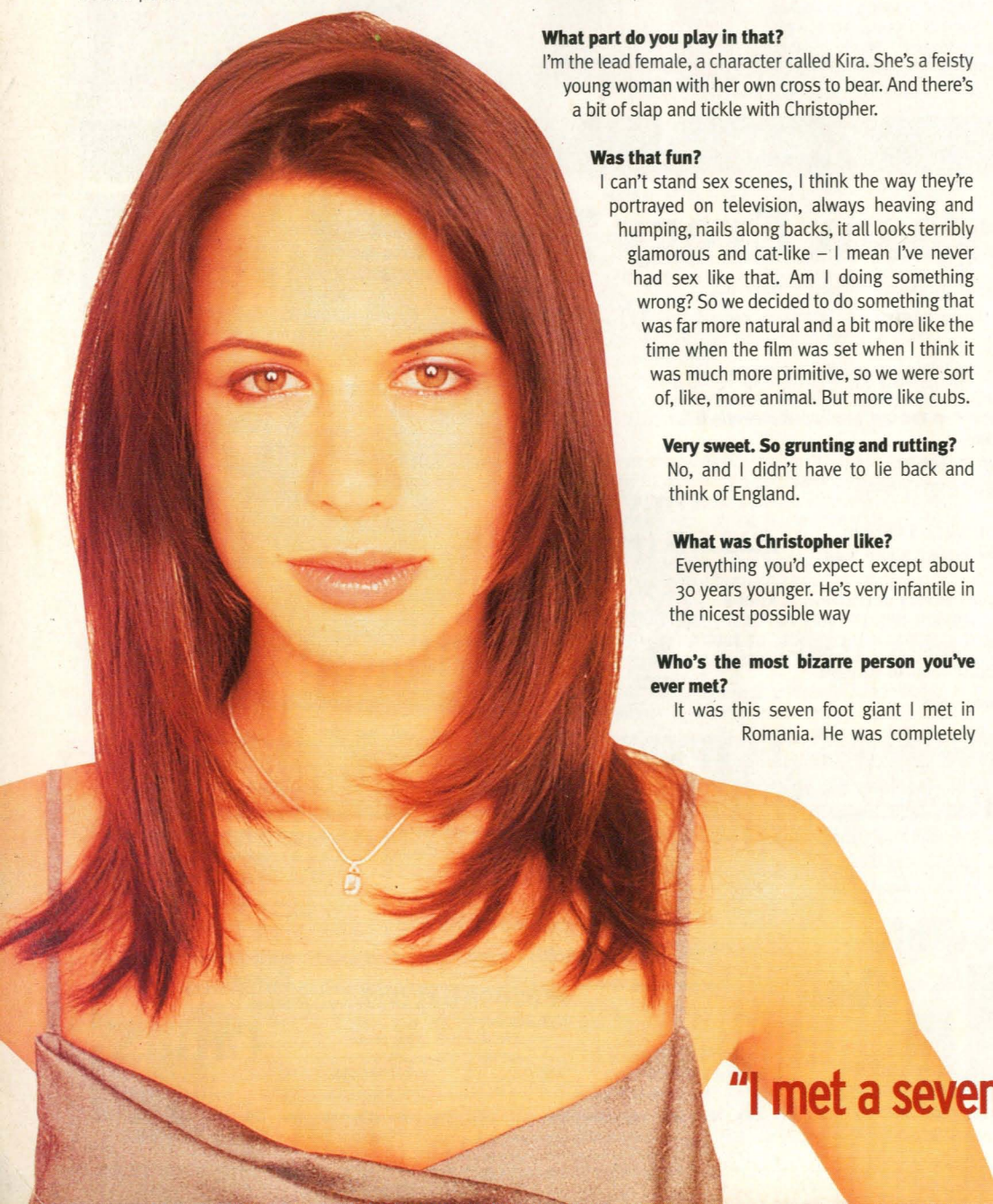
I'm not really famous. If I was one of those people who walked down the street and got mobbed I'd be able to tell you it was really terrifying. Every once in a while I'll get the odd "Oi! It's Lara Croft." Most people aren't really that switched on to it, and the people who are have definitely got a screw loose.

**Do you have any strange habits?**

Ummm. I curl my toes a lot. And my boyfriend says I look like an ox when I get angry.

**What is Bizarre for you?**

The fact that you have sex with the same organs you urinate with. And I think sea-horses are quite bizarre. **B**



**"I met a seven foot giant in Romania"**

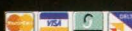


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